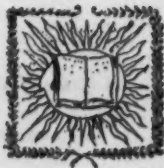


# THE CENTURY

33268

## ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

*November 1888, to April 1889*

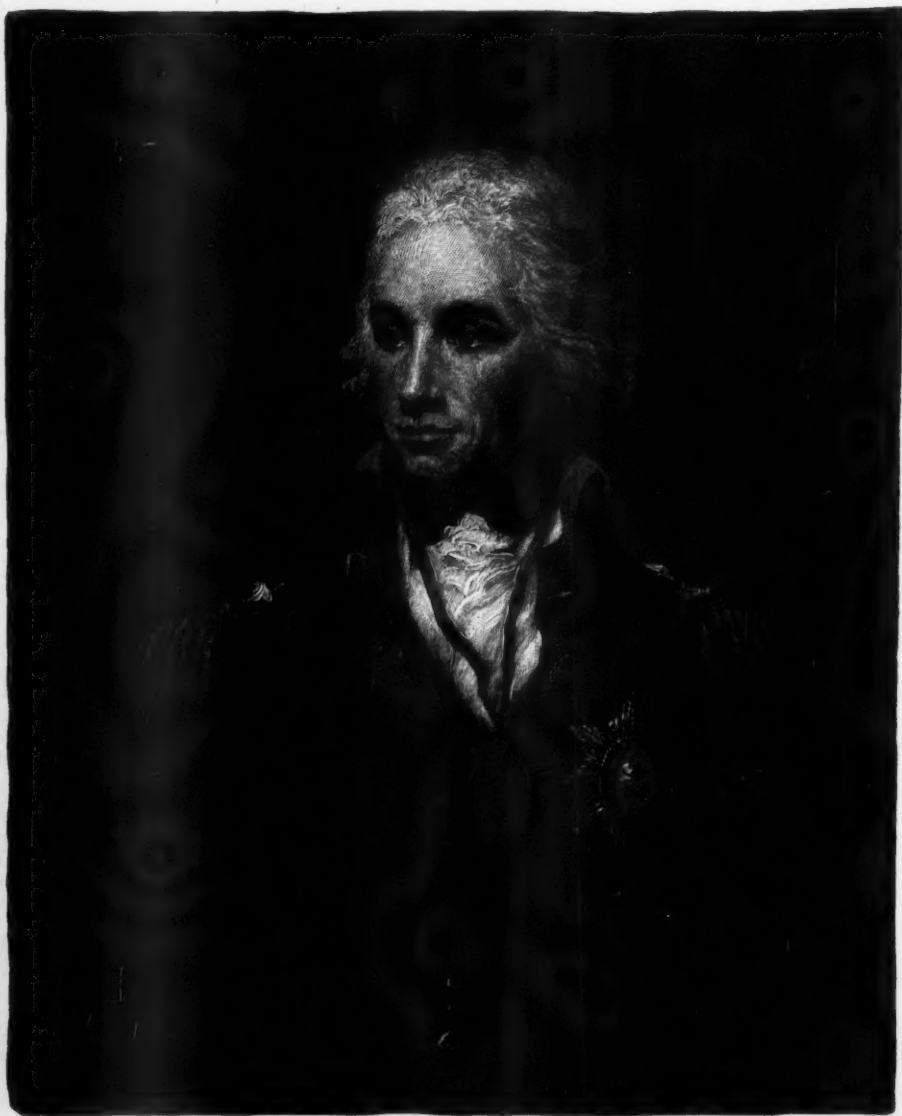


THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

*Vol. XXXVII.*

*New Series Vol. XV.*



PAINTED BY LEMUEL F. ABBOTT.

IN NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

LORD NELSON.

Ke  
the  
me  
Kin  
sea  
who  
they



# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

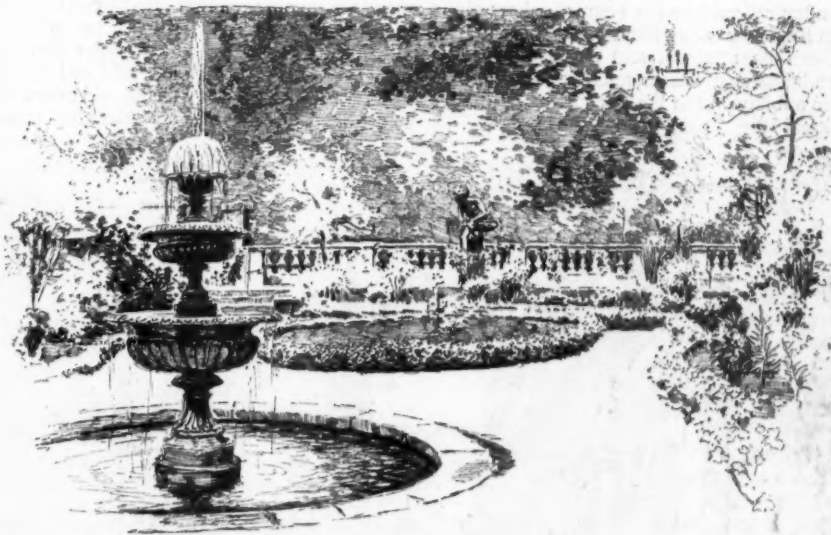
VOL. XXXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

No. 1.

## THE GUILDS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



THE DRAPERS' GARDEN.



HE city of London is commonly supposed by foreigners to be the vast assemblage of houses extending for some miles on both banks of the Thames in the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, inhabited by a population of four millions, the town residence of the Queen of England, the meeting-place of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the seat of government of the British Empire; but when its citizens speak of the city of London they mean the district about one mile across

which extends from Tower Hill to Temple Bar and over which the Lord Mayor presides. Through its streets his stately coach and four may be seen driving any day of the week with a sword sticking out of one window and a golden mace out of the other, and his lordship in all magnificence inside with a gold chain round his neck, a great robe on his shoulders, a cocked hat on his head, and supported by sword-bearer and mace-bearer, reminding every beholder whose childish reading has been judiciously directed of Sir Richard Whittington and Cinderella both at once.

Copyright, 1888, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

If Whittington's cat cannot be placed among well-authenticated *Felidæ*, many a man has attained the glory of Lord Mayoralty in ways fully as romantic as those of Whittington in the nursery tale. Stephen Foster was a debtor confined in the jail of Ludgate, which once stood over the gate on the hill, a very little way west of St. Paul's. There was a grate at which every day a prisoner was allowed to sit to collect alms for his fellows, and here one day Foster sat. A wealthy widow passing by gave him money, inquired into his case, and took him into her service. He saved his wages, traded successfully, married the widow, and in due time became Sir Stephen Foster, Lord Mayor of London. In his prosperity he forgot not his days of adversity, and founded a charity for prisoners which was long kept up in the jail of Ludgate and commemorated in his epitaph.

Nor does the grandeur of a Lord Mayor end with coach and four, golden chain, and sword and mace. After laying these aside he has often retired into the country, where alone in an Englishman's notions the height of grandeur can be attained, and founded a family splendid for generations, making alliances with older nobility and in time becoming old nobility itself.

The Lord Mayor is elected from the twenty-six aldermen or heads of the wards into which the city is divided by the votes of the Livery; that is, of the members of the several guilds of the city. He is elected at the Guildhall on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Few more interesting ceremonies are to be seen in England. A wooden screen is erected outside the Guildhall with many doorways in it. At each is stationed the beadle of a guild, who is expected to know all the liverymen of his company and so to prevent unauthorized persons from entering. The floor of the Guildhall is strewn with sweet herbs, perhaps the last surviving instance of the medieval method of carpeting a hall. The twenty-six aldermen come in, all in scarlet gowns. The recorder, or law-officer of the city, rises, bows to the Lord Mayor and the assembled liverymen, and makes a little speech, declaring how from the time of King John they have had grants of certain rights of election. The Lord Mayor and aldermen then go out; another law-officer, the common sergeant, repeats what the recorder has already said and tells the liverymen that they must name two for the office of Lord Mayor, of whom the Lord Mayor and aldermen will select one. Two names are then chosen, and



THE GUILDHALL.



THE MANSION HOUSE, HOME OF THE LORD MAYOR.

are carried to the aldermen by the heads of some of the chief guilds. One is selected, and thereupon the Lord Mayor and the aldermen return to the Guildhall and sit down, the chosen future Lord Mayor sitting on the left of the actual Lord Mayor. The recorder again rises and reads the two names and the one selected, and asks the liverymen if it is their free election, "Yea or No." They shout "Yea," and the sword-bearer thereupon takes off the fur tippet of the Lord Mayor to be, and puts a chain around his neck. On the 8th of November there is another meeting in the Guildhall. The old Lord Mayor rises and gives the new one his seat. The chamberlain of the city then approaches with three solemn bows, and hands to the new Lord Mayor a jeweled scepter, the common seal of the city, and an ancient purse. The sword-bearer next advances, and bowing three times, each time with increasing reverence, gives the Lord Mayor elect the great two-handed sword of state, which symbolizes justice and legal supremacy. The crier, with bows equal in number and profundity to those of the sword-bearer, next approaches, and presents the mace. The aldermen and sheriffs then congratulate their new chief, who proceeds to sign certain documents, and among them a receipt for the city plate. Last of all, he is presented with the keys of the standard weights and measures, deposited in his custody. The meeting then breaks up, and the old Lord

Mayor goes back to the Mansion House, his official residence, for the last time.

The next day, the 9th of November, is known in London as Lord Mayor's Day, because on that morning the new Lord Mayor takes office in the Guildhall. He drives thence through the ward of which he is alderman and proceeds in gaudy procession to the courts of law within the bounds of Westminster. Before his coach are running footmen, and there is a long procession of the carriages of the aldermen and of the heads of the several guilds and the main body of his own guild, all in their best official gowns. The banners of the guilds, their beadles, and pageants which vary according to each Lord Mayor's taste, make up a wonderful show, which as it winds in and out the narrow streets of the city enlivens them with brilliant color. Though often decried because it obstructs business for one day, should the progress of modern times abolish the custom it would be regretted by all who have witnessed it.

The Lord Mayor is presented to the Lord Chief Justice of England, takes an oath of fidelity, and calls on the judges of the several divisions of the High Court of Justice and invites them to dinner. The judges always reply somewhat haughtily that some of them will attend, and the Lord Mayor then returns to the city, in which for a year he is to be the greatest person, obliged to give place only when the Queen herself comes.



ENTRANCE TO BREWERS' HALL.

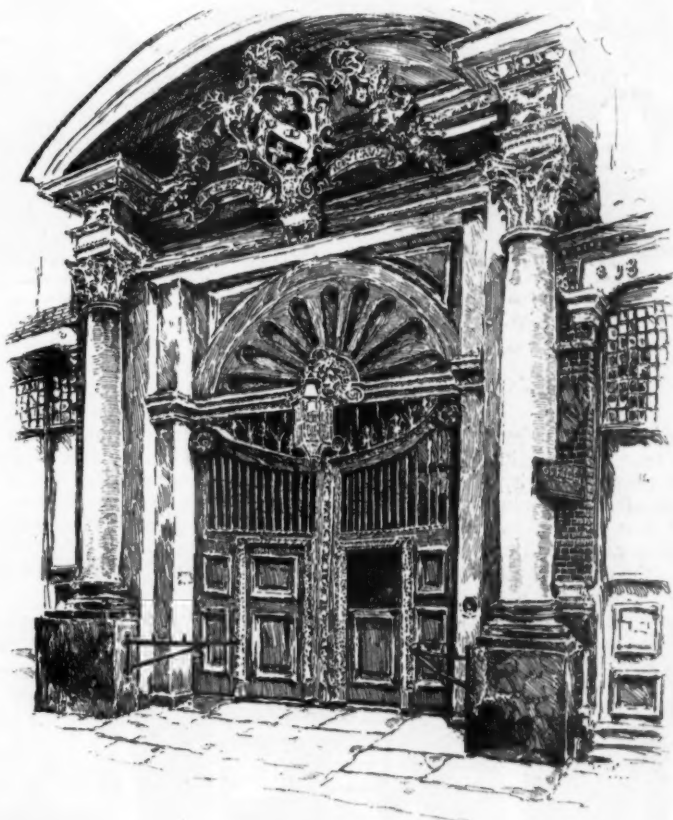
That evening he presides at a splendid feast in the Guildhall, at which he entertains many of the great people of England. There are judges in scarlet and ermine, foreign ambassadors covered with orders, Knights of the Garter in blue ribbons and Knights of the Bath in red ribbons and stars, old admirals in blue, old generals in scarlet, and perhaps some Oriental potentates, subjects of the Empress of India, blazing with pearls and diamonds. The company is seated in the fine old common hall of the city of London, and at the end of it are Gog and Magog, the successors of a long line of city giants in old times carried in the Lord Mayor's procession, but now perched

on great brackets at the end of the hall and never moved. Before Geoffrey of Monmouth was superseded by Hume and Freeman and Green, the citizens of London, on the faith of his account, believed themselves descended from the ancient Trojans; and these figures represented two heroes, Corinæus and Gogmagot, whose exploits formed part of the imaginary wars of the Trojans and the aborigines of Britain.

On the walls of the hall are costly marble monuments to Nelson and Wellington and Chatham and Pitt, heroes and statesmen admired by the city and entertained in that hall when at the height of their fame. A fine ham-

mer-beam wooden roof rests upon the solid old walls and gives warmth to their cold, gray hue. The Lord Mayor with his most illustrious guests comes into the hall where the general company is already seated, and, after walking all round with blasts of trumpets, takes his seat, and the banquet begins. Seated at the tables

of the guilds whose members elected the Lord Mayor, whose banners ornamented his procession, and to one of which he himself must belong. He often belongs to more than one, and, when elected Lord Mayor, if not already a member of one of the twelve great companies, sometimes becomes one. These twelve great com



THE BREWERS' DOORWAY.

may be seen many men in gowns edged with fur and wearing golden chain-like collars ending in front in great jeweled badges. Foreigners, unlearned in the manners and customs of the city of London, often think that these splendid individuals, whose aspect is always one of grave dignity suitable to their costly ornamentation, are great English nobles wearing the decorations of orders of knighthood. It is easy to say who they are, but those who have tried know that there are few tasks more difficult than to explain their status and functions to an inquiring Frenchman. They are the masters and wardens of the London companies,

panies are the Mercers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Tailors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, and the Clothworkers. Each of them has a hall in the city, vast estates, curious usages, ancient royal charters, various public duties, and fixed days for feasts.

Besides the 12 great companies, there are 80 smaller ones, 36 of which have no hall.

There are thus more than fifty halls, in every one of which something curious is to be seen; but they are hard to find and do not seek to entice the curious. The front door of the hall

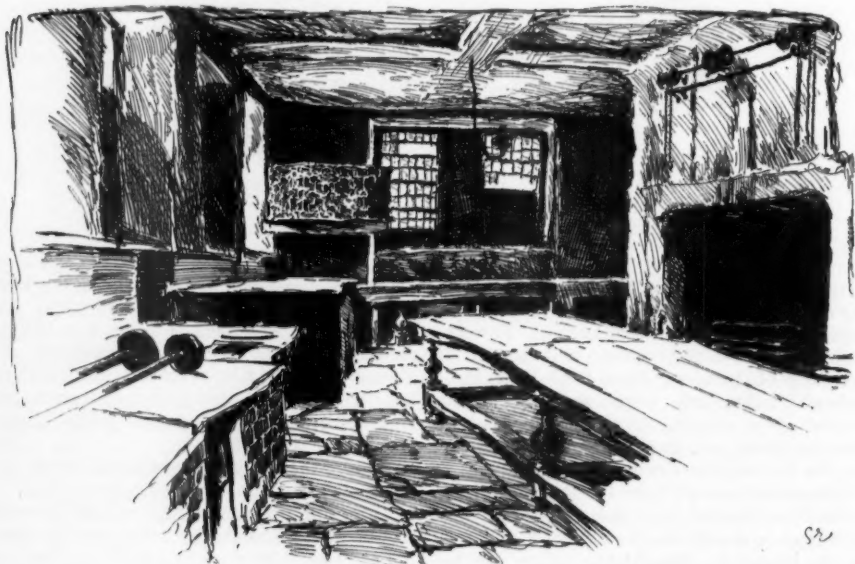




FACADE, BREWERS' HALL.

is often indistinguishable from the doors of offices or warehouses near it. No label proclaims what the building is, even when the door is adorned with sculpture and is in the midst of a great mass of carved stonework. You might look at the hall of the mercers in Cheapside — the first of the great companies

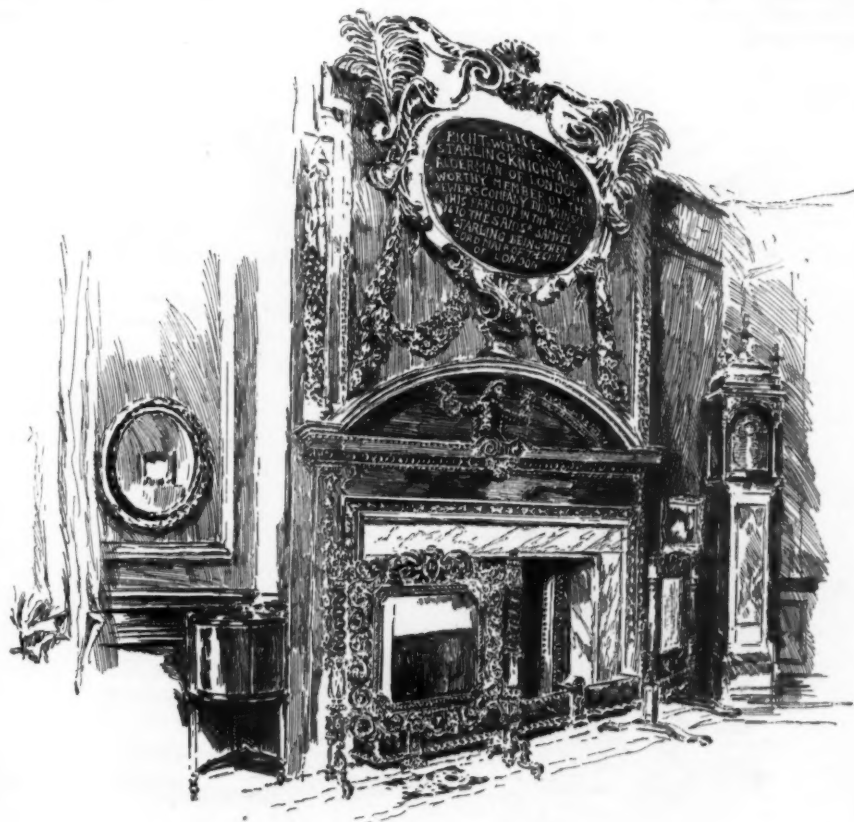
— from Bucklersbury and wonder why the great figure of Charity as a woman looking after chubby stone children was placed there; but no traveler, however experienced, could guess that those great closed doors, with smaller iron gates always locked before them, led into the hall and other buildings of a guild of ex-



KITCHEN, BREWERS' HALL.

traordinary wealth and great antiquity. In a few cases a small and insignificant brass plate near a bell-handle bears the word "Beadle," or sometimes even lifts the veil of mystery a little higher and records a name, as "Weav-

Aladdin when the palace appeared. You enter a great paneled hall decorated with armorial bearings, with portraits, and with banners. You are in the very heart of the city of London, where land is worth £100,000 or more an



FIREPLACE IN COURT-ROOM OF BREWERS' HALL.

ers' Hall." To ring the bell requires nearly as much courage as that of Jack the Giant-killer when he blew the horn that hung at the giant's gate. The beadle, or more often the sub-beadle,—for the beadle himself is too great to be lightly disturbed,—appears. You feel instantly that you are intruding, that you had no right to ring, and that you are in much the position of a man who has impertinently rung at the door of a private house and asked to see the drawing-room. If you have an introduction,—above all, if you know any one on the court of the company, as its governing body is called,—the beadle unbends a little and you are admitted. It is only by frequent allusion to childish fairy tales that the results of explorations of the city can be illustrated. You feel like

acre, yet there is a delicious garden, a courtyard recalling Italy, a splashing fountain, or a noble old tree. This element of surprise, of contrast between the rushing crowd in the street outside and the perfect fourteenth-century stillness within the halls of these ancient guilds, adds much to the pleasure of seeing curious things at which you are not asked to look. You feel in a few minutes how great a thing it is to be a merchant tailor or a cloth-worker or a grocer, superlative and unattainable, and you walk round the hall with the beadle in a deferential, humble frame of mind only comparable to the sensation of a pilgrim who is just about to kiss or has just finished kissing the toe of his holiness the Pope.

The halls of nearly all the companies were



consumed in the great fire, so that most of their buildings date from the last years of the house of Stuart, and in later times some have been rebuilt in a style of profuse magnificence. Nevertheless there is hardly one which does not contain some picturesque bit of architecture or wood-carving, curious portrait, quaintly carved figure, beautifully illuminated charter,

of grocers, a vintner of vintners. One or two good histories of particular companies have been written by members, but all the general accounts are deficient in thoroughness. It must be remembered too that these ancient corporations suffered a terrible shock at the hands of the law-officers of Charles II., who forced open their muniment chests, asked why



DOORWAY OF BANQUETING HALL, BREWERS' COMPANY.

or splendid piece of plate. The wood-carving in many is superb,—in none finer than in the Brewers' Hall,—and the combination of the dark color of old oak with the bright tinctures of painted armorial bearings occurs in endless and always picturesque variety. The quiet self-content and the half-private character of the guilds have prevented a thorough investigation of their history. They themselves feel, as any one who with the feeling of ownership dines often in such halls as theirs must come to feel, that no one but one of themselves could do them justice; that a haberdasher alone could write of haberdashers, a grocer

and wherefore about everything, and demanded their money or their lives. The *quo warranto* was hardly forgotten when more modern attacks began: royal commissions were threatened, and the guilds which had never done harm, and thought that merit enough, were perpetually asked why they did not do good, and those who obviously did good, why they did not do more, by endless practicers of cheap virtue and easy benevolence, and by more reputable and respectable persons who thought their position anomalous and wished to make it less so.

Thus assailed from time to time, but so far

surviving assault, no wonder that the companies are a little suspicious of strangers and not too anxious to admit criticising historians.

The oldest of the companies began life, as they assert, as an association of saddle-makers with a common meeting-place in Cheapside

In their early days there were tilts in Cheapside, and the King of England used to sit in a gallery near the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow to watch them. The present beautiful tower of the church was built by Wren after the fire; but to commemorate the old days of tilting



DOORWAY, HALL OF THE DRAPERS.

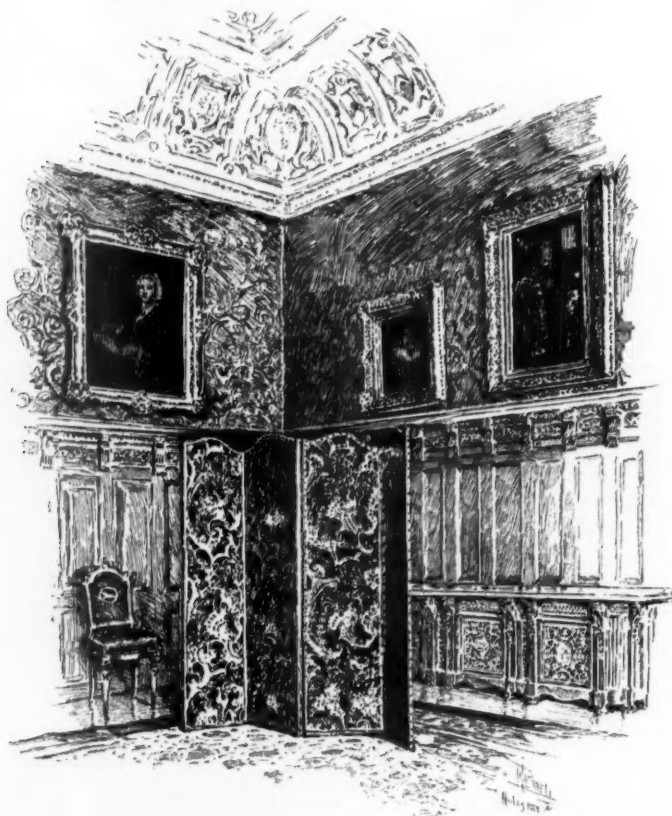
not far from the wall of a college of secular priests dedicated to St. Martin. The College of St. Martin flourished from the days of Edward the Confessor to those of Henry VIII., and its site is still called St. Martin's-le-Grand. It is the General Post-office; and not far from it, still in Cheapside, from the days of the last Saxon king to those of Queen Victoria have dwelt the Company of Saddlers.

and the royal gallery, he placed a little railed balcony in the tower on the part looking into Cheapside. With what eyes of connoisseurs must the saddlers have looked on as Sir Roland's shock flung Sir Oliver from the saddle, which remained unstirred; and when a foreign knight's girths burst and he fell vanquished, they must have approved and said, "Not one of our saddles, that!"

Farther down on the same side of Cheapside, beyond the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, is a block of stone buildings with an ornate modern door decorated in the middle with sculpture. It lies between Ironmonger lane and Old Jewry. This is the property of the mercers, one of the richest of the great companies, and here is their hall on the site, as very old London tradition says, of the house of Gilbert, father of Thomas à Becket, for so many centuries the pride of the citizens of London as St.

of the days when Kent had a king of its own. At the end of the court is the magnificent hall of the Grocers' Company. Their records escaped the fire, and few companies have such full means of explaining their history in detail.

On June 12, 1345, a number of pepperers, as the grocers were then styled, met together at dinner by agreement at the town mansion of the Abbot of Bury in St. Mary Axe. They talked their common affairs over and agreed to form themselves into a voluntary associa-



ROOM IN DRAPERS' HALL.

Thomas of Canterbury. Queen Elizabeth's grandfather's grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Bullen, was a Lord Mayor of this company. Dukes of Newcastle and Somerset, Earls of Salisbury, of Coventry, of Wiltshire, and of Denbigh, and Viscounts Camden have all sprung from prosperous mercers.

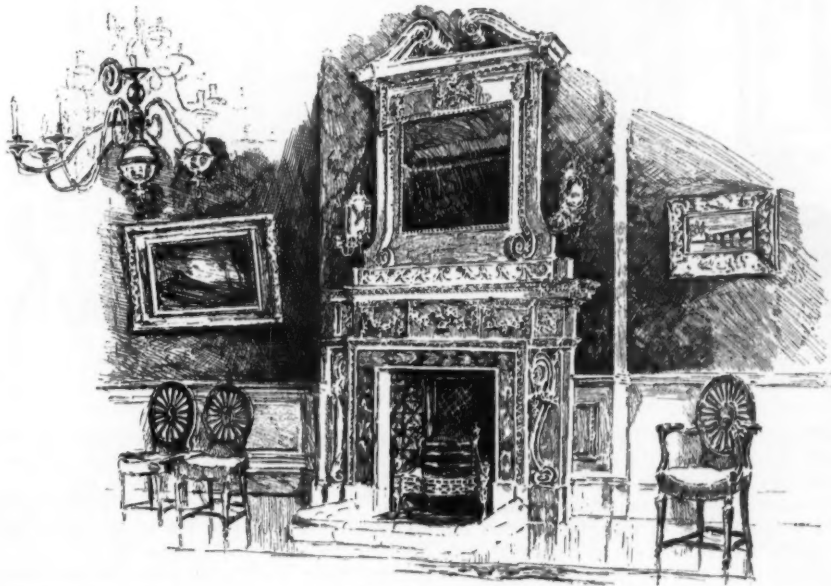
Somewhat farther down, where Cheapside becomes the Poultry, is St. Mildred's Court, near which till a few years ago stood the Church of St. Mildred—a holy Kentish lady

tion to settle trade disputes, to help poor members, and to say prayers for the souls of the departed members. They took St. Anthony for their patron, elected two wardens to preside over them and a chaplain to pray for them. Ever since, they have met each year on St. Anthony's day and dined together, electing new wardens and crowning them with garlands. In 1427 they bought some land in Old Jewry, a street leading out of Cheapside, there built a hall, and there

remain to this day. After their association had been in existence eighty-four years the grocers obtained a charter from the king, in the year 1429, and soon after were given the public duty of inspecting and cleansing all the spices sold in London. King Charles II. became their master, and they always dine on the day of his birth, the 29th of May. At the end of his reign, in 1685, they were nearly destroyed by the tyrannical proceedings under which the king tried to seize their charters and abolish their privileges and those of London and other cities. They just managed to survive the horrors of the *quo warranto*, as this proceeding was called, and joyfully elected William III. master when he came to the

trade, was nearly destroyed by Charles II., and has since steadily increased in riches which by the changes in the nature of commerce have worn away all its medieval functions except the happy one of promoting good-fellowship among men.

Not less magnificent than the grocers' is the hall of the drapers in Throgmorton street. The hall was rebuilt in 1881, and, with the great staircase leading to it and the smaller dependent rooms, is in a style of profuse splendor of carving, molding, and gilding, combined with a sort of costly solidity, which without much real artistic beauty produces a picturesque grandeur not unsuited to a society of wealthy merchants and the elaborate and hos-



FIREPLACE, DRAPERS' HALL.

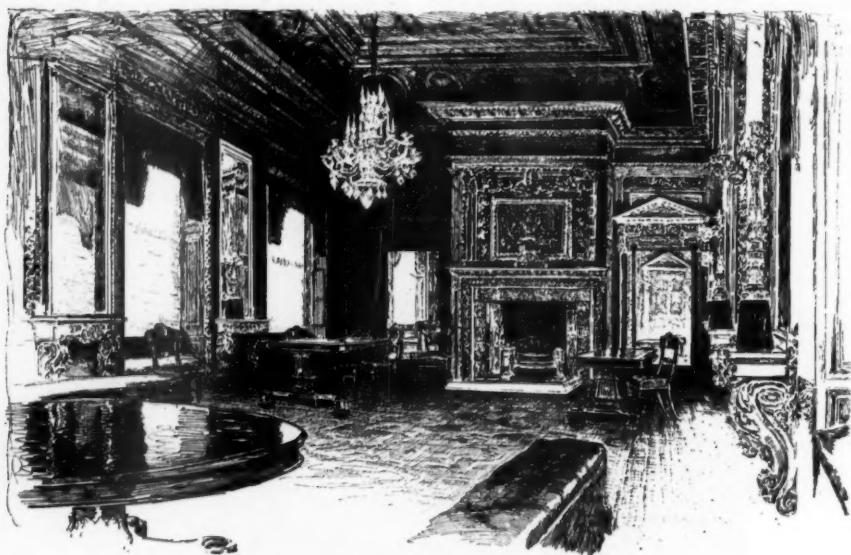
throne and made civil liberty once more secure. From his day to our own they have grown richer, while their functions as cleansers and inspectors of spices have slowly become obsolete. Now with much good-fellowship and cheerful hospitality they administer charities, do good in other ways and harm to no one; so that all citizens may heartily join in their grace, "God preserve the Church, the Queen, and the worshipful Company of Grocers! Root and branch, may it flourish forever!"

Such, with slight variations in detail, has been the history of the companies. Each began as a voluntary association, received in the fourteenth century or later a charter from the crown, exercised control over its especial

pitiable feasts that it celebrates. The street in front is filled all day with people making bargains, and on the opposite side is the Stock Exchange, overflowing with shouting, business-doing stock-brokers. What a contrast between the interiors into which those opposite doors lead! On the Stock Exchange side, business going on at its fastest pace, rushing and crowding; on the grocers' side, within the door a quiet quadrangle such as you would expect to see in a palace at Florence, a gorgeous staircase on one side leading to carved and gilded spacious rooms, empty and deserted most of the day-time, or used by a few worshipful gentlemen quietly transacting charitable affairs, lively only on a feast-day; and beyond this court

a delightful garden with a fountain. The drapers say that Henry Fitz Elwin, first Mayor of London, was a member of their company; and famous as he was, there have since been so many great and famous drapers, that if antiquaries, as they threaten, prove Henry Fitz Elwin not to have been one, the glory of the company will still be brilliant. It was certainly

affected by the fire, and near them a staircase leads to the cellars stored with wine. In one subterranean chamber is the plate—silver dishes as large as sponge-baths, others like foot-baths, endless cups and tankards, goblets and salvers and salt-cellar and hundreds of silver forks and spoons. A delightful old man, neat and courteous as a cathedral's dean, was



THE CEDAR ROOM, SKINNERS' HALL.

one of their members, Sir Thomas Adams, who was sent on the part of the city of London to invite King Charles II. to return to the throne of his ancestors. Private munificence has often been a characteristic of the high officers of these guilds. Many have founded colleges and schools and benefited the poor of their birth-places in other ways. Sir Thomas Adams founded the professorship of Arabic at Cambridge and a good school in his native town. Not far from Throgmorton street, and in the Threadneedle street which they had a chief share in naming, is the hall of the merchant tailors. Outside, it looks like a modern office, but on entering, the visitor comes into a spacious quadrangle, round which are ranged the halls and the library and the meeting-rooms of the company. In one of these are two beautiful pieces of embroidery,—palls which were used to cover the coffins of members of the guild when carried to the grave accompanied by the surviving members singing the dirge, for this was one of the duties of every good liveryman. The kitchen has some ancient masonry with pointed arches, too solid to be

for many years butler of this company. When he showed the plate, he used always to open with pride a particular cabinet in this plate-room. It was filled with small pepper-pots and represented one of the achievements of his life. "Would you believe it, sir, when I became butler the company had but one small pepper-pot; the waiters used to carry one in their pockets for the livery." The deficiency is now supplied: the liverymen have nearly a pepper-pot each. *Abi viator!* reckon up thy days and deeds; canst thou rival what this butler has done—hast thou multiplied pepper-pots from one to infinity and made a destitute livery happy and luxurious?

A little farther south, in Fenchurch street, is the hall of the ironmongers. Izaak Walton was their master, and there are his arms to this day decorating the paneled hall; while on the staircase, in the hall, indeed everywhere, are to be seen rampant lizards or salamanders, the crest and supporters of the armorial achievement of the company.

Leaving the ironmongers with regret and walking down Fenchurch street to the end,





SKINNERS' COURT-ROOM.

you come in view of the graceful cupola of the Church of St. Magnus, one of Wren's most successful designs. Just opposite to it, on the west side of London Bridge, is the Fishmongers' Hall, a building of gray stone with a pediment towards the river. Billingsgate market is hard by, and the fishmongers have the power of seizing and destroying putrid fish. Their hall covers the site of the riverside house of Sir William Walworth, the stout Lord Mayor who slew Wat Tyler.

Farther up the river is Dowgate, a very ancient landing-place, and near it and Dowgate Hill, is the Skinners' Hall. How long it has been there is shown by the fact that the street opposite is called Budge Row from the budge, or dressed lambskin, which the craft used of old to hang out for sale in the row. Happy the man who is entertained by the Guild of the Body of Christ of the Skinners of London, as the company style themselves in all official documents. A beadle receives him with lofty courtesy, and calls out his name as he ascends a handsome staircase. At the top the guest suddenly finds himself in the august presence of the master and wardens. They shake hands with him and bid him welcome as if he was the one guest who, long invited and never coming, had at last appeared and satisfied a lifelong wish on their part to see him.

The guest seems to have entered into their very hearts, when suddenly he feels that they can smile on him no more, and that the absorb-

ing attention with which they received him is exchanged in an instant for total neglect. It is merely that these high functionaries are receiving another guest, and so another and another till the list is complete and dinner is served. All dinners of all companies are noble feasts, and the tables of the great companies are brilliant with splendid pieces of plate. Among the skinners' plate are some curious flagons made in form of beasts and birds. The skinners like to tell how these are used. On the day of election of master and wardens, the court, or governing body of the guild, is assembled in the hall, and ten blue-coat boys, with the almsmen of the company, the master and wardens, all in procession, preceded by trumpeters blowing blasts, march round the hall. Three great birds of silver are brought in and handed to the master and wardens. The birds' heads are screwed off, and the master and wardens drink wine from these quaint flagons.

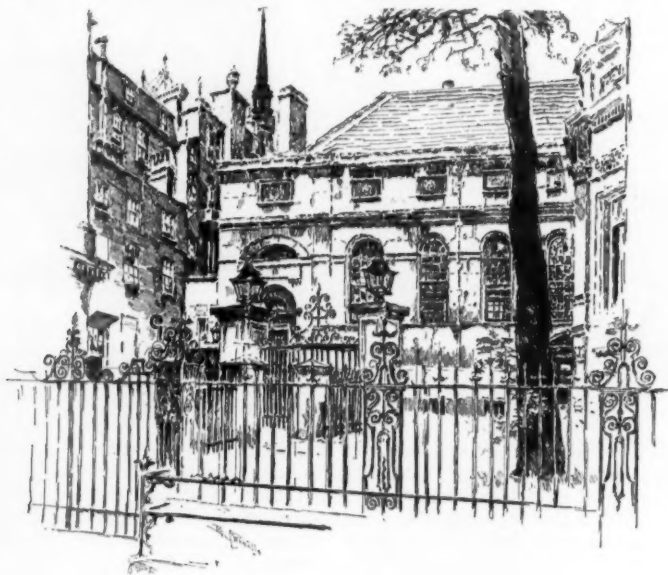
Three caps of maintenance are then brought in. The old master puts one on. It will not fit him. He hands it to another, and he to another, and both declare that it does not fit. Then it reaches the skinner who is to be master for the year. Wonderful to relate, it fits him to a nicety. The trumpeters flourish their trumpets, the skinners and their almsmen shout for joy. The wardens next find out whom the cap fits, with the other two caps of maintenance, and so the high authorities of the guild are installed for the year. Their court-room is paneled with red cedar, with deep gilded

classical moldings, and when lighted of an evening is rich beyond compare to look at and exhales a delicious odor—a true cedar parlor, in which Sir Charles Grandison might well be glad to bow forever over the hand of Miss Harriet Byron.

Close to the Skinners' Hall are those of the

a good broth for it and do it into the foyle of paste and close it up fast, and bake it well and so serve it forth; with the head of one of the birds stuck at the one end of the foyle and a great tail at the other and divers of his long feathers set in cunningly all about him."

St. Paul's ends the noble vista of Cannon



STATIONERS' HALL.

dyers and the tallow-chandlers and the inn-holders; and that of the Mystery of the Vintners is in the same region of the city. A few yards off, on the other side of Cannon street, in St. Swithin's lane, is the spacious but not very interesting hall of the salters. For arms they bear three salt-cellsars, springing (or casting out) salt; and as they all firmly believe themselves to be "salt of the earth, ye virtuous few," so do they often repeat their motto, *Sal sapit omnia* ("Salt savoreth everything"). They have a pie of their own, a most choice pasty, in which their favorite ingredient has many companions. The date of the recipe of this delicious piece of cookery is 1394.

"Take pheasant, hare, and chicken, or capon, of each one with two partridges, two pigeons, and two coney and smite them in pieces and pick clean away from all the bones that ye may and therewith do them into a foyle [a case] of good paste, made craftily in the likeness of a bird's body, with the livers and hearts, two kidnies of sheep and forcemeats and eggs made into balls. Cast thereto powder of pepper, salt, spice, eysell, and mushrooms to make

street to the west and affords ample food for reflection as you walk from St. Swithin's lane to Ave Maria lane. The lane called after the angelic salutation is the first turn to the right as you go from the west of St. Paul's down Ludgate Hill. A new building on the left of it bears the inscription, *Verbum Domini manet in æternum*, and this pious expression is the motto of the company of stationers. An archway in the new warehouse bearing the motto leads to their most picturesque hall. It shuts out from the world a quiet garden belonging to the company, at the back of the Church of St. Martin, Ludgate, and adjoining it are the court-room, stock-room, and kitchen of the company. They keep the copyright register for England, and all their members are bookmen; that is, printers or publishers. The hall is of a most collegiate aspect, spacious and lofty, with deeply recessed windows and rich oak carving. A good modern colored window of St. Cecilia, the patroness of the company, a series of banners hanging from the cornice on each side, and numerous painted shields of the chief officers, some very bright, some



toned down by time, give pleasant, harmonious coloring to this well-proportioned hall.

A fireplace in the court-room is a wonderful example of exquisite wood-carving. When the business of the court was tedious, perhaps Mr. Samuel Richardson's mind wandered to the virtue of Pamela, or the villainy of Lovelace. It cannot be asserted as a proved fact of literary

first. Within is the most exquisite of the halls of the guilds—an oblong room lighted above by a cupola, round the interior base of which is carved a great wreath of foliage, a unique design by Inigo Jones. The architect's portrait by Vandyke hangs on the walls, and all the other pictures deserve study. Over the mantelpiece is a most carefully painted Lely, "the



STAIRWAY, HALL OF THE GIRDERS.

history, but it is at least very likely, that some of Clarissa's letters were written in that court-room. Little did the country ladies who wept over them think of them as the compositions of the stout stationer in a wig whose portrait looks down at his successors in the Mystery as they transact their business in the court-room.

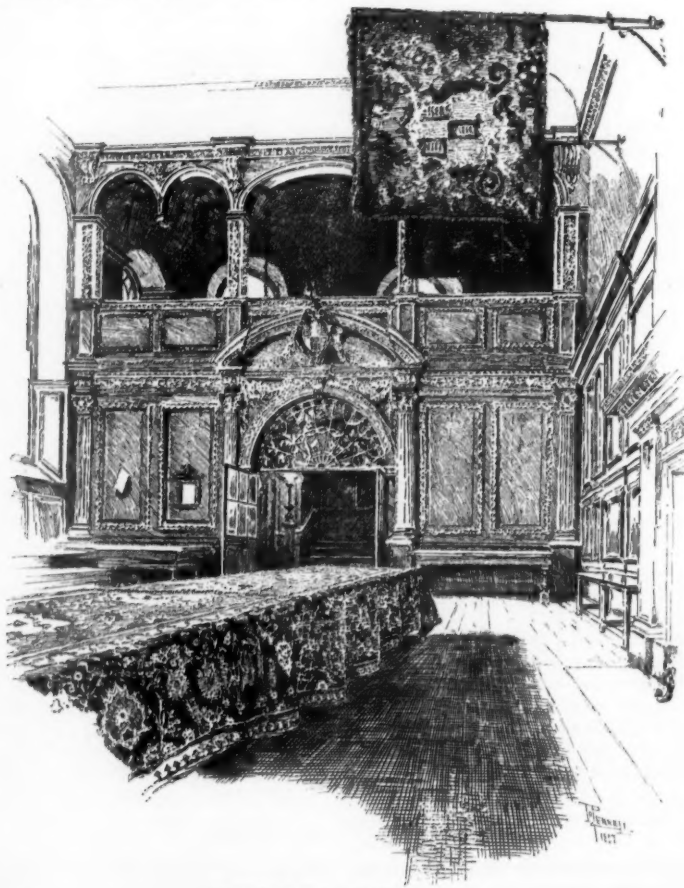
Walking from Stationers' Hall down Warwick lane, once the abode of the King-maker, you come into Newgate street and so, crossing by Christ's Hospital, reach Aldersgate, from which a few yards bring you to Monkwell street, where is Barbers' Hall. A doorway in a great warehouse and a board with the words "Barbers' Hall" are all that you see at

Countess of Richmond as St. Agnes," given to the company by the founder of the Bank of England. Opposite this is a famous Holbein of Henry VIII. presenting an act to the barbers, or, as they then were, the barber-surgeons, while his physicians kneel on his right hand. King Henry united the surgeons, then unable to live as a separate guild, to the barbers, and it was not till 1745 that they were separated. The surgeons left behind them all the records of their craft in early days, several splendid pictures, and much plate. The barbers still drink out of a silver-gilt cup of exquisite renaissance work given to them by Henry VIII., and out of another silver cup, adorned with

oak leaves and having bells shaped like acorns, given to them by Charles II. At the principal feasts the wardens wear silver-gilt crowns, and as they enjoy the splendor of their plate, to which also Queen Anne made an addition, declare that no company has so many royal gifts of silver. The draught is kept from the worshipful mystery of barbers while

the secrets of the guild and that he would sooner die than reveal it. It is called a marrow pudding, but the "marrow" is "Mary," an allusion to Our Lady, and marrow there is none in this delicious, mysterious confection.

Addle street, where the brewers dwell, is not far from Monkwell street. The Brewers' Hall is one of the finest examples of architectural



BANQUETING HALL OF THE GIRDLEERS.

they dine by a beautiful old screen of painted leather, and outside the door of the hall is the shell of a great turtle with their arms painted on it, and given to them by the Merry Monarch. A quaint little staircase with fine old chandelier of brass-work leads to their parlor, whither they adjourn after feasts for coffee. If the salters have a pie, the barbers have a pudding of their own, but the recipe will not be known till doomsday; for the master, when asked of what this pudding consisted, declared that the recipe was one of

work and interior decoration of the period succeeding the great fire of London. The hall is entered by a prominent gate with the brewers' arms above, which leads into a court-yard, round which are the buildings of the company. The staircase, the hall, and the court-room are equally fine. Near the Brewers' is the Weavers' Hall, and not far off, in Basinghall street, dwell the girdlers. They have a marble staircase and an oak-paneled hall worthy of Italy, and in the very heart of London a mulberry garden where they can pick ripe mul-

berries from the tree and enjoy as delicious a repose as if they dwelt in some city like Bruges, whence commerce has long since fled, while traces of civic grandeur survive, instead of in London, where commerce is at its height and the moss of decay has not yet begun to grow.

A little way from Basinghall street the goldsmiths have a magnificent hall, in which the purity of all the gold and silver plate-work of England is attested by the guild and stamped with its mark. Nearly opposite the goldsmiths the haberdashers have dwelt for four hundred and ten years, under the patronage of St. Catharine of Alexandria.

Near the halls of most of the guilds are the churches in which for many centuries the masters and wardens have attended service, and in them are to be seen many monuments of past generations of masters and wardens. Sir Andrew Judd, a great skinner, who died in 1588, kneels in armor with his four sons, his wife, and daughter at perpetual prayer in the

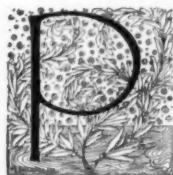
Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. In the same church Sir John Spencer, the great cloth-worker, who died in 1609, reclines bearded and in state armor, with Dame Spencer at his side and their daughter dutifully kneeling in prayer at her parents' feet. Sir Hugh Hammersley, knight and haberdasher, who died in 1636, kneels with his wife in St. Andrew's undershaft; and there, sitting in an alcove in gown and ruff, with a book before him, is carved the effigy of John Stow, the historian of London, a man proud of her glories, learned in the history of everything within her walls, and acquainted with every church and every guild. He wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but whoever wishes at this day to study London city will do well to make Stow the companion of his walks.

In spite of the ravages of the great fire and the still greater demolitions of later times, the parish churches and the halls of the ancient guilds of London open a view of past times such as is to be seen in few cities of Europe.

*Norman Moore.*



#### UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON TO SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.



PROFESSOR J. R. SEELY, in his recently published "Short History of Napoleon I.," has said that "the heroism of Nelson has always been duly recognized, but the immense greatness of his

work seems to have been generally overlooked. He reconquered the Mediterranean for England; he dissolved, at a blow, all Napoleon's dream of Oriental conquest; he broke up the armed neutrality."

It is to the latter achievement that the following letters of Lord Nelson refer. They treat exclusively of the expedition to the Baltic, and range from the beginning of March, 1801, until the end of May in the same year; the first letter having been written before the fleet left Spithead, the last after Nelson had left Revel. The series comprises his own account of a time which, although it eventually turned to his glory, yet, as these letters too plainly and sadly show, was embittered by an undercurrent of suffering, partly from ill health, and partly from the injustice done to his genius and his patriotism. When the moment of emergency came, it was inevitable that Nelson should take the lead and win the battle, which, as is so well

known, he did in defiance of the orders of the admiral under whom he had been placed. Perhaps some additional light may be shed on the details of the expedition to the Baltic by the publication of these letters, which were addressed by Nelson to his long-trying friend and companion in arms, Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge. In the collection of Nelson's letters printed by Sir Harris Nicolas in 1844 are some written to this officer in earlier days; but the present series of twenty-four has never hitherto seen the light, having been carefully put by and treasured up by his descendants for three generations.<sup>1</sup> They are here given without alteration; every word is fresh, strong, and natural as it fell from the pen of Nelson, inditing his thoughts to his intimate friend. The letters are on quarto paper, in good black ink; the writing vigorous, peculiar, clearly to be read in the main, and written necessarily with the left hand.

The naval officer to whom they are addressed was the first Sir Thomas Troubridge; and a brief reference to his character and career will be requisite to explain how the correspondence came about, and to show what qualities they were which gained for him the confidence of Nelson. Their friend-

<sup>1</sup> They now belong to Sir Thomas Troubridge, fourth Baronet.



LORD NELSON.

(PAINTED BY HEINRICH FÜGER IN 1800 AT VIENNA. NOW IN NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)

ship began on board the *Sea Horse*, in 1774, where both were rated as midshipmen; and the first world-renowned battle they fought together was that off Cape St. Vincent, under Sir John Jervis (from that time Earl St. Vincent), on the 14th of February, 1797—"the most glorious Valentine's day," as Nelson called it. Captain Troubridge was in the thickest part of this severe engagement. His ship, the *Culloden*, and Nelson's, the *Captain*, elicited the remark from Sir John Jervis, "I put my faith in those two ships." It is well known how greatly Lord St. Vincent prized the merits of Troubridge, calling him "the Bayard of the British navy; the ablest adviser and best executive officer in the navy, with honor and courage bright as his sword." The generous heart of Nelson also acknowledged the value of the advice and assistance which Captain Troubridge was well qualified to give; in fact, his character and conduct

exactly suited Nelson's ideas. He was a typical specimen of the ideal British sailor; with invincible pluck, animated, impetuous, slightly obstreperous manners, and conversation characterized by all the emphatic plainness of his day and profession. He possessed an unusual amount of knowledge of all that related to the service, an acute discernment (as was often proved), and an excellent judgment. Strong and ready in both mind and body, his handsome face and fine presence were as welcome to his friends as they were distasteful to his enemies. He did good service at the luckless siege of Santa Cruz, when Nelson had intended to wrest Tenerife from the Spaniards. On that occasion, when the little hero lost his right arm, Troubridge got the English troops, consisting of a body of some three hundred marines and artillerymen, safely off the island—where they encountered eight thousand Spaniards—by threatening the immediate destruction of the



town by fire unless his terms were accepted. A year later, in 1798, when the full stress of Nelson's efforts to baffle the French was directed to the Mediterranean, Troubridge accompanied him and witnessed — alas for himself, only witnessed, his ship being aground, and out of "the full tide of happiness," as Nelson expressed it — the first of those three great victories by sea achieved by the fiery spirit and profound skill of one man, without shell, steam, or other modern appliance. After the battle of the Nile the squadron moved towards Naples, and in 1799 Troubridge, who had been told off to seize the islands in the bay of Naples, preparatory to the recapture of Naples from the French, succeeded in taking and investing Procida, Capri, and Ischia, and received as an acceptable present the head of one of the Jacobin officials who had been in possession. "Sir, as a faithful subject of my king, Ferdinand the IV., I have the honor of presenting to you the head of a Jacobin, whom I killed as he was running away." So ran the letter which accompanied the gift, and on the cover are the words, in Captain Troubridge's writing, "A jolly fellow."

As the war was pushed on, St. Elmo, Capri, and Gaeta surrendered to Captain Troubridge, whose share in the matter is thus described by Nelson in a dispatch: "The liberation of the kingdom of Naples from the French robbers will not be less acceptable from being principally brought about by part of the crews of his Majesty's ships under my orders, under the command of Captain Troubridge. His merits speak for themselves." The taking of Civita Vecchia and the city of Rome completed Troubridge's services in the Mediterranean, for which he received a baronetcy; and after the return of the fleet to England, in 1800, he became one of the lords of the Admiralty. It was to the Admiralty that the letters in the following series were addressed; and the packets which Lord Nelson so often mentions were letters to and from Lady Hamilton, which Troubridge undertook to convey between these friends. Letters from Nelson to Troubridge on the subject of Lady Hamilton were many, but these have all been recently destroyed.

Sir Thomas Troubridge was returned for the borough of Great Yarmouth in 1802; he became admiral of the "Blue" in 1804, and of the "White" in 1805. It was after he had been appointed to the command of the seas on the eastern coast of India that another command — that of the Cape of Good Hope — was given him; and it was on his way from Madras to the Cape that the fatal shipwreck took place which closed his career before he had attained his fiftieth year. The details are wrapped in

obscurity. The *Blenheim* was crazy, and the admiral knew it, but trusted to his own resources. He was accompanied by a frigate and a sloop of war. They sailed on the 12th of January, 1807, and encountered a hurricane which raged in February in the Indian seas east of Madagascar. The captain of a French frigate, the *Semillante*, gave information, many years afterward, at Plymouth, that he had sighted the *Blenheim* near the island of Rodrigues, in a heavy gale of wind, on February the 18th, 1807. News came, more than a year after the event, by way of Calcutta, — having been brought thither by a frigate which had touched at the island of St. Mary's, — that in the month of February two vessels had arrived in distress at that small island off the coast of Madagascar, had put in for repairs, and had sailed again, the description of the officers exactly answering to Sir Thomas Troubridge and his companions. The inhabitants of Bourbon Island had, according to the same authority, caught sight, after the gale had subsided, of a line-of-battle ship in distress, with an admiral's white flag flying. No other tidings of the unfortunate ship and the brave admiral ever reached England; nor have such slight clues been sufficient to point to the spot, or to fix the date, where and when the *Blenheim* foundered.

It was in February, 1801, that Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board the *St. George*, in preparation for accompanying Sir Hyde Parker to the Baltic, under whose orders he was placed. The first letter now printed here is undated, and appears, as has been mentioned, to have been written from Spithead. The second was written during the passage from Portsmouth to Great Yarmouth, a long and tedious one, from calms, contrary winds, and thick fog. The third letter begins the series, written after they had sailed for the north. Nelson arrived in Yarmouth Roads on the 6th of March, and the squadron set sail at daylight on the 12th. The expedition to the Baltic was undertaken in consequence of an alliance entered into by Sweden, Denmark, and Russia against England, with the object of curtailing her naval rights. The point in dispute, which led eventually to the battle of the Baltic, was the principle of "armed neutrality," which denied the right to search vessels belonging to neutral powers in times of war — a right given by the old code of international maritime law. The English, who were masters of the sea, ignored the new principle, and captured, in July, 1800, a Danish merchantman, the *Freya*, for refusing to allow her cargo to be examined. An embassy was sent from England to Denmark to negotiate the matter; but when the vessels which conveyed it passed

the sound and anchored off the beautiful city of Copenhagen, the ire of the Russian emperor was aroused at the sight of English vessels in northern waters, and he at once seized all vessels in Russian ports belonging to England, and allied himself with Sweden, Denmark, France, and Prussia against England. These allies insisted upon continuing to abolish the right to search neutral vessels, a principle that favored especially the commerce of France. England as firmly desired to retain the right to molest, examine, and search everything afloat. She resolved still to rule the waves, and, in the face of the naval resources of this powerful league, she sent her little hero to the rescue. He succeeded, although second in command, in winning a victory off Copenhagen, destroying the Danish navy, and bringing about a change of policy on the part of the alliance. That alliance was dissolved by Alexander, Emperor of Russia, who succeeded the murdered Paul just before Nelson, with Sir Hyde Parker's squadron, reached the sound.

LETTERS FROM LORD NELSON TO SIR  
THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.

AYE, my dear Troubridge, had you been here to-day you would have thought, had the *Pilot* arrived a fortnight hence, there would have been time enough. *Fame* says we are to sail the 20th, and I believe it, unless you pack us off. I was in hopes that Sir Hyde would have had a degree of confidence, but no appearance of it. I know he has from Nepean the plan of the fortifications of the New Islands off Copenhagen and the intended station of some Danish ship. I have, be assured, no other desire of knowing anything than that I may the better execute the service, but I have no right to know, and do not say a word of it to Lord St. Vincent, for he may think me very impertinent in endeavoring to dive into the plans of my commander-in-chief, but the water being clear, I can see the bottom with half an eye. I begged Domet<sup>1</sup> only to use the *St. George* and we would do anything. The *Squirrel* will be refitted in two hours tomorrow from a list of complaints of two sides of paper. The Gun Brigs are in wretched order, but they will get on. Poor Domet seemed in a pack of troubles. Get rid of us, my dear friend, and we shall not be tempted to lay abed till 11 o'clock. If the Earl would give Josiah a ship in greater forwardness, and send him abroad, it would be an act of kindness. I feel all your kindness, but perhaps I am now unfit to command, my only ambition is to obey. I have no wish ungratified in the ser-

<sup>1</sup> Sir Hyde Parker's captain, and captain of the fleet.

vice, so you may say, but I told you I was *unhappy*.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Since the departure of Lieutenant Yule for Nisbet's Ship, neither Hardy or myself can put our finger on a good lieutenant, but Hardy has just recollected one, the present first lieu. of the *Aurora*, Richard Hockie. If he is still in her, chuses to come here, and the Admiralty to appoint him, he can take a passage and bedding in either *Elephant* or *Edgar* if she is still at Spithead. You are right, my dear Troubridge, in desiring me not to write such letters to the Earl. Why should I? as my own unhappiness concerns no one but myself. It shall remain fixed in my own breast, but believe me I shall ever be your faithful

NELSON AND BRONTE.

"ST. GEORGE," March 4th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: You will see by my public letter the cause of the *Warrior's* going on board, and as obstinate as the Devil. He objects to having assistance to carry this ship thro' the Gully although the moment before he complained that having been up all night he could not stay up this night, therefore wanted another Pilot. However I shall have a sharp eye on him. We shall weigh about 11 o'clock. I wrote you last night, but my letter was too late. Ever yours faithfully,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Lt. Layman was very active last night.

"ST. GEORGE," March 11th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: It is not that I care what support I may have as far as relates to myself, but the *glorious* support I am to have marks me; but let jealousy, cabal, and art conspire to do their worst, the *St. George* is and shall be fit for battle. I will trust to myself alone, and Hardy will support me. Far, far, very far from good health, this conduct will and shall rouse me for the moment, but we cannot get off. My information is, I dare say, better than your's. The *London* was unmoored when the signal was made to prepare for sea, but now she is safely moor'd. I shall trouble you to forward any letters to me and from me to my friends, and ever Believe me your most affectionate

NELSON AND BRONTE.

You will make — very happy by getting him a ship to go abroad. Hardy has been on board of Domett, who told Hardy to tell me he did not form the order of Battle. By that, he sees as I do. Capt'n. Otway has not been on board all yesterday or today. Domett hopes to sail tomorrow.

"ST. GEORGE," 10 o'clock, March 11th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The Signal is made to prepare to unmoor at 12 o'clock, but I think the wind being at SSE and very dirty, that our Chief may defer it. If it rains a little harder the wind will fly to the westward. Now we can have no desire for staying, for her Ladyship is gone, and the *Ball* for Friday night knocked up by your and the Earl's unpoliteness, to send gentlemen to sea instead of dancing with nice white gloves. I will only say as yet I know not that we are even going to Baltic except from newspapers, and at sea I cannot go out of my ship but with serious inconvenience. I could say much, but patience. I shall knock down my bulk heads throughout the ship and then let what will happen, the *St. George*—she has only to trust to herself—will be prepared. Make my best regards to the Earl and Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Every day and hour shows me Hardy's worth. Capt'n. Thesiger is not so active as Parker.

"ST. GEORGE," March 13th, 1801.

NAZE OF NORWAY,

NE by Compass, 01 Degr. at noon.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: When I receive a message from Domett both by Hardy & Murray, there can be no reason why I may not tell it. "Tell Lord Nelson that the present composition of the Van is not my arrangement." I had placed Foley<sup>1</sup> and Fremantle<sup>2</sup> instead of a 64 and 50, but Sir H. run his pen thro' them & placed them as they stand; that when I said, "Sir H., will two 64s and a 50 do well together?" his answer was, "Well, put the *Zealous* between them." You may make your comments. I *feel mine*. It never was my desire to serve under this man. He approved and seemed more desirous of it than myself, but I saw it the first moment, and all the fleet see it. George Murray, I have no doubt, will support me, and the *St. George* shall do her duty. To tell me to serve on in this way, is to laugh at me and to think me a greater fool than I am. If this goes on, I hope to be allowed to return the moment the fighting business is over.

March 16th. I am yet all in the dark, and am not sure we are bound to the Baltic. Reports say (and I only make my remarks from reports) that we are to anchor this side Cronenburgh to give time for negotiation. I earnestly hope this is not true, for I wish for peace with Denmark, and therefore am clearly of

opinion that to shew our fleet off Copenhagen would, if in the least wavering, almost ensure it, for I think that the Danish Minister would be a hardy man to put his name to a paper which in a few minutes would, I trust, involve his master's navy, and I hope his capital, in flames. But as I am not in the *secret*, and feel I have a right to speak out, not in the fleet certainly, but in England and to England, my ideas are to get up the Cattegat as soon as possible (we are now standing on a Wind at W. S. W. moderate weather, off the Naze), to send a flag of truce, if such is necessary, to Cronenburgh to say that I should pass the Castle, and that if they did not fire at me, I should not at them. The despatches, if any, for our Minister at Copenhagen, at the same time to be sent. I should certainly pass the Castle whether they fired or not, and send the same message to Copenhagen till negotiation was over. Being off that city, I could prevent all additional preparation from being carried on or any more gunboats &c placed outside, whilst I should prepare everything, and the moment the Danish Minister said WAR, he should have enough of it, but he would say peace, and save his honor with his new friends. Thus we should have peace with Denmark to a certainty either by *fair* or *foul* means, but I may be all wrong and the measures pursuing never better. I wish they may, but I doubt. Bold measures from ministers and speedily executed, meet my ideas. If you were here just to look at us! I had heard of the manœuvres off Ushant, but ours beats all ever seen. Would it were all over, I am really sick of it. With my kind respects to the Earl Believe me ever your affectionate and faithful

NELSON AND BRONTE.

March 17th, 1801.

"ST. GEORGE," March 20th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: It being moderate I got on board the *London* yesterday for an hour, for whatever inattentions may be shown me, nothing of respect shall be wanting on mine. I was glad to find that he was determined to pass Cronenburgh and to go off Copenhagen in order to give weight to our negotiator, and I believe this conduct will give us peace with Denmark. Sir Hyde told me, on my anxiety for going forward with an expedition, that we were to go no further without fresh orders. I hope this is all right, but I am sorry, as I wish to get to Revell before the departure of the fleet. We should recollect it is only twenty hours sail from Cronsted, and that the day the sea is open they sail.

I give you 10,000 thanks for your kind

<sup>1</sup> The *Zealous*, 74.

<sup>2</sup> *Ganges*, 74.



letters. I shall try and persevere this expedition, and further it is useless to look. I suppose we shall anchor this evening about 8 o'clock, between the Koll and Cronenburgh, not only to prepare for battle, for no signal is yet made, although I believe several have followed my example. I have not had a bulk head in the ship since last Saturday. It is not so much that being in the way as to prepare people's minds that we are going at it, and that they should have no other thought but how they may best annoy their enemies. Every letter of yours is in the *fire*, and ever shall, for no good but much harm might arise from their falling into improper hands. What a villain that young underling must be, but I dare say it was only an idle curiosity and not a desire to steal. Botany Bay would be a good berth for him. Both Hardy and myself rejoice that Parker acquits himself so well, and I hope he will get the gold chain and medal for burning a frigate.

$\frac{1}{2}$  pt. 5, the signal is just made to prepare for battle, therefore many of our ships may amuse themselves. We were at quarters and have nothing to do. The wind is getting directly contrary at S.S.W.

May God send us success, is the fervent prayer of your most affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

I beg my best regards to the Earl. Living or dead, pray send my letters as directed. 9 o'clock, wind at South. Cronenburgh distant 18 miles.

March 21st, Noon.

We anchored last night. It blew fresh all night, and this morning only 38 sail out of 58 were with us. *Bellona* and *Russel* missing; wind just getting to W.S.W. Signal to prepare to weigh. Much snow, I see, about our rigging. I find it very sharp. I suppose we shall anchor in the passage, and in the night collect our ships. I shall not close my letter till then.

March 23rd, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: As I hear the Danes will listen to no terms I have only to regret our loss of time. Till our arrival here we have had only one day's *foul wind*. Our small craft are behind—there is no activity. Now we have only to fight, and I trust we shall do honor to our country. With my best regards to the Earl, Believe me ever

Your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

We anchored off the Koll the 20th, 1801. Since then, the wind has been foul. The commander in chief has just sent for me, and shall have my firm support, and my honest

opinion, if he condescends to ask it. The wind will be at West or N.W. tomorrow.

On the 29th of March, Lord Nelson shifted his flag from the *St. George*, 98, to the *Elephant*, 74, commanded by Captain Foley. She was a lighter ship than the *St. George*. Captain Foley had arrived with intelligence of the loss of the *Invincible*.

"ELEPHANT," March 29th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: You will, I have no doubt, be very much surprized by the account given by Mr. Vansittart, and I hope he has fully stated the conversation and language I held to Sir Hyde Parker, which I believe, for I do not know the contents of Sir Hyde's letters except the last; compleatly altered his opinion, or rather the opinion of Captain Domett; for let me do justice, and if I speak on such a delicate subject that it may be as clear as it is true; that being the case, I do say that from all I have heard that Sir Hyde never would have thought of not passing the Sound if Domett had not seen great difficulty and danger in the passage, and no possible good, for very far be it from me to detract from the very high character of Captain Domett: his bravery, his abilities in the conduct of a fleet are, I hear (for I never served with him), of the very highest class; but perhaps they are calculated for the fleet off Ushant, not clearly in my judgment for a situation such as Sir Hyde Parker's, where the spur of the moment must call forth the clearest decision and the most active conduct. On occasions we must sometimes have a *regular* confusion, and that apparent confusion must be the most regular method which could be pursued on the occasion. To this service (with all respect for Domett) I cannot yet bring myself to think Domett is equal, and so much was working in my mind that I would not trust myself, after I had seen Sir Hyde the day Mr. Vansittart [left], to write the scrape of a pen. My last line to you before I left the *St. George* was, if you recollect, "Now we are going to fight, I suppose I am to be consulted." Little could I think it was to converse on not fighting. I feel happy I had so much command of myself, for I should have let out what you might have been sorry to see, especially fancying I had been, to say no worse, very unkindly treated by Sir Hyde, that is, with a degree of haughtiness which my spirit could not bear. However I have now every reason to believe that Sir H. has found it is not necessary to be high to me, and that I have his real honor at heart, and in having that, I have the honour of my country. His conduct is certainly the very reverse to what

it was. God knows I wish Sir Hyde could perform such services that he might receive more honors and rewards than any admiral.

March 30th, 6 o'clock in the morning.

We are now standing for Cronenburgh: the Van is formed in a compact line, and old Stricker, for that is the Governor's name, had better take care we do not *strike* his head off. I hope we shall mend on board the *London*, but I now pity both Sir Hyde and Domet; they both, I fancy, wish themselves elsewhere. You may depend on every exertion of mine to keep up harmony. For the rest, the spirit of this fleet will make all difficulty from enemies appear as nothing. I do not think I ever saw more true a desire to distinguish themselves in my life. I have more to tell you if ever we meet. With kindest regards to the Earl, Believe me,

Ever your affectionate

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Foley desires his best regards to you.

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, BART.

On the back of this letter (March 30) is written the following list:

<i>Line</i>		
<i>Monarch</i>	<i>Polyphemus</i>	} Ld. Nelson's division.
<i>Bellona</i>	<i>Agamemnon</i>	
<i>Elephant</i>	<i>Defence</i>	
<i>Ardent</i>	<i>Russel</i>	
<i>Isis</i>	<i>Glatton</i>	

The battle which was fought three days after this letter was written was one fraught with greater difficulty and risk than any won by Nelson, partly from the unfavorable situation of the ships, close to the large shoal which lies in front of Copenhagen, and also from the formidable defenses with which the Danes had lined their shores. Nelson, too, was only second in command. On that momentous Good Friday Eve, when the English fleet took up its position and commenced the action, the firing of the Danish guns was so incessant — unslackened even after three hours — that Sir Hyde Parker signaled to Nelson to retreat. Nelson, however, disregarded the signal for discontinuing to fight. "You know, Foley," turning to his captain, "I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes; I really do not see the signal; d—n the signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying." In the simplest words, Nelson, in the following letter, tells the result of the engagement, which he considered likely to be one of the most important, in its results, of all those he had gone through.

Apl. 4th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The job is done, and the State of Denmark is convinced we can fight a little; more distinguished bravery

never was shown. Yesterday I was closeted 2 hours with the Prince Royal, and he allowed me to speak my mind freely, and I believe I told him such truths as seldom reach the ears of princes. H. R. H. seemed much affected, and I am satisfied 't is only fear of Russia and other powers that prevents the renunciation of his alliance with Russia and Sweden. However, he is to send off some proposition to Sir Hyde Parker, but I have not much hopes. My reception was too flattering, and landing at Portsmouth or Yarmouth could not have exceeded the blessings of the people; even the Palace and staircase were crowded, and huzzas, which could not have been very grateful to royal ears. I am, my dear Troubridge, very candidly pleased respecting the promotion. My duty pointed out the promotion of the first Lieutenant of the *Elephant* and all my own children are neglected. I should hope that the admiralty, if they promote the first Lieutenants of the ships engaged, will consider that Lord Nelson's recommendation may have some little weight. Mr. Bolton and Mr. Loyne it is my wish to have promoted. I only hope that I may have provisional leave to return home, for neither my health or spirits can stand the hard fag of body and mind I have endured since the 24th of last month. Pray send my letters as directed, and believe me Ever your attached and affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Bertie and Murray are perfectly well; no black sheep, thank God. Captain Thesiger came on board of me during the battle, and I sent him on shore with a flag of truce, and gave him charge of the Prizes in the first instance. Will have made port.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE.

Apl. 9th, 10 o'clock at night.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: I have only a moment to write my letters, as Colonel Stewart goes off at 4 o'clock in the morning. I am in a fright at the decision about the ministers thought of this armistice [sic]. Be it good or bad it is my own; therefore if blamable, let me be the only person censured. I shall certainly give up instantly. I believe no person can arrive from this fleet who will not tell you that mine has not been quite a life of inactivity since the 23rd. Foley and Murray's ships, and indeed all, are perfection again. I am trying to get over the ground, but Sir Hyde is slow, and I am afraid the Revel fleet will slip through our fingers. Why we are not long since at Revel is past my comprehension. Pray send my letters, and I have, my dear friend, a 1000 thanks for your care of those

sent me; they are my only comfort. Mr. Layman is really an acquisition when kept within bounds. Ever, my dear Troubridge, Your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Your son was well at 6 o'clock.

April 12th, 1801.

Ah, my dear Troubridge, the wind is now at the same point it was when I carried my division about the middle, and all our 74s and 64s ought this day to be over the grounds, but I am fretting to death. We had a report yesterday that the Swedish fleet were above the grounds, but nothing can rouse our unaccountable lethargy. I hope from my heart that my leave is coming out, and another Admiral, if it is necessary, in my place, for, my dear friend, I am miserable myself at being *useless* to our country.

"ELEPHANT," April 20th.

East of Bornholm 7 or 8 leags.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: As Sir Hyde may probably send something to Copenhagen to keep up our communication with England, and to know what is passing in the world, I send you a line which probably will be read, and therefore I shall not enter into the thousand things I could say in case the War in the Baltic goes on, to which, although I shall only be listener, yet from my heart shall I wish as much brilliant success as ever graced the arms of England, nor can anything prevent it that I can see. The *St. George* not able to get over the grounds, on the 14th, Sir Hyde sent me word that the Swedish fleet was at sea, consisting of ten sail of the line, making fourteen sail in the whole. You will believe that I came up 7 or 8 leags in a bitter cold night, and Foley was kind enough to receive me in the *Elephant*—for this I feel much obliged to Sir Hyde, for to have been left behind in the expectation of an action would have been worse than death. I hope that the first vessel will bring my leave of absence, either from the Board or from the First Lord. If not, I shall make my application to Sir Hyde Parker, for longer I cannot stay, and if I could tell you all which is passing in my mind, I am sure you and all good men would approve. We saw the Swedes yesterday very comfortable in Carlsroone, eight sail of the line and two frigates; whether they had more at sea is matter of doubt. I believe not, for where should they send them? The Cattegat I should suppose in the summer, if this northern war goes on, will be impassable for Swedish craft. It will require a ship of the line, a frigate, and some good sloops to keep the Swedish flotilla and frigates in Gottenburg

in check. May God bless you, my dear Troubridge, and believe me forever, your most affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

"ST. GEORGE," April 23d.

Off Moon Island near Amark.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: Pray send the enclosed. I am longing to hear from England; not a scrap since the 5th. I could tell you such things that you would go quite mad. As for me, I am only half, but cannot sleep—you may fancy anything. Send for us all home, at all events for your old and faithful friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

In 14 days from this date I hope to shake hands with you.

"ST. GEORGE," KOIGE BAY,  
April 25th, 1801.

SIR: From my state of health and other serious considerations, I have to request that you will be pleased to move my Lord's commissioners of the Admiralty that I may be permitted to return to England and to go on shore for the purpose of re-establishing my health, and to enable me to attend to those affairs which require my personal attendance. I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

EVAN NEPEAN, ESQR.

"ST. GEORGE," KIOGE BAY,  
April 28th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: You may be useful to my friends, and those who have a fair and honourable claim for my interest to get them promoted, and I feel confident that you will. Most probably I shall never have the power myself, or be in any situation to be useful to either any of your or the Earl's friends. Last night's attack almost did me up, and I can hardly tell how I feel today. I have this day wrote to Sir Hyde Parker. Whatever has again brought on my old complaint, I cannot tell; the two last I had was going down to Plymouth with my brother, and a little one in Yarmouth Roads. Lt. Bolton, Lyne, and Langford are our old Mediterranean friends; the two first, I trust, will be made by the Admiralty—the last was with me in the action on board the *Elephant*, and, had I followed the plan of my commander in chief, I should have named him, but I could not, unfortunately for Mr. Langford, bring myself to do an act of injustice. You must recollect him—Lord St. Vincent placed him with Niza; he has no interest, and is as good an officer and a man as ever lived.

These are my three first, and were with us in the Mediterranean. All the others are really good, and if I ever serve again, will most assuredly be with me. Ever, my dear Troubridge, your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, BART.

"ST. GEORGE," May 2nd, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: If I had been strong enough, I should have set out for England over land, but Sir Hyde sends me word that the *Blanche* shall go as soon as the *Cruiser* arrives. I believe one thing is pretty certain, that, if I do not get from here in a very short time, that I shall remain forever. I am dreadfully pulled down. May God bless you, and believe me ever yours faithfully,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

I beg my best respects to the Earl.

May 7th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The *Cruiser* arrived last night, and brought me yours of the 23rd. I hope to meet Lord St. Helens in Russia, if it please God I live to get there, which I assure you is matter of doubt, for my night sweats and cough are much against me. You may believe that nothing could have been more gratifying under good health than this command,<sup>1</sup> where I find everybody devoted and kind to me in the extreme. Had it been given to me at first, good to myself and the cause might have arisen, but it's now too late. Quiet I must have to have a chance of restoration to my health, but I dare say I have tormented you so much on this subject that you say, "Damn him, I wish he was dead, and not plaguing me this way"—therefore, I never shall mention to you one more word on the subject. I hope the next commander will be as strong as a horse. However, I wish you health and many years of it, and ever believe me, your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Tom<sup>2</sup> is well.

SIR T. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: Capt'n. Nowell is come out to supersede Bligh, who is gone home in the *Monarch*, having changed with Capt'n. Birchall. I have not returned Capt'n. Birchall to his *Harpy*, as I believe his confirmed post will come out in due time. As yet I have heard nothing of promotion, but I trust it will arrive before my departure. Pray send the enclosed. I am sending to Rodwell to en-

quire the prices of beef and bread we have. I shall be, I dare say, miserably cheated.

Ever yours faithfully,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

Foul wind, 2 P. M., May 8th, 1801.

Lord Nelson had concluded an armistice with Denmark, to last for fourteen weeks, and just before the date of the next letter had gone with the fleet to Revel, intending to ask an interview with the Emperor Alexander, and to negotiate a peace. He did not succeed in obtaining the interview, and the final peace was not made until after Nelson had quitted the fleet for England.

"ST. GEORGE," May 17th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: I left Revel this morning. I believe the ministers thought with eleven ships I should run away with their miserable fleet of 43 sail of the Line, including 5 first rates. I expect to meet Murray en route, as he was directed to join me when relieved by Rear Ad. Totty. If we had been at war with Russia (and I do not find we are at peace with her) till the 3rd May nothing could have saved the Revel fleet, and as they now lay, if our ministers do not show by their conduct that we are coming we can attack them before they knew we were in the Gulph of Finland. I hope to meet a new Admiral when I see Bornholm. You will see our state of bread. The Russians wanted to cheat us, but we did not stay long enough. Pray send the enclosed. Expecting to shake hands with you in fourteen days from this day, I shall only say with truth that I am your most faithful friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: I hope all will end to the advantage of our country. In the Baltic the raising of the embargo must give pleasure in England. Pray forward the enclosed. I hope my successor is near at hand. Ever your faithful friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

"ST. GEORGE," May 27, 1801.

I am forced to pay as much again as I ought.

SIR T. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: However flattering the honor done me by the Admiralty is, yet I must be sorry to tell you that it is a good

<sup>1</sup> The recall of Sir Hyde Parker, and the appointment of Lord Nelson as commander-in-chief, had arrived by this vessel.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Thomas Troubridge, only son of Sir Thomas Troubridge, was serving on board Nelson's ship as midshipman.



Doctor, enough to save my life [that I need], therefore I have begged Lord St. Vincent to send some person here to take the command. I shall be in Russia in three days if Sir Hyde has gone, and something must soon be settled between the new Emperor and myself. I am seriously ill, I can scarce hold a pen, but ever your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The Duke of Mecklenburgh, the Queen's brother, has been aboard this day; we gave him royal honours, and I hope and believe from Lord Henry Paulet's account that His Highness is gone away content. At daylight I sail for Kiogi Bay, expecting to find there a new Admiral. Pray send the enclosed and believe me ever your affectionate

NELSON AND BRONTE.

6, P. M.



### 'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET.

'MONGST the Hills o' Somerset  
 Wisht I was a-roamin' yet!  
 My feet won't get usen to  
 These low lands I 'm trompin' through.  
 Wisht I could go back there, and  
 Stroke the long grass with my hand,  
 Like my school-boy sweetheart's hair  
 Smoothed out underneath it there!  
 Wisht I could set eyes once more  
 On our shadders, on before,  
 Climbin', in the airy dawn,  
 Up the slopes 'at love growed on  
 Natcher! as the violet  
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How 't 'u'd rest a man like me  
 Jes fer 'bout an hour to be  
 Up there where the mornin' air  
 Could reach out and ketch me there! —  
 Snatch my breath away, and then  
 Rense and give it back again  
 Fresh as dew, and smellin' of  
 The old pinks I ust to love,  
 And a-flavor'n' ever' breeze  
 With mixt hints o' mulberries  
 And May-apples, from the thick  
 Bottom-lands along the crick  
 Where the fish bit, dry er wet,  
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

The above letter was written from off Rosstock in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, where the shores of the Baltic skirt North Germany. Nelson's wish was fulfilled, and Admiral Sir Charles Pole arrived to supersede him; but the British fleet was no longer required off Denmark, and left the Baltic shortly after Nelson, who reached England alone in a brig, landing where he had sailed from England, at Great Yarmouth.

His first thought, never for his own glory, was to visit those seamen who had been wounded in the late battle, and who were in hospital at Great Yarmouth. This, and his firmly refusing to take from the fleet any vessel but a brig for his return, are examples of the humanity and modesty which added so great a charm to his genius.

Mrs. Herbert Jones.

Like a livin' pictur' things  
 All comes back: the bluebird swings  
 In the maple, tongue and bill  
 Trillin' glory fit to kill!  
 In the orchard, jay and bee  
 Ripens the first pears fer me,  
 And the "Prince's Harvest," they  
 Tumble to me where I lay  
 In the clover, provin' still  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will."  
 Clean fergot is time, and care!  
 And thick hearin', and gray hair —  
 But they 's nothin' I ferget  
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged — to be edzact,  
 Very middle-aged, in fact, —  
 Yet a-thinkin' back to then,  
 I 'm the same wild boy again!  
 There 's the dear old home once more,  
 And there 's Mother at the door —  
 Dead, I know, fer thirty year,  
 Yet she 's singin', and I hear.  
 And there 's Jo, and Mary Jane,  
 And Pap, comin' up the lane!  
 Dusk 's a-fallin'; and the dew,  
 'Pears like it 's a-fallin' too —  
 Dreamin' we 're all livin' yet  
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

James Whitcomb Riley.

## POLITICAL EXILES AND COMMON CONVICTS AT TOMSK.



**A**MONG the questions most frequently asked me since my return from Russia are, "How did you manage to gain admittance to Siberian prisons and étapes, to make the acquaintance everywhere of banished political offenders, and to get access to so many official documents and reports? Did not the local authorities know what you were doing, and, if so, why did they not put a stop to your investigations, or at least throw more obstacles in your way?"

I cannot give perfectly satisfactory answers to these questions, because I do not know what instructions were given to the local authorities concerning us, nor what view was taken of our movements by the Siberian police. I can, however, indicate the policy that we pursued and the measures that we adopted to avert suspicion when it became necessary to do so, and can suggest some of the reasons for the generally non-aggressive attitude taken towards us by the Siberian officials.

In the first place, it seems to me probable that when I called upon the higher authorities in St. Petersburg and asked permission to go to Siberia to inspect prisons and study the exile system, the officials reasoned somewhat in this way: "It is neither practicable nor politic to exclude foreigners from Siberia altogether. Americans and West Europeans will not be satisfied until they have investigated this exile question; and if we deny them opportunities for such investigation, they will say that we are afraid to have the condition of our prisons known. Mr. Kennan is a friendly observer; he has defended us and the exile system in an address before the American Geographical Society; he has publicly taken our side as against the nihilists; and his main object in going to Siberia seems to be to get facts with which to fortify his position as our champion. Under such circumstances he is not likely to take a very pessimistic view of things, and if somebody must go to Siberia and look through our prisons, he is the very man to do it.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lansdell gave, on the whole, a favorable account of the working of our penal institutions,

and there is every reason to suppose that Mr. Kennan, who is already friendly to us, will follow his example. The reports of these two gentlemen will satisfy the curiosity of the western world, and thus prevent further research; while, at the same time, they will furnish us with a means of silencing foreign critics and accusers. If an English clergyman and an American journalist declare, after personal investigation on the ground, that there is nothing particularly terrible about the exile system, the world will probably accept the judgment. We will, therefore, allow Messrs. Kennan and Frost to go to Siberia, and will give them letters of recommendation; but we will make them apply to the local authorities, in all cases, for permission to inspect prisons, and then, if necessary or expedient, we can direct secretly that such permission be denied. There is, of course, some danger that they will meet political exiles, but they seem already to be strongly prejudiced against such offenders, and we will prejudice them still further by giving them a letter of introduction to Mr. Katkoff, and by instructing the latter to see that they are furnished in advance with proper information. If their relations with political criminals in Siberia become, nevertheless, too close and intimate, we can at any time direct that they be warned, or, if necessary, that they be put under surveillance."

My belief that this was the reasoning of the high officials in St. Petersburg is based mainly, of course, upon conjecture; but it is supported collaterally by the whole of our Siberian experience. It was everywhere apparent that the question of admitting us to prisons or excluding us therefrom had been left to the discretion of the Siberian authorities; and that the latter, in their dealings with us, were guided mainly by circumstances and by personal views and impressions. It was in the highest degree important, therefore, that we should so conduct ourselves as to gain the confidence and goodwill of these officers, and that we should prosecute our researches in the field of political exile in such a manner as not to excite comment or give occasion for report. Nine-tenths of the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Vlangalli, the Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, had already seen a copy of my address before the American Geographical Society upon "Siberia and the Exile System"; and the conclusions which I here attribute to him might have been drawn, fairly enough, from the frank and honest statements that I made to him. I did not promise that I would defend the Russian Government, but I did assure him that I had no

intention of writing a sensational narrative; that in my opinion the exile system had been painted in too dark colors; and that a fair statement of the real facts would, I thought, interest the whole civilized world, and, at the same time, be of service to the Government. In this, as I have before said, there was not the least insincerity or diplomacy. My statements were strictly and exactly in accordance with my opinions.

towns and villages through which we passed were in communication with St. Petersburg by telegraph. If the police should discover that we were systematically visiting the political exiles and taking letters of introduction from one colony to another, they might send a telegram any day to the Minister of the Interior, saying, "Kennan and Frost are establishing intimate relations everywhere with administrative exiles and state criminals. Was it the intention of the Government that this should be permitted?" I did not know what answer would be made to such a telegram; but there certainly was a strong probability that it would at least result in an official "warning," or in a stricter supervision of our movements, and thus render the accomplishment of our purposes extremely difficult. Our letters of recommendation might protect us from unauthorized interference at the hands of the local authorities; but they could not save us from an arrest or a search ordered by telegraph from St. Petersburg. That telegraph line, therefore, for nearly a year hung over our heads like an electric sword of Damocles, threatening every moment to fall and cut short our career of investigation.

Up to the time of our arrival at Ust Kamenogorsk we had had no trouble with the police, and our intercourse with the political exiles had been virtually unrestricted. As we began, however, to accumulate letters and documents that would be compromising to the writers and givers if discovered, we deemed it prudent to mask our political investigations, as far as practicable, under a semblance of interest in other things, and, at the same time, to cultivate the most friendly possible relations with the local authorities. It seemed to me that to avoid the police, as if we were afraid of them or had something to conceal from them, would be a fatal error. Safety lay rather in a policy of extreme boldness, and I determined to call at the earliest moment upon the *ispravnik*, or chief of police, in every village, and overwhelm him with information concerning our plans, purposes, and previous history before he had time to form any conjectures or suspicions with regard to us, and, if possible, before he had even heard of our arrival. After we began to make the acquaintance of the political exiles, we had no difficulty in getting from them all necessary information with regard to the history, temperament, and personal characteristics of an official upon whom we purposed to call, and we therefore had every possible advantage of the latter in any contest of wits. He knew nothing about us, and had to feel his way to an acquaintance with us experimentally; while we knew all about him, and could, by virtue of our knowl-

edge, adapt ourselves to his idiosyncrasies, humor his tastes, avoid dangerous topics, lead up to subjects upon which we were sure to be in enthusiastic agreement, and thus convince him that we were not only good fellows, but men of rare sagacity and judgment—as of course we were! We made it a rule to call in evening dress upon every official, as a means of showing him our respectful appreciation of his rank and position; we drank vodka and bitter cordial with him—if necessary, up to the limit of double vision; we made ourselves agreeable to his wife, and Mr. Frost drew portraits of his children; and, in nine cases out of ten, we thus succeeded in making ourselves "solid with the administration" before we had been in a town or village forty-eight hours.

The next steps in our plan of campaign were, first, to forestall suspicion in the minds of the subordinate police, by showing ourselves publicly as often as possible in the company of their superiors; and, secondly, to supply the people of the village with a plausible explanation of our presence there by making visits to schools, by ostentatiously taking notes in sight of the scholars, and by getting the teachers to prepare for us statistics of popular education. This part of the work generally fell to me, while Mr. Frost attracted public attention by sketching in the streets, by collecting flowers and butterflies, or by lecturing to station-masters and peasants upon geography, cosmography, and the phenomena of the heavens. This last-mentioned occupation afforded him great amusement, and proved at the same time to be extremely useful as a means of giving a safe direction to popular speculations concerning us. Jointly I think we produced upon the public mind the impression that we had come to Siberia with what is known in Russia as an "*uchonni tsel*" (a "scientific aim"), and that we were chiefly interested in popular education, art, botany, geography, and archæology. After we had thus forestalled suspicion by calling promptly upon the police, and by furnishing the common people with a ready-made theory to explain our presence and our movements, we could go where we liked without exciting much remark, and we devoted four or five hours every night to the political exiles. Now and then some peasant would perhaps see us going to an exile's house; but as many of the politicals were known to be scientific men, and as we were traveling with a "scientific aim," no particular significance was attached to the circumstance. Everybody knew that we spent a large part of our time in visiting schools, collecting flowers, sketching, taking photographs, and hobnobbing with the local authorities; and the idea that we were particularly interested in the

poli  
one.  
beri  
wate  
acce  
we c  
den  
agre  
as m  
life  
keep  
not,  
our  
exte  
were  
the  
fall  
Bail  
O  
facil  
liger  
inve  
wer  
to it  
glac  
eign  
pun  
ties  
was  
cour  
surp  
fran  
com  
me  
"  
a hi  
one  
my  
resig  
tem  
is ru  
imm  
don  
St.  
they  
do t  
"  
erie  
"un  
littl  
som  
unfi  
dog  
a n  
noth  
S  
me  
posi  
of t  
with  
shap



political exiles rarely occurred, I think, to any one. As we went eastward into a part of Siberia where the politicals are more closely watched, we varied our policy somewhat to accord with circumstances; but the rules that we everywhere observed were, to act with confidence and boldness, to make ourselves socially agreeable to the local authorities, to attract as much attention as possible to the side of our life that would bear close inspection, and to keep the other side in the shade. We could not, of course, conceal wholly from the police our relations with the political exiles; but the extent and real significance of such relations were never, I think, suspected. At any rate, the telegraphic sword of Damocles did not fall upon us, and until we reached the Trans-Baikal, we did not even receive a "warning."

Our work in all parts of Siberia was greatly facilitated by the attitude of honest and intelligent officials towards the system that we were investigating. Almost without exception they were either hostile to it altogether, or opposed to it in its present form; and they often seemed glad of an opportunity to point out to a foreign observer the evils of exile as a method of punishment, and the frauds, abuses, and cruelties to which, in practice, it gives rise. This was something that I had neither foreseen nor counted upon; and more than once I was surprised and startled by the boldness and frankness of such officials, after they had become satisfied that they could safely talk to me without reserve.

"I get my living by the exile system," said a high officer of the prison department to me one day, "and I have no fault to find with my position or my pay; but I would gladly resign both to-morrow if I could see the system abolished. It is disastrous to Siberia, it is ruinous to the criminal, and it causes an immense amount of misery; but what can be done? If we say anything to our superiors in St. Petersburg, they strike us in the face; and they strike hard—it hurts! I have learned to do the best I can and to hold my tongue."

"I have reported upon the abuses and miseries in my department," said another officer, "until I am tired; and I have accomplished little or nothing. Perhaps if you describe them, something will be done. The prison here is unfit for human habitation,—it is n't fit for a dog,—and I have been trying for years to get a new one; but my efforts have resulted in nothing but an interminable correspondence."

Statements similar to these were made to me by at least a score of officers who held positions of trust in the civil or military service of the state, and many of them furnished me with abundant proof of their assertions in the shape of statistics and documentary evidence.

In the field of political exile we received invaluable aid from persons who were more or less in sympathy with the politicals, or with the liberal movement. How widespread in Siberia this feeling of sympathy is the Government probably does not know. One night, in a Siberian town, I attended a social meeting in a private house, where were assembled several members of the town council, six or eight army officers, and all the political exiles in the place. The army officers and the exiles seemed to be upon terms of the most friendly intimacy: the conversation was often extremely bold and liberal in tone, and songs that are generally recognized as revolutionary were sung by the officers and the politicals in unison. I met with similar evidences of "untrustworthiness" ("neblagonadezhnost") among officials in many parts of Siberia; and even in St. Petersburg, after my return from Asiatic Russia, I found *chinovniks* who manifestly sympathized with political offenders, and who aided me in procuring copies of valuable papers and documents. It will readily be seen, I think, that when one has the coöperation of honest officials who desire to have the truth known, of private citizens who are secretly in sympathy with the struggle for freer institutions, and of political exiles who are themselves collecting information with regard to the exile system, the investigation of that system becomes a less difficult task than at first sight it would seem to be.

I met in Tomsk, for the first time, political exiles who had taken part in the so-called "propaganda" of 1872-75; who had been banished by sentence of a court, and who might fairly be called revolutionists. They did not differ essentially from the administrative exiles in Semipalatinsk, Ulbinsk, and Ust Kamenogorsk, except that they had been longer in exile, and had had a much wider range of experience. One of them, a bright and talented publicist about thirty-five years of age, named Chudnofski, told me that he was arrested the first time at the age of nineteen, while in the university; and that he had been under police surveillance, in prison, or in exile nearly all his life. He was held four years and three months in solitary confinement before trial, and spent twenty months of that time in a case-mate of the Petropavlovsk fortress. For protesting against illegal treatment in that great state-prison, and for insisting pertinaciously upon his right to have pen, ink, and paper, in order that he might address a complaint to the Minister of the Interior, he was tied hand and foot, and was finally put into a strait-jacket. He thereupon refused to take food, and starved himself until the prison surgeon reported that his condition was becoming crit-

ical. The warden, Colonel Bogarodski, then yielded, and furnished him with writing materials, but no reply was ever made to the complaint that he drew up. He was finally tried with "the 193," in 1878, upon the charge of importing pernicious books, was found guilty, and was sentenced to five years of penal servitude, with deprivation of all civil rights. In view, however, of the length of time that he had already been held in solitary confinement while awaiting trial,—four years and three months,—the court recommended to the Tsar that his sentence be commuted to exile in Western Siberia for life.<sup>1</sup>

Most men would have been completely broken down by nearly five years of solitary confinement and seven years of exile; but Mr. Chudnofski's energy and courage were invincible. In spite of the most disheartening obstacles, he completed his education, and made a name and a career for himself even in Siberia. He is the author of the excellent and carefully prepared history of the development of educational institutions in Siberia, published in the "Official Year Book" of the province of Tomsk for 1885; he has made two scientific expeditions to the Altai under the auspices of the West Siberian Branch of the Imperial Geographical Society; he has been an indefatigable contributor to the Russian periodical press; and his book upon the Siberian province of Yeniseisk took the prize offered by the Krasnoyarsk city council for the best work upon that subject.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Chudnofski impressed me as a man who, if he had been born in America, might have had a career of usefulness and distinction, and might have been an honor to the state. He happened to be born in Russia, and was therefore predestined to imprisonment and exile.

Among the most interesting of the newly arrived political exiles in Tomsk was Mr. Constantine Staniukovitch, the editor and proprietor of the Russian magazine "Diello," whose history I gave briefly in an article upon "Exile by Administrative Process," in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for September. He was a close and accurate observer of Russian social life, a talented novelist, a writer of successful dramas, and a man of great force, energy, and ability. His wife, who had accompanied him to Siberia, spoke English fluently with the least perceptible accent, and seemed to me to be a woman of more than ordinary culture and refinement. They had one grown daughter, a pretty, intelligent girl seventeen or eighteen years of age,

<sup>1</sup> Sentence in the trial of "the 193," pp. 5, 11, and 16. An official copy of the document is in my possession.

<sup>2</sup> "The Province of Yeniseisk, a Statistical and Politico-Economical Study," by S. Chudnofski. 195 pages. Press of the "Siberian Gazette," Tomsk, 1885.

as well as two or three younger children, and the whole family made upon us an extremely pleasant impression. Some of the most delightful evenings that we had in Tomsk were spent in their cozy little parlor, where we sometimes sat until long after midnight listening to duets sung by Miss Staniukovitch and Prince Krapotkin; discussing Russian methods of government and the exile system; or comparing our impressions of London, Paris, Berlin, New York, and San Francisco. Both Mr. and Mrs. Staniukovitch had traveled in the United States, and it seemed not a little strange to find in their house in Siberia visiting-cards of such well-known American officers as Captain James B. Eads and Captain John Rodgers, a photograph of President Lincoln, and Indian bead and birch-bark work in the shape of slippers and toy canoes brought as souvenirs from Niagara Falls. We had not expected to find ourselves linked to political exiles in Siberia by such a multitude of common experiences and memories, nor to be shown in their houses such familiar things as bead-embroidered moccasins and birch-bark watch-pockets made by the Tonawanda Indians. Mr. Staniukovitch was struggling hard, by means of literary work, to support his family in exile; and his wife, who was an accomplished musician, aided him as far as possible by giving music lessons. Their term of exile was three years, and if the Government has not arbitrarily added a year or two, they will be free before the appearance of this article.

To me perhaps the most attractive and sympathetic of the Tomsk exiles was the Russian author Felix Volkhofski, who was banished to Siberia for life in 1878, upon the charge of "belonging to a society that intends, at a more or less remote time in the future, to overthrow the existing form of government." He was about thirty-eight years of age at the time I made his acquaintance, and was a man of cultivated mind, warm heart, and high aspirations. He knew English well, was familiar with American history and literature, and had, I believe, translated into Russian many of the poems of Longfellow. He spoke to me with great admiration, I remember, of Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield," and recited it to me aloud. He was one of the most winning and lovable men that it has ever been my good fortune to know; but his life had been a terrible tragedy. His health had been shattered by long imprisonment in the fortress of Petropavlovsk; his hair was prematurely white;

The value of Mr. Chudnofski's book was greatly impaired by censorial mutilation, and the last two chapters could not be printed at all; but even in its expurgated form it is acknowledged to be one of the most important works of the kind that Siberia has yet produced.

and when his face was in repose there seemed to be an expression of profound melancholy in his dark brown eyes. I became intimately acquainted with him and very warmly attached to him; and when I bade him good-bye for the last time on my return from Eastern Siberia in 1886, he put his arms around me and kissed me, and said, "George Ivanovitch, please don't forget us! In bidding you good-bye, I feel as if something were going out of my life that would never again come into it."

Since my return to America I have heard from Mr. Volkhofski only once. He wrote me last winter a profoundly sad and touching letter, in which he informed me of the death of his wife by suicide. He himself had been thrown out of employment by the suppression of the liberal Tomsk newspaper, the "*Siberian Gazette*"; and his wife, whom I remember as a pale, delicate, sad-faced woman, twenty-five or thirty years of age, had tried to help him support their family of young children by giving private lessons and by taking in sewing. Anxiety and overwork had finally broken down her health; she had become an invalid, and in a morbid state of mind, brought on by unhappiness and disease, she reasoned herself into the belief that she was an incumbrance, rather than a help, to her husband and her children, and that they would ultimately be better off if she were dead. A little more than a year ago she put an end to her unhappy life by shooting herself through the head with a pistol. Her husband was devotedly attached to her; and her death, under such circumstances and in such a way, was a terrible blow to him. In his letter to me he referred to a copy of James Russell Lowell's poems that I had caused to be sent to him, and said that in reading "*After the Burial*" he vividly realized for the first time that grief is of no nationality: the lines, although written by a bereaved American, expressed the deepest thoughts and feelings of a bereaved Russian. He sent me with his letter a small, worn, leather match-box, which had been given by Prince Pierre Krapotkin to his exiled brother Alexander; which the latter had left to Volkhofski; and which Volkhofski had in turn presented to his wife a short time before her death. He hoped, he said, that it would have some value to me, on account of its association with the lives of four political offenders, all of whom I had known. One of them was a refugee in London, another was an exile in Tomsk, and two had escaped the jurisdiction of the Russian Government by taking their own lives.

I tried to read Volkhofski's letter aloud to my wife; but as I recalled the high character and lovable personality of the writer, and imagined what this last blow of fate must have

been to such a man,—in exile, in broken health, and with a family of helpless children dependent upon him,—the written lines vanished in a mist of tears, and with a choking in my throat I put the letter and the little match-box away.

The Tsar may whiten the hair of such men as Felix Volkhofski in the silent bomb-proof casemates of the fortress, and he may send them in gray convict overcoats to Siberia; but a time will come, in the providence of God, when their names will stand higher than his on the roll of history, and when the record of their lives and sufferings will be a source of heroic inspiration to all Russians who love liberty and their country.

In the city of Tomsk we began to feel for the first time the nervous strain caused by the sight of remediless human misery. Our journey through South-western Siberia and the Altai had been off the great exile route; the politicals whose acquaintance we had made in Semipalatinsk, Ulbinsk, and Ust Kamenogorsk were fairly well treated and did not seem to be suffering; and it was not until we reached Tomsk that we were brought face to face with the tragedies of exile life. From that time, however, until we recrossed the Siberian frontier on our way back to St. Petersburg, we were subjected to a nervous and emotional strain that was sometimes harder to bear than cold, hunger, or fatigue. One cannot witness unmoved such suffering as we saw in the "*bologans*" and the hospital of the Tomsk forwarding prison, nor can one listen without the deepest emotion to such stories as we heard from political exiles in Tomsk, Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, and the Trans-Baikal. One pale, sad, delicate woman, who had been banished to Eastern Siberia and who had there gone down into the valley of the shadow of death, undertook one night, I remember, to relate to me her experience. I could see that it was agony for her to live over in narration the sufferings and bereavements of her tragic past, and I would gladly have spared her the self-imposed torture; but she was so determined that the world should know through me what Russians endure before they become terrorists, that she nerved herself to bear it, and between fits of half-controlled sobbing, during which I could only pace the floor, she told me the story of her life. It was the saddest story I had ever heard. After such an interview as this with a heart-broken woman—and I had many such—I could neither sleep nor sit still; and to the nervous strain of such experiences, quite as much as to hardship and privation, was attributable the final breaking down of my health and strength in the Trans-Baikal.

Before I left the city of Tomsk for Eastern Siberia, most of my long-cherished opinions

with regard to nihilists and the working of the exile system had been completely overthrown. I could not, by any process of readjustment or modification, make my preconceived ideas fit the facts as I found them. In a letter written from Tomsk to the President of The Century Company on the 26th of August, 1885, I indicated the change that had taken place in my views as follows:

The exile system is much worse than I supposed. Mr. —'s examination of prisons and study of the exile system were extremely superficial. I cannot understand how, if he really went through the Tiumen and Tomsk forwarding prisons, he could have failed to see that their condition and the condition of their wretched inmates were in many respects shocking. Nobody here has tried to conceal it from me. The acting governor of this province said to me very frankly yesterday that the condition of the Tomsk prison is "oozhasnoi" (awful), but that he cannot help it.

What I have previously written and said about the treatment of the political exiles seems to be substantially true and accurate,—at least so far as Western Siberia is concerned,—but my preconceived ideas as to their character have been rudely shaken. The Russian liberals and revolutionists whom I have met here are by no means half-educated enthusiasts, crazy fanatics, or men whose mental processes it is difficult to understand. On the contrary, they are simple, natural, perfectly comprehensible, and often singularly interesting and attractive. One sees at once that they are educated, reasonable, self-controlled gentlemen, not different in any essential respect from one's self. When I write up this country for THE CENTURY, I shall have to take back some of the things that I have said. The exile system is worse than I believed it to be, and worse than I have described it. It is not pleasant, of course, to have to admit that one has written upon a subject without fully understanding it; but even that is better than trying, for the sake of consistency, to maintain a position after one sees that it is utterly untenable.

In Tomsk, and during our journey from that city to Irkutsk, we had for the first time a satisfactory opportunity to study the life of Siberian exiles on the road. Marching parties of convicts three or four hundred strong leave Tomsk for Irkutsk weekly throughout the whole year, and make the journey of 1040 miles in about three months. *Étapes*, or exile station-houses, stand along the road at intervals of from 25 to 40 miles; and at every *étape* there is a "convoy command" consisting of a commissioned officer known as the "nachalnik of the convoy," two or three under-officers, and about forty soldiers. As the distance from one *étape* to another is too great to be walked in a single day by prisoners in leg-fetters, buildings known as "poloo-*étapes*," or "half-*étapes*," have been constructed midway between the true *étapes* for the shelter of the

convicts at night. These half-way houses are generally smaller than the regular *étapes*, as well as somewhat different from the latter in architectural plan, and they have no "convoy commands." Marching parties are expected to make about 500 versts, or 330 miles, a month, with 24 hours of rest every third day. If a party leaves Tomsk Monday morning, it reaches a poloo-*étape* Monday night, arrives at the first regular *étape* Tuesday night, and rests in the latter all day Wednesday. Thursday morning it resumes its journey with another convoy, Thursday night it spends in the second poloo-*étape*, Friday night it reaches the second regular *étape*, and Saturday it again rests and changes convoy. In this way the party proceeds slowly for months, resting one day out of every three, and changing convoys at every other station. Each prisoner receives five cents a day in money for his subsistence, and buys food for himself from peasants along the road who make a business of furnishing it. The dress of the exiles in summer consists of a shirt, and a pair of trousers of coarse gray linen; square foot-wrappers of the same material in lieu of stockings; low shoes or slippers called "kottee"; leather ankle-guards to prevent the leg-fetters from chafing; a visorless Glengarry cap; and a long gray overcoat. The dress of female convicts is the same, except that a petticoat takes the place of the trousers. Women and children who voluntarily accompany relatives to Siberia are permitted to wear their own clothing, and to carry severally as much baggage as can be put into a two-bushel bag. No distinction is made between common convicts and political convicts, except that the latter, if they are nobles or belong to one of the privileged classes, receive seven and a half cents a day for their subsistence instead of five, and are carried in telegas instead of being forced to walk.<sup>1</sup>

Up to the year 1883 there was no separation of the sexes in marching parties; but since that time an attempt has been made to forward unmarried male prisoners apart from "family parties," and to include in the latter all children and unmarried women. This reform has lessened somewhat the demoralization resulting from the promiscuous association of men, women, and children for months in overcrowded *étapes*; but the state of affairs is still very bad, since even "family parties" contain large numbers of depraved men and boys.

On Monday, August 24, Mr. Frost and I, by invitation of Captain Gudeem, the nachalnik

<sup>1</sup> At one time politicals were sent to Siberia separately in post vehicles under guard of gendarmes, and were carried to their destinations almost as quickly as if they had been private travelers. That practice, however, has been abandoned on account of its inconven-

ience and expense, and all politicals are now forwarded with common criminal parties. The result of the change is to prolong by many months the miseries of *étape* life, and to increase enormously the chances of sickness and death.



of the Tomsk convoy command, drove to the forwarding prison at 7 A. M. to see the departure of a marching party. The morning was cool, but a clear sky gave promise of a warm, sunshiny day. As we drew up before the prison we saw that the party had not yet made its appearance; and presuming that Captain Gudeem was busy, we did not send for him, but sat in our droshky watching the scenes at the gate. On each side of the lead-colored portal was a long wooden bench, on which half a dozen soldiers, in dark green uniforms, were sitting in lazy attitudes, waiting for the party to come out, and amusing themselves meanwhile by exchanging coarse witticisms with three or four female provision venders, squatted near them on the ground. An occasional high-pitched jingle of chains could be heard from within the inclosure, and now and then half of the double gate was thrown open to admit a couple of fettered convicts carrying water in a large wooden bucket slung between them on a shoulder-pole. Every person who entered the prison yard was hastily searched from head to foot by one of the two sentries at the gate, in order to prevent the smuggling in of prohibited articles, and especially of vodka.

About 8 o'clock telegas for the transportation of the weak and infirm began to gather in the street in front of the prison; a shabby under-officer who had been lounging with the soldiers on one of the benches rose, yawned, and went discontentedly into the prison court-yard; the soldiers put on their blanket-rolls and picked up their Berdan rifles; and a louder and more continuous jingling of chains from the other side of the palisade announced that the convict party was assembling. At last the prison blacksmith came out, bringing a small portable forge, a lap anvil, a hammer or two, and an armful of chains and leg-fetters, which he threw carelessly on the ground beside him; the soldiers shouldered their guns and took positions in a semicircle so as to form a cordon; an under-officer with the muster-roll of the party in his hand, and another with a leather bag of copper coins slung over his shoulder, stationed themselves near the gate; and at the word "Gatova!" ("Ready!") the convicts, in single file, began to make their appearance. The officer with the muster-roll checked off the prisoners as they answered to their names; the blacksmith, with the aid of a soldier, examined their leg-fetters to see that the rivets were fast and that the bands could not be slipped over the heel; and finally, the second under-officer gave to every man ten cents in copper coin for two days' subsistence between étapes. When all of the "katorzhniki," or hard-labor convicts, had come out of the prison yard, they arranged themselves in two parallel lines so that they

could be conveniently counted, and removed their caps so that the under-officer could see that their heads had been half shaved as required by law. They were then dismissed, and the "poselentsy," or penal colonists, went through the same routine—the soldiers of the convoy stepping backward and extending the limits of their cordon as the number of prisoners outside the palisade gradually increased.

At length the whole party, numbering 350 or 400 men, was assembled in the street. Every prisoner had a gray linen bag in which were stored his scanty personal effects; many of them were provided with copper kettles which dangled from the leather belts that supported their leg-fetter chains; and one convict was carrying to the mines in his arms a small brown dog.

When the whole party had again been counted, and while the gray bags were being put into telegas, I availed myself of what seemed to be a favorable opportunity to talk with the prisoners. In a moment, to my great surprise, I was addressed by one of them in good English.

"Who are you?" I inquired in astonishment.

"I am a vagabond," he said quietly and seriously.

"What is your name?"

"Ivan Dontremember," he replied; and then glancing around and seeing that none of the convoy officers were near, he added in a low tone, "My real name is John Anderson, and I am from Riga."

"How do you happen to know English?" I asked.

"I am of English descent; and, besides that, I was once a sailor, and I have been in English ports."

At this point the approach of Captain Gudeem put a stop to our colloquy. The number of "brodyags," or vagabonds, in this party was very large, and nearly all of them were runaway convicts of the "Dontremember" family, who had been recaptured in Western Siberia, or had surrendered themselves during the previous winter in order to escape starvation.

"I have no doubt," said Captain Gudeem to me, "that there are brodyags in this very party who have escaped and been sent back to the mines half a dozen times."

"Boys!" he shouted suddenly, "how many of you are now going to the mines for the sixth time?"

"Mnogo yest" ["There are lots of them"], replied several voices; and finally one gray-bearded convict in leg-fetters came forward and admitted that he had made four escapes from the mines, and that he was going into



penal servitude for the fifth time. In other words, this man had traversed eight times on foot the distance of nearly 2000 miles between Tomsk and the mines of Kara.

"I know brodyags," said Captain Gudeem, "who have been over this road sixteen times in leg-fetters, and who have come back sixteen times across the steppes and through the woods. God only knows how they live through it!"

When one considers that crossing Eastern Siberia thirty-two times on foot is about equivalent to walking twice the circumference of the globe at the equator, one can appreciate the indomitable resolution of these men, and the strength of the influence that draws them towards home and freedom. In the year 1884, 1360 such brodyags were recaptured in Western Siberia and sent back to the mines of the Trans-Baikal, and hundreds more perished from cold and starvation in the forests. M. I. Orfanof, a Russian officer who served many years in Eastern Siberia, says that he once found 200 "Ivan Dontremembers" in a single prison—the prison of Kaidalova, between Chita and Nerchinsk.<sup>1</sup>

Some of the brodyags with whom I talked were men of intelligence and education. One of them, who was greatly interested in our photographic apparatus, and who seemed to know all about "dry plates," "drop shutters," and "Dallmeyer lenses," asked me how convicts were treated in the United States, and whether they could, by extra work, earn a little money, so as not to leave prison penniless. I replied that in most American penitentiaries they could.

"It is not so," he said, "with us. Naked we go to the mines, and naked we come out of them; and we are flogged, while there, at the whim of every nariadchik."<sup>2</sup>

"Oh, no!" said Captain Gudeem good-naturedly, "they don't flog at the mines now."

"Yes, they do, your Nobility," replied the brodyag firmly but respectfully. "If you are sick or weak, and can't finish your stent, you are given twenty blows with the cat."

I should have been glad to get further information from the brodyag with regard to his life at the mines, but just at this moment Captain Gudeem asked me if I would not like to see the loading of the sick and infirm, and the conversation was interrupted.

The telegas intended for prisoners physically

unable to walk were small one-horse carts, without springs of any kind, and with only one seat, in front, for the driver and the guard. They looked to me like the halves of longitudinally bisected hogsheads mounted upon four low wheels, with their concave sides uppermost. More wretchedly uncomfortable vehicles to ride in were never devised. A small quantity of green grass had been put into each one, to break the jolting a little, and upon this grass, in every cart, were to sit four sick or disabled convicts.

"All prisoners who have certificates from the doctor, step out!" shouted Captain Gudeem, and twenty-five or thirty "incapables"—some old and infirm, some pale and emaciated from sickness—separated themselves from the main body of convicts in the road. An under-officer collected and examined their certificates, and as fast as their cases were approved they climbed into the telegas. One man, although apparently sick, was evidently a malingerer, since, as he took his place in a partly filled telega, he was greeted with a storm of groans and hoots from the whole convict party.<sup>3</sup>

The number of prisoners who, when they leave Tomsk, are unable to walk is sometimes very large. In the year 1884, 658 telegas were loaded there with exiles of this class, and if every telega held four persons, the aggregate number of "incapables" must have exceeded 2500.<sup>4</sup> Such a state of things is, of course, the natural result of the overcrowding of the Tomsk forwarding prison.

When the sick and infirm had all taken the places assigned them in the invalid carts, Captain Gudeem took off his cap, crossed himself, and bowed in the direction of the prison church, and then, turning to the convicts, cried, "Well, boys! Go ahead! A safe journey to you!"

"Party—to the right! Party—march!" shouted one of the under-officers, and with a clinking of chains which sounded like the jingling of innumerable bunches of keys the gray throng, hemmed in by a cordon of soldiers, began its long journey of 1800 miles to the mines of the Trans-Baikal. The marching convicts, who took the lead, were closely followed by the telegas with the sick and the infirm; next came three or four carts loaded with gray linen bags; and finally, in a tarantas behind the rear-guard of soldiers, rode Cap-

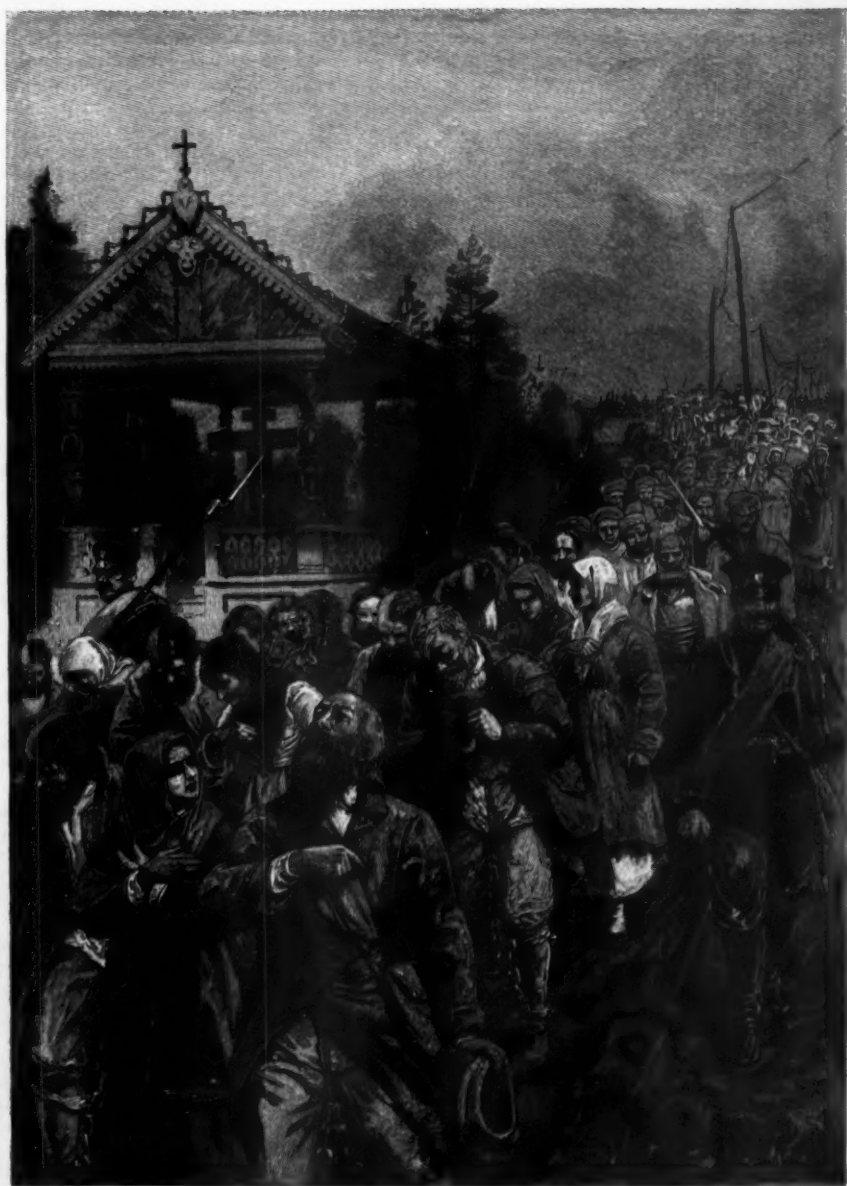
surgeon. If necessary for the accomplishment of their purpose, they do not hesitate to create artificial swellings by applying irritating decoctions to a slight self-inflicted wound, and they even poison themselves with tobacco and other noxious herbs.

<sup>4</sup> Report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation for 1884, p. 31 of the MS.

<sup>1</sup> "Afar" (V' Dalee), by M. I. Orfanof, p. 226. St. Petersburg, 1883.

<sup>2</sup> A petty officer who directs the work of the convicts in the "razreiz," or cutting, and who sets their tasks.

<sup>3</sup> Some convicts are extremely skillful in counterfeiting the symptoms of disease, and will now and then succeed in deceiving even an experienced prison



A CONVICT PARTY PASSING A SHRINE NEAR TOMSK.

tain Gudeem, the nachalnik of the convoy. The column moved at the rate of about two miles an hour; and long before noon it was enveloped in a suffocating cloud of dust raised by the shuffling, fetter-incumbered feet of the prisoners. In warm, dry weather, when there is no wind, dust is a source of great misery to marching parties—particularly to the sick, the women, and the children. There is no possible way of escaping it, and when a prisoner is suffering from one of the diseases of the respiratory organs that are so common in *étape* life it is simply torture to sit in a cramped position for six or eight hours in an open telega, breathing the dust raised by the feet of 350 men marching in close column just ahead. I have traced the progress of an invisible exile party more than a mile away by the cloud of dust that hung over it in the air.

Five or six miles from Tomsk the party passed a "chasovnaya," or roadside shrine, consisting of an open pavilion, in which hung a ghastly wooden effigy of the crucified Christ. Here, as upon our departure from Tomsk, I noticed that two-thirds of the convicts removed their caps, crossed themselves devoutly, and muttered brief supplications. A Russian peasant may be a highway robber or a murderer, but he continues, nevertheless, to cross himself and say his prayers.

The first halt of the party for rest was made about ten miles from Tomsk, at the entrance to a small village. Here, on a patch of green-sward by the roadside, had assembled ten or twelve girls and old women with baskets of provisions, bottles of milk, and jugs of "kvass," or small beer, for sale to the prisoners. At first sight of these preparations for their refreshment, the experienced brodyags, who marched at the head of the column, raised a joyous shout of "Preeval! Preeval!"—the exile's name for the noonday halt. The welcome cry was passed along the line until it reached the last wagon of "incapables," and the whole party perceptibly quickened its pace. A walk of ten miles does not much tire a healthy and unincumbered man; but to convicts who have been in prison without exercise for months, and who are hampered by five-pound leg-fetters united by chains that clash constantly between the legs, it is a trying experience. In less than a minute after the command to halt was given, almost every man in the party was either sitting on the ground or lying upon it at full length. After a short rest, the prisoners began buying food from the provision venders, in the shape of black rye-bread, fish pies, hard-boiled eggs, milk, and kvass, and in half an hour they were all sitting on the ground, singly or in groups, eating their lunch. With the permission of Captain Gudeem, Mr. Frost took a photograph

of them, which is here reproduced, and about 2 o'clock the party resumed its journey.

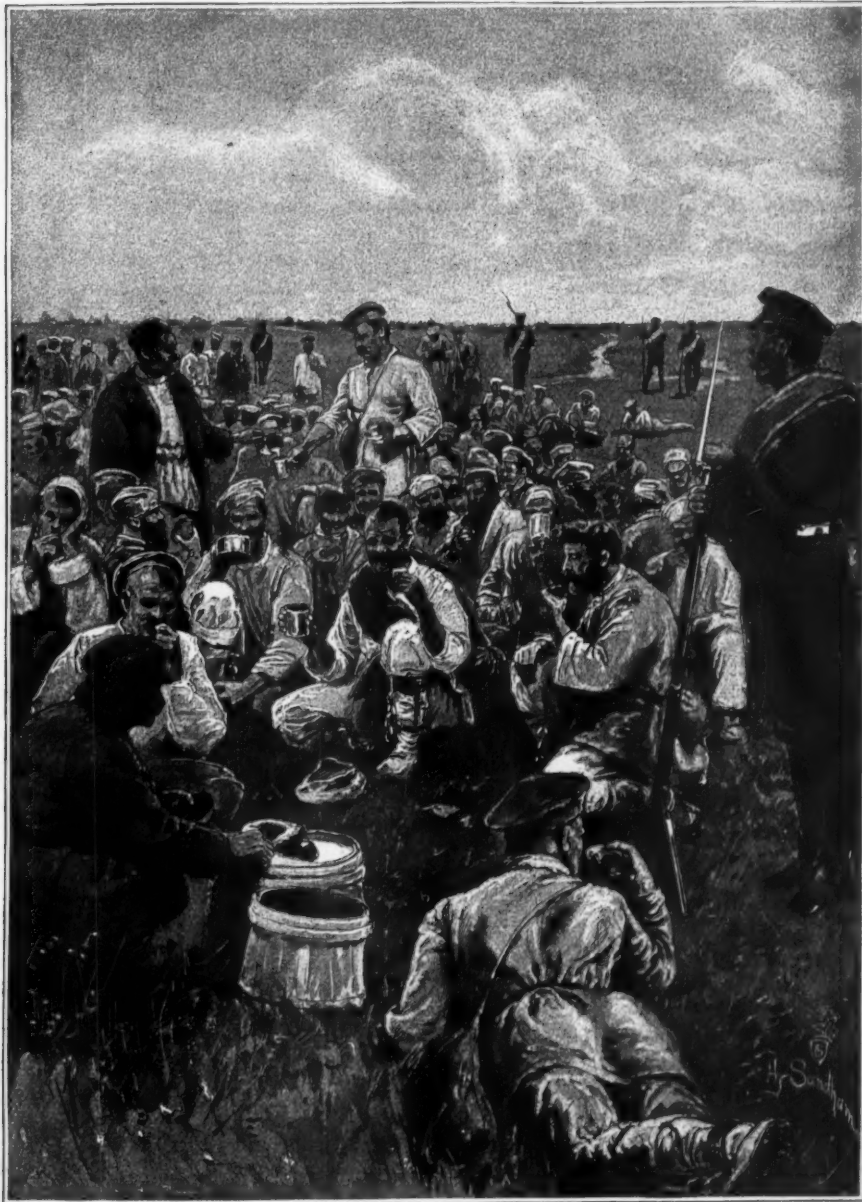
The afternoon march was without noteworthy incident. The brodyags talked constantly as they walked, raising their voices so as to make themselves heard above the jingling of the chains, while the novices generally listened or asked questions. There is the same difference between a brodyag who has been to the mines half a dozen times, and a novice who is going for the first time, that there is between an experienced cowboy and a "tenderfoot." The brodyag knows the road as the tongue knows the mouth; he has an experimental acquaintance with the temper and character of every convoy officer from Tomsk to Kara; and his perilous adventures in the "taiga"—the primeval Siberian forest—have given to him a self-confidence and a decision of character that make him the natural leader in every convict party. It is the boast of the true brodyag that the *ostrog* (the prison) is his father and the *taiga* (the wilderness) his mother; and he often spends his whole life in going from one parent to the other. He rarely escapes from Siberia altogether, although he may reach half a dozen times the valley of the Ob. Sooner or later he is almost always recaptured, or is forced by cold and starvation to give himself up. As an *étape* officer once said to a brodyag rearrested in Western Siberia, "The Tsar's cow-pasture is large, but you can't get out of it; we find you at last if you are not dead."

The conversation of the brodyags in the party that we accompanied related chiefly to their own exploits and adventures at the mines and in the taiga, and it did not seem to be restrained in the least by the presence of the soldiers of the convoy.

The distance from Tomsk to the first *poloo-étape* is twenty-nine versts (nearly twenty miles), and it was almost dark before the tired prisoners caught sight of the serrated palisade within which they were to spend their first night on the road.

A Siberian *poloo-étape*, or half-way station, is a stockaded inclosure about 100 feet long by 50 or 75 feet wide, containing two or three low, one-story log buildings. One of these buildings is occupied by the convoy officer, another by the soldiers, and the third and largest by the convicts. The prisoners' *kazarm*, which is generally painted a dirty yellow,<sup>1</sup> is long and low and contains three or four large *kameras*, each of which is provided with a brick oven and a double row of plank nares, or sleeping-platforms. According to the last official report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation, which is confirmed by my own observation, "All of the *étapes* and *poloo-étapes* on the road between

<sup>1</sup> Yellow is the *étape* color throughout Siberia.



HALT OF A CONVICT PARTY FOR LUNCH.

Tomsk and Achinsk — with a very few exceptions — are not only too small, but are old and decayed, and demand capital repairs." Their principal defect is that which is characteristic of Siberian prisons generally; namely, lack of adequate room. They were built from 30 to 50

years ago, when exile parties did not number more than 150 men, and they now have to accommodate from 350 to 450. The result, as stated by the Inspector of Exile Transportation, is that "in pleasant weather half the prisoners sleep on the ground in the court-yard, while in





A "POLOO-ÉTAPE" ON THE TOMSK-ACHINSK ROAD.

bad weather they fill all the *kameras*, lie on the floors in the corridors, and even pack the garrets." The cells are not even as habitable as they might be made with a little care and attention. They are almost always dirty; their windows are so made that they cannot be opened; and notwithstanding the fact that the overcrowding, at certain seasons of the year, is almost beyond belief,<sup>1</sup> no provision whatever has been made in them for ventilation.

When our convicts, after their toilsome march of twenty-nine versts from Tomsk, reached at last the red-roofed *poloo-étape* of *Semiluzhnaya*, they were marshaled in rows in front of the palisade and again carefully counted by the under-officers in order to make sure that none had escaped, and then the wooden gate of the court-yard was thrown wide open. With a wild, mad rush and a furious clashing of chains, more than three hundred men made a sudden break for the narrow gateway, struggled, fought, and crowded through it, and then burst into the *kameras*, in order to secure, by preoccupation, places on the sleeping-platforms. Every man knew

that if he did not succeed in preëmpting a section of a nare he would have to lie on the dirty floor, in one of the cold corridors, or out-of-doors; and many prisoners who did not care particularly where they slept sought to secure good places in order to sell them afterward for a few kopecks to less fortunate but more fastidious comrades.

At last the tumult subsided, and the convicts began their preparations for supper. Hot water was furnished by the soldiers of the convoy at an average price of about a cent a teakettleful; "brick" tea was made by the prisoners who were wealthy enough to afford such a luxury;<sup>2</sup> soup was obtained by a few from the soldiers' kitchen; and the tired exiles, sitting on the sleeping-platforms or on the floor, ate the black bread, the fish pies, or the cold boiled meat that they had purchased from the provision venders. The evening meal is sometimes an exceedingly scanty one, on account of the failure of the peasant women to bring to the *étape* for sale an adequate supply of food. They are not obliged to furnish subsistence to convicts on the road, and the exile

<sup>1</sup> The well-known Russian author Maximof cites a case in which 512 human beings were packed into one of these *étapes* in Western Siberia ("Siberia and Penal Servitude," by S. Maximof, Vol. I., p. 81. St. Petersburg, 1871); and Mr. M. I. Orfanof, a Russian officer who served ten years in Siberia, reports that an East Siberian *étape* (at Verkhni Udinsk), which was intended for 140 prisoners, never contained, when he visited

it, less than 500, and sometimes held more than 800 ("Afar," by M. I. Orfanof, p. 220. St. Petersburg, 1883).

<sup>2</sup> Brick tea is made of a cheap grade of tea leaves, mixed with stems and a little adhesive gum, and pressed into hard dry cakes about eight inches in length, five inches in width, and an inch and a half in thickness. It resembles in appearance and consistency the blackest kind of "plug" tobacco.

adm  
com  
with  
ants  
puru  
ble  
for  
hun  
whe  
crop

cent  
brea  
to m  
to th  
that  
poun  
same  
day  
At  
in th  
each  
anoth  
light  
unco  
place  
priso

1 T  
Trans  
me b  
quali  
priso  
state  
1885  
No at

administration attempts no regulation of the commissariat beyond furnishing the prisoners with money for rations, and allowing the peasants or the soldiers of the convoy to act as purveyors. In times of scarcity it is impossible to buy, with the money given to each exile for his subsistence, enough food to satisfy hunger. In one district of Eastern Siberia, where there had been a partial failure of the crops, the exiles could scarcely buy, with five

than half the party lay on the dirty floors without blankets or pillows, and the atmosphere of the rooms in the course of the night became foul and polluted to an extent that can be imagined only by one who has been present at the opening of the doors in the morning. How human beings, under such conditions, live to reach the mines of Kara, I do not know. It was my intention to ask a friendly *étape* officer to allow me to spend one night



A KAMERA, OR CELL, IN A "POLOO-ÉTAPE."

cents a day, a pound and a half of black rye-bread. The *étape* officers complained bitterly to me of the indifference of the Government to the sufferings of the prisoners, and declared that it was unjust and cruel to give men only a pound and a half of black bread, and at the same time force them to march twenty miles a day in leg-fetters, and in bitterly cold weather.<sup>1</sup>

After supper the roll of the party was called in the court-yard; a sentry was stationed at each corner of the quadrangular stockade, and another at the gate; a cheap tallow-candle was lighted in each *kamera*; "parashas," or large uncovered wooden tubs for excrement, were placed in the cells and corridors; and the prisoners were locked up for the night. More

with the convicts in an *étape kamera*; but after breathing the air of one of those cells when the doors were reopened in the morning, I decided not to make the experiment.

The second day's march of the convict party that left Tomsk on the 24th of August differed little from the first. A hasty and rather scanty breakfast in the *kameras* was followed by the assembling of the convicts, the morning roll-call, and the departure; the day's journey was again broken by the *preeval*, or halt for lunch; and early in the afternoon the party reached the first regular *étape*, where it was to change convoys and stop one day for rest.

The *étape* differs from the *poloo-étape* only in size and in the arrangement of its buildings.

<sup>1</sup> This was in the Verkhni Udinsk district of the Trans-Baikal. According to the statements made to me by the *étape* officers, black bread of the poorest quality cost from six to seven kopecks a pound, and the prisoners received only eleven kopecks a day. This state of affairs existed throughout the entire fall of 1885, growing worse and worse as winter came on. No attention whatever was paid, so far as I know, to

the complaints and suggestions of the *étape* officers, notwithstanding the fact that a circular had been issued by the Prison and Exile Department providing for such an exigency, and requesting the Siberian governors to increase, in times of scarcity, the daily allowance of prisoners on the road. (Circular Letter of the Prison and Exile Department, No. 10,887, December 15, 1880.)

The court-yard is more spacious, and the *kameras* are a little larger, than in the *poloo-étape*; but the buildings are old and in bad repair, and there is not room enough in them for

say that most of them are in a lamentable condition. The *étapes* are particularly bad. With a very few exceptions they are tumble-down buildings, in bad sanitary condition, cold in winter, saturated with miasm, and offering very little security against escapes.



"BRODYAGS," OR RUNAWAY CONVICTS.

half the number of prisoners now forwarded in every party. I will describe the regular *étapes* briefly in the words of General Anutchin, the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, who saw them at their best. This high officer, in a private report to the Tsar marked "Secret," of which I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy,<sup>1</sup> says:

During my journey to Irkutsk I inspected a great number of penal institutions, including city prisons, forwarding prisons, and *étapes*; and I regret to have to

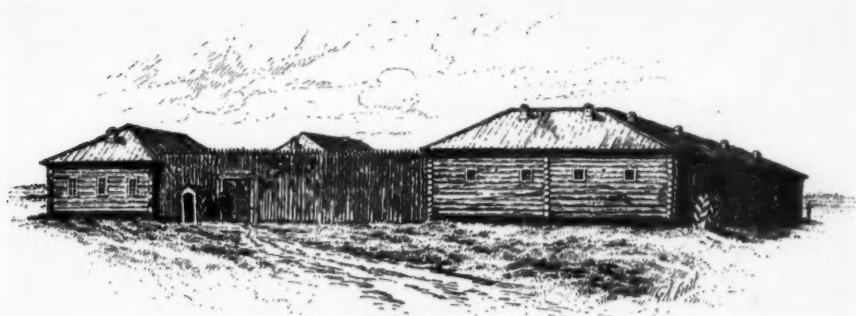
I have not myself said anything worse of *étapes* than this. If these buildings, after they had been put in the best possible condition for the Governor-General's inspection, made upon him such an impression as this, the reader can imagine what impression they made upon me, when I saw them in their every-

<sup>1</sup> This report was delivered to the Tsar in December, 1880, by Adjutant Kozello, one of General Anutchin's aides.

day  
let C  
stand  
and  
Tom  
I ex  
near  
and  
that  
house  
to w  
woul  
it is  
Th  
étape  
to co  
to the  
of go  
as th  
has b  
of it  
tract  
inspe  
celler  
me th  
that  
ated  
these  
gathe  
for th  
along  
of Ir  
self s  
which

Lar  
upon  
been  
in the  
wheth  
isting  
expect  
the pr  
the ét

Ge  
justifi



SKETCH OF AN ÉTAPE ON THE TOMSK-IRKUTSK ROAD.

day aspect. I am quite content, however, to let Governor-General Anutchin's description stand as my own, with a few qualifications and exceptions. All of the étapes on the Tomsk-Irkutsk road are not of this character. I examined one at the village of Itatskaya, near Marinsk, which was clean, well cared for, and in perfect order, and I have little doubt that if I had had time to visit every exile station-house on the road, I should have found many to which the Governor-General's description would not fairly apply. In the main, however, it is truthful and accurate.

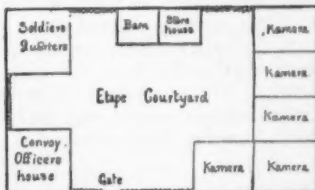
The "lamentable condition" of the Siberian étapes seems to me to be mainly attributable to corrupt and incapable administration, and to the inherent defects of a bureaucratic system of government. For these very étapes, bad as they are, an immense amount of money has been appropriated; but the greater part of it has been divided between fraudulent contractors and corrupt government officials. An inspector of exile transportation, who had excellent opportunities to know the facts, told me that it was hardly an exaggeration to say that if all the money that had been appropriated for the construction and maintenance of these "tumble-down buildings" could now be gathered together it would be enough to pay for the erection of a line of solid silver étapes along the whole route from Tomsk to the city of Irkutsk. Governor-General Anutchin himself says, in the same report to the Tsar from which I have already quoted:

Large sums of money have been spent in repairs upon these buildings, and 250,000 rubles have recently been appropriated for the construction of new étapes in the province of the Trans-Baikal. I doubt, however, whether, in the existing state of things [or "under existing conditions"], any substantial results can be expected. There is even danger that the new étapes in the province of the Trans-Baikal will share the fate of the étapes in the provinces of Yeniseisk and Irkutsk.

General Anutchin's foreboding has been fully justified. Both the Inspector of Exile Trans-

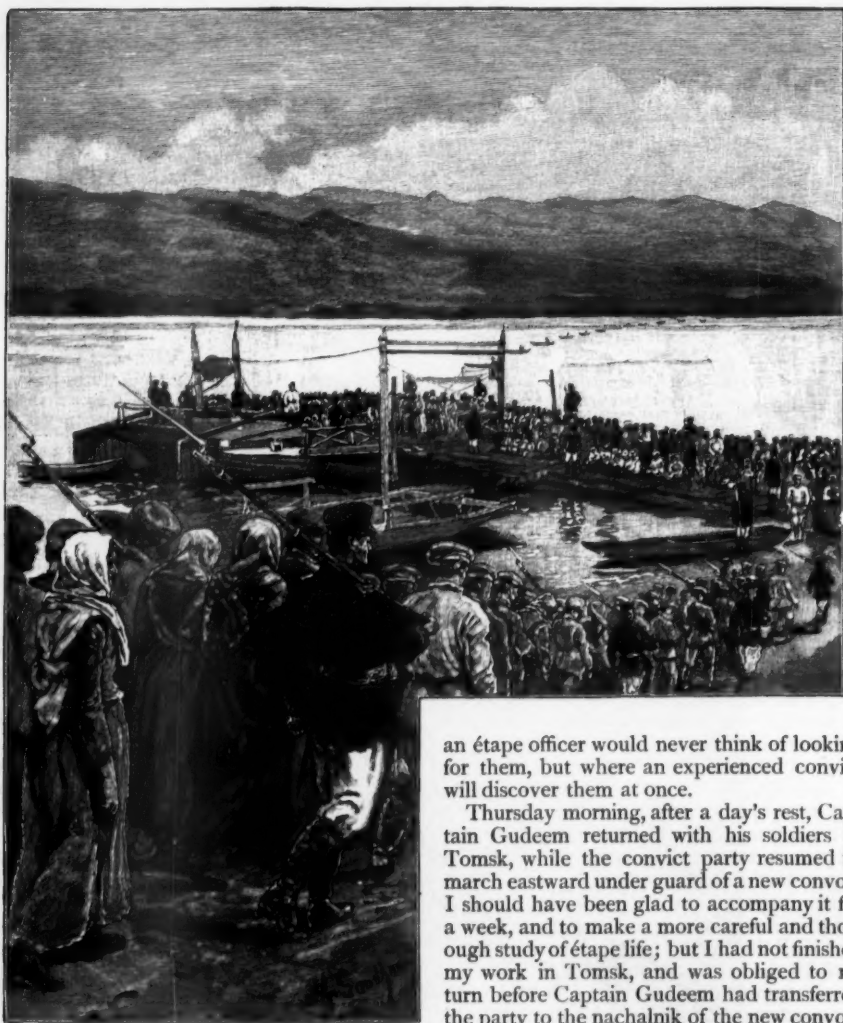
portation for Eastern Siberia, and the assistant chief of the prison department in St. Petersburg, admitted to me that the new étapes in the Trans-Baikal were "very unsatisfactory."

Our convict party spent Tuesday night in the first regular étape at Khaldeyeva, under almost precisely the same conditions that prevailed the previous night in the poloo-étape of Semiluzhnaya. Half the prisoners slept on the floor, under the nares, and in the corridors, breathing all night an atmosphere poisoned by carbonic acid and exhalations from uncovered parashas. Wednesday was a day of rest; and the exiles lounged about all day in the prison court-yard, or studied the "record of current events" on the walls of the étapes. The sleeping-platforms and the walls of every Siberian étape bear countless inscriptions, left there by the exiles of one party for the information or instruction of their comrades in the next. Among such inscriptions are messages and greetings to friends; hints and suggestions for brodyags who meditate escape; names of exiles who have died, broken jail, or been recaptured; and items of news, of all sorts, from the mines and the forwarding prisons. Therefore for the convicts the étape walls are equivalent to so many pages of a daily newspaper, containing an exile directory, open letters, obituary notices, a puzzle department of brodyag ciphers, and a personal intelligence column of the highest interest to all "travelers on government account." One of the first things that an experienced convict does, after his arrival at an étape, is to search the walls for news; and his fortunes not infrequently turn upon the direction, or the warning, contained in a mes-



PLAN OF ABOVE.





CROSSING THE RIVER ON A PENDULUM FERRY-BOAT.

sage that he finds there from a comrade who has preceded him. Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, at last has come to appreciate the significance and importance of these mural inscriptions, and has recently ordered *étape* officers to see that they are carefully erased. I doubt, however, whether the order will secure the desired results. The prison authorities are constantly outwitted by convicts, and the latter will soon learn to write their messages in places where

an *étape* officer would never think of looking for them, but where an experienced convict will discover them at once.

Thursday morning, after a day's rest, Captain Gudeem returned with his soldiers to Tomsk, while the convict party resumed its march eastward under guard of a new convoy. I should have been glad to accompany it for a week, and to make a more careful and thorough study of *étape* life; but I had not finished my work in Tomsk, and was obliged to return before Captain Gudeem had transferred the party to the *nachalnik* of the new convoy.

The life of exiles on the road, three days of which I have roughly sketched, continues, with little to break its monotony, for many months. In sunshine and in storm, through dust and through mud, the convicts march slowly but steadily eastward, crossing the great Siberian rivers on pendulum ferry-boats; toiling up the sides of forest-clad mountains in drenching rains; wading through mire in swampy valleys; sleeping every night in the heavy mephitic atmosphere of overcrowded *étapes*, and drawing nearer, day by day, to the dreaded mines of the Trans-Baikal.

*George Kennan.*

My he  
Made  
In dre  
By ene

And fo  
With i  
Its lig  
With l

If, fro  
One  
No po  
Its  
The lu  
In g  
As lig  
Wh  
Take  
My  
Dim,  
Tha  
Vo

## THE CASKET OF OPALS.

DEEP, smoldering colors of the land and sea  
Burn in these stones, that, by some mystery,  
Wrap fire in sleep and never are consumed.  
Scarlet of daybreak, sunset gleams half spent  
In thick white cloud; pale moons that may have lent  
Light to love's grieving; rose-illuminated snows,  
And veins of gold no mine depth ever gloomed;  
All these, and green of thin-edged waves, are there.  
I think a tide of feeling through them flows  
With blush and pallor, as if some being of air,—  
Some soul once human,—wandering, in the snare  
Of passion had been caught and henceforth doomed  
In misty crystal here to lie entombed.

And so it is, indeed. Here prisoned sleep  
The ardors and the moods and all the pain  
That once within a man's heart throbbed. He gave  
These opals to the woman whom he loved;  
And now, like glinting sunbeams through the rain,  
The rays of thought that through his spirit moved  
Leap out from these mysterious forms again.

The colors of the jewels laugh and weep  
As with his very voice. In them the wave  
Of sorrow and joy that, with a changing sweep,  
Bore him to misery or else made him blest,  
Still surges in melodious, wild unrest.  
So when each gem in place I touch and take,  
It murmurs what he thought or what he spake.

### FIRST OPAL.

My heart is like an opal  
Made to lie upon your breast  
In dreams of ardor, clouded o'er  
By endless joy's unrest.

And forever it shall haunt you  
With its mystic, changing ray:  
Its light shall live when we lie dead,  
With hearts at the heart of day!

### SECOND OPAL.

If, from a careless hold,  
One gem of these should fall,  
No power of art or gold  
Its wholeness could recall:  
The lustrous wonder dies  
In gleams of irised rain,  
As light fades out from the eyes  
When a soul is crushed by pain.  
Take heed that from your hold  
My love you do not cast:  
Dim, shattered, vapor-cold—  
That day would be its last.

VOL. XXXVII.—7.

### II.

### THIRD OPAL.

*He won her love; and so this opal sings  
With all its tints in mase, that seem to quake  
And leap in light, as if its heart would break.*

GLEAM of the sea,  
Translucent air,  
Where every leaf alive with glee  
Glow in the sun without shadow of grief—  
You speak of spring,  
When earth takes wing  
And sunlight, sunlight is everywhere!  
Radiant life,  
Face so fair—  
Crowned with the gracious glory of wife—  
Your glance lights all this happy day.  
Your tender glow  
And murmurs low  
Make miracle, miracle, everywhere.

Earth takes wing  
With birds—do I care  
Whether of sorrow or joy they sing?

No; for they make not my life nor destroy!  
My soul awakes  
At a smile that breaks  
In sun; and sunlight is everywhere!

## III.

*Then dawned a mood of musing thoughtfulness;  
As if he doubted whether he could bless  
Her wayward spirit, through each fickle hour,  
With love's serenity of flawless power,  
Or she remain a vision, as when first  
She came to soothe his fancy all athirst.*

## FOURTH OPAL.

WE were alone: the perfumed night,  
Moonlighted, like a flower  
Grew round us and exhaled delight  
To bless that one sweet hour.

You stood where, 'mid the white and gold,  
The rose-fire through the gloom  
Touched hair and cheek and garment's fold  
With soft, ethereal bloom.

And when the vision seemed to swerve,  
'T was but the flickering shine  
That gave new grace, a lovelier curve,  
To every dreamlike line.

O perfect vision! Form and face  
Of womanhood complete!  
O rare ideal to embrace  
And hold, from head to feet!

Could I so hold you ever — could  
Your eye still catch the glow  
Of mine — it were an endless good:  
Together we should grow

One perfect picture of our love! . . .  
Alas, the embers old  
Fell, and the moonlight fell, above —  
Dim, shattered, vapor-cold.

## IV.

*What ill befell these lovers? Shall I say?  
What tragedy of petty care and sorrow?  
Ye all know, who have lived and loved: if nay,  
Then those will know who live and love to-morrow.*

*But here at least is what this opal said,  
The fifth in number: and the next two bore  
My fancy towards the dim world of the dead,  
Where men and women dream they live once more:*

## FIFTH OPAL.

I DREAMED my kisses on your hair  
Turned into roses. Circling bloom

Crowned the loose-lifted tresses there.  
"O Love," I cried, "forever  
Dwell wreathed, and perfume-haunted  
By my heart's deep honey-breath!"  
But even as I bending looked, I saw  
The roses were not; and, instead, there lay  
Pale, feathered flakes and scentless  
Ashes upon your hair!

## SIXTH OPAL.

THE love I gave, the love I gave,  
Wherewith I sought to win you —  
Ah, long and close to you it clave  
With life and soul and sinew!

My gentleness with scorn you cursed:  
You knew not what I gave.  
The strongest man may die of thirst:  
My love is in its grave!

## SEVENTH OPAL.

You say these jewels were accursed —  
With evil omen fraught.  
You should have known it from the first!  
This was the truth they taught:

No treasured thing in heaven or earth  
Holds potency more weird  
Than our hearts hold, that throb from birth  
With wavering flames inspired.

And when from me the gems you took,  
On that strange April day,  
My nature, too, I gave, that shook  
With passion's fateful play.

The mingled fate my love should give  
In these mute emblems shone,  
That more intensely burn and live —  
While I am turned to stone.

## V.

*Listen now to what is said  
By the eighth opal, flashing red  
And pale by turns with every breath —  
The voice of the lover after death.*

## EIGHTH OPAL.

I DID not know, before,  
That we dead could rise and walk;  
That our voices, as of yore,  
Would blend in gentle talk.

I did not know her eyes  
Would so haunt mine after death,  
Or that she could hear my sighs,  
Low as the harp-string's breath.

But, ah,  
From  
Thrilled  
The

She as  
"An  
Ah! ho  
But

Alas, fo  
And  
On her  
On m

Hearke  
From t

In the  
Where  
Their f  
With t  
That s  
And th  
Touche

Firm in  
The op  
By the  
Create  
From v  
Can fro  
In its c

So was  
Whose  
Of a c  
Had m  
One ve  
Found  
Of gol



But, ah, last night we met!  
 From our stilly trance we rose,  
 Thrilled with all the old regret—  
 The grieving that God knows.

She asked: "Am I forgiven?"—  
 "And dost thou forgive?" I said.  
 Ah! how long for joy we'd striven!  
 But now our hearts were dead.

Alas, for the lips I kissed  
 And the sweet hope, long ago!  
 On her grave chill hangs the mist;  
 On mine, white lies the snow.

## VI.

*Hearkening still, I hear this strain  
 From the ninth opal's varied vein.*

## NINTH OPAL.

In the mountains of Mexico,  
 Where the barren volcanoes throw  
 Their fierce peaks high to the sky,  
 With the strength of a tawny brute  
 That sees heaven but to defy,  
 And the soft, white hand of the snow  
 Touches and makes them mute,

Firm in the clasp of the ground  
 The opal is found.  
 By the struggle of frost and fire  
 Created, yet caught in a spell  
 From which only human desire  
 Can free it, what passion profound  
 In its dim, sweet bosom may dwell!

So was it with us, I think,  
 Whose souls were formed on the brink  
 Of a crater, where rain and flame  
 Had mingled and crystallized.  
 One venturous day Love came,  
 Found us, and bound with a link  
 Of gold the jewels he prized.

The agonies old of the earth,  
 Its plenitude and its dearth,  
 The torrents of flame and of tears,  
 All these in our souls were inborn.  
 And we must endure through the years  
 The glory and burden of birth  
 That filled us with fire of the morn.

Let the diamond lie in its mine;  
 Let ruby and topaz shine;  
 The beryl sleep, and the emerald keep  
 Its sunned-leaf green! We know  
 The joy of sufferings deep  
 That blend with a love divine,  
 And the hidden warmth of the snow!

## TENTH OPAL.

COLORS that tremble and perish,  
 Atoms that follow the law,  
 You mirror the truth which we cherish,  
 You mirror the spirit we saw.  
 Glow of the daybreak tender,  
 Flushed with an opaline gleam,  
 And passionate sunset-splendor—  
 Ye both but embody a dream.  
 Visions of cloud-hidden glory  
 Breaking from sources of light  
 Mimic the mist of life's story,  
 Mingled of scarlet and white.  
 Sunset-clouds iridescent,  
 Opals, and mists of the day,  
 Are thrilled alike with the crescent  
 Delight of a deathless ray  
 Shot through the hesitant trouble  
 Of particles floating in space,  
 And touching each wandering bubble  
 With tints of a rainbow'd grace.  
 So through the veil of emotion  
 Trembles the light of the truth;  
 And so may the light of devotion  
 Glorify life—age and youth.  
 Sufferings,—pangs that seem cruel,—  
 These are but atoms adrift:  
 The light streams through, and a jewel  
 Is formed for us, Heaven's own gift!

*George Parsons Lathrop.*





## MISTAKEN PREMISES.



**T** precisely 10 o'clock of an evening in early spring two figures might have been seen traversing that historic inclosure known as Boston Common.

They walked rather slowly, arm in arm, for the evening was a mild one—for Boston. An east wind had been blowing all day, and another would doubtless set in at sunrise, but just now there was only a soft sighing in the elm-boughs far above their heads. A few stars gleamed palely through the hazy sky, and in still paler reflection upon the cold bosom of the pond. A faint earthy smell filled the air, suggesting thoughts of early violets and crocuses and the thousand and one pleasant things that follow in their train. What it suggested to the minds of this couple, whether they were in any way affected by it, it is impossible to tell.

Certainly in their gait or bearing there was nothing of the sentimental lingering and dallying that spring induces. The most sagacious observer would never have suspected them of being engaged; yet such was the fact. They had borne that interesting relation to each other for more than two years.

Nearly every one who knew them pronounced it a perfect match, and surely no two young people could have seemed to enjoy more complete community of thought, taste, and feeling than the clever young professor of chemistry, Orville Basford, and Electra, daughter of the late eminent scientist, Agameticus Brown. That lamented man of learning, being denied the happiness of a son, and perceiving at an early date that in his only daughter he possessed uncommon intellectual material, had bestowed upon her the same careful mental training he would have brought to bear upon a boy. Also, with an amount of common sense not common in men of his profession, he had given her as far as possible the same physical training. The result was that Electra had grown to womanhood tall, shapely, and vigorous as to body, keen, thorough, and ambitious as to mind. Her face, while not exactly pretty, was mobile and frank. Her eyes and mouth were particularly good, complexion brilliant, and she had a great quantity of fair hair, brushed smoothly back from her broad, low forehead. This fashion of wearing the hair at the very height

of the bang and frizz period, together with an almost nun-like simplicity of dress, gave Electra at once, wherever she appeared, a certain stamp that set her, somehow, apart from other girls of her age, even in intellectual Boston. Young men the world over are a little shy of young women with a reputation for much learning, and in Boston they are no exception. Not that they were not attracted, and strongly, too, by this Juno-shaped, rosy, frankly smiling young creature, but it was not pleasant to see her charming eyes take on a far-away look, or smile suddenly over their very shoulders at some bald and wrinkled old scientist who happened to appear just as they believed they had created a feeling of interest in her breast.

Young Professor Basford was as unique in his way as was Miss Brown in hers. Of frail physique, he had never been able to join to any extent in the vigorous exercise of rowing, skating, fencing, and the like, which had formed no unimportant part of Electra's training. From others, such as archery, his defective eye-sight debarred him. As his dotting mother expressed it, "Orville was all brain." And really, his tall figure was so attenuated, his bulging forehead so very conspicuous, that no doubt she was right.

Professor Brown had found him a highly satisfactory pupil. He had shared Electra's private lessons with her father, finding in her a mind that more than kept pace with his own. They were at the same time a spur and a help to each other, and the old professor found intense pleasure in comparing the processes and fostering the growth of these two remarkable young minds.

Yet, although the young man's character was as stainless as his intelligence was fine, Professor Brown would as soon have dreamed of uniting that splendid creature, his daughter, to the skeleton of an ichthyosaurus or megatherium as to poor Basford with his chronic invalidism and morbidness. But nature is stronger than reason, and the poor fellow had a heart in that hollow chest of his that was bound to grow warm under such protracted exposure to the radiant charms of a girl like Electra. At what particular season it lightly turned from logarithms to love, who can tell? It came out—some months after the death of Professor Brown, fortunately—that they were engaged, and, as has been said, the announcement met with almost unanimous approval.

But  
match  
reach  
near v  
Brown  
have  
which  
their  
that p  
of the  
angul  
agitat  
and m  
once l  
"A  
"Y  
"I th  
my sp  
"I  
the g  
of iron  
I am  
The  
heard  
Mis  
fine s  
tion.  
of the  
home,  
throug  
"W  
young  
all thi  
The  
head  
frame  
he wa  
foot t  
she m  
questi  
opene  
follow  
The  
them  
site ea  
booted  
mante  
look a  
pearar  
fore,  
pale,  
showe  
and h  
lips w  
As  
towar  
was to  
ness f  
thing  
put h  
"W

But let us return now to this particularly well-matched couple, who by this time have nearly reached the steps leading into Beacon street, near which was situated the residence of the Browns. They were strangely silent. It might have been the profundities of the lecture to which they had been listening that occupied their minds, or was it love's eloquent silence that possessed them? There was no trembling of the hand that clasped the young man's angular elbow, but now and then a sigh did agitate the breast of his light spring overcoat and mingle with the sighing of the elms, and once he shivered perceptibly.

"Are you cold?" asked Miss Brown.

"Yes, a little," answered Professor Basford. "I think I was a little hasty in resorting to my spring coat."

"I walked eight miles this afternoon," said the girl with a slight, very slight, suggestion of irony in her tone, "and found it warm work. I am *never* cold!"

The professor was silent, but presently was heard to sigh again.

Miss Brown made a little gesture with her fine shoulders that savored strongly of irritation. Not until they stood on the upper step of the tall flight reaching to the door of her home, with the sound of the bell echoing through the hall, was the silence again broken.

"Won't you come in, Orville?" asked the young girl in a manner strangely perfunctory, all things considered.

The young man seemed to hesitate. His head was bent with a dejected air; his whole frame, in fact, expressed dejection. As a lover he was a depressing spectacle. Miss Brown's foot tapped the step rapidly. She looked as if she might come out with some incisive little question or remark, but just then the door was opened, and without a word Professor Basford followed her into the back parlor.

The servant, after turning up the gas, left them alone, standing on the hearth-rug opposite each other. Miss Brown, putting one neatly booted foot on the fender, leaned against the mantel and gazed with a kind yet quizzical look at her lover. Seen by gaslight his appearance was even less exhilarating than before, in the dim light of the street. Always pale, his thin face was now haggard, and showed the working of some agitating thought, and beneath his sparse, sandy mustache his lips were seen to quiver.

As she looked at him the girl's inclination towards irony vanished. Accustomed as she was to her lover's supersensitiveness, and aptness for needless suffering, she saw that something unusual was troubling him now; so she put her hand on his shoulder, saying kindly:

"What is it, Orville?"

The young man's face took on a look of relief. The question had helped him somewhat. He threw his head back, flushing a little, as if preparing for a conflict.

"I have something to say to you, Electra," he said, turning towards the little sofa they generally occupied together. "Sit here by me, dear."

"Won't you lay aside your overcoat? You might take more cold going out, you know."

"It does n't matter," he answered absently.

Electra, however, divested herself of her wraps before taking her place at his side. For a while he sat silent, steadily staring at his own long, narrow feet incased in arctics. The girl on her part looked as steadily at the slim, drab-clad figure by her side, the close-cropped head, sallow, pointed face, and spectacled, downcast eyes. Electra's taste, though severe, was in the right direction always. It occurred to her for the hundredth time that Orville should not wear drab clothes, and she made up her mind to tell him so at once.

There was something in her cool scrutiny eminently disconcerting, and each time poor Basford looked up, the words he would have uttered died on his lips.

"Well," said Electra, again noticing his agitation, "what is it?"

Now he faced her with a sickly smile. "You make it hard for me, Electra," he said, his voice shaking.

"How so?" she asked. Really there must be something unusual under all this agitation; something more than a morbid fancy. "Orville, you frighten me!" she went on, fully in earnest now. "What is the matter?"

Basford seized both her hands, and leaned towards her with a determined look on his wan features.

"Electra," he said, "tell me, first of all, that you are quite sure of the nature of my love for you; its purity, its strength."

"I never doubted either," she answered with gentleness.

"It has been no ordinary love," he went on in a hoarse voice. "It existed as long ago as I can remember my own existence, and has grown steadily. You always were, you always will be, to me, the queen of womankind, my perfect womanly ideal."

Electra colored at these high words, and looked at her lover with some apprehensiveness. There was a wildness in his glance, a trembling in his voice and his entire form, that made her almost afraid that his mind was unsettled. But after an instant she forced herself to assume a playful air, and to say laughingly:

"If you talk to me in that way, Orville, are you not afraid of developing in me just that

quality you always so deprecated in women? I assure you I feel myself growing vain already."

"I have no fear of that, Electra," answered Basford solemnly, keeping his large glittering eyes fixed upon her. "My fears are of another nature."

"Indeed!" returned Electra, losing her brightness in spite of herself.

"Electra," went on Basford, "since our engagement took place I have bestowed a great deal of earnest thought upon the subject of—of marriage."

"Really!" murmured Electra, trying again to rally. "Really! How very strange!"

"Not upon our marriage alone," rapidly continued Basford, "but upon marriage in the abstract, and upon its diverse action upon the man and the woman. To sum up the result of my observations, I have found that what has always been asserted by champions of your sex is true beyond cavil. Marriage to a man is but an incident of his life, neither making nor marring his career, even by the added sense of responsibility it lays upon him, giving incentive and impetus to his efforts. On the other hand, in woman, marriage by its immense requirements in other directions arrests intellectual development. Cabined, cribbed, confined in the walls of her home, the most gifted, highly organized, and ambitious woman is dwarfed and, as it were, obliterated. The only alternative is neglect of all the sacred claims of maternity, of childhood, of home-keeper. The lot of the average married woman is, I may say—"

Here, to his utter amazement and chagrin, Electra, whose face had undergone a score of changes meantime, interrupted him with a burst of frank, wholesome laughter.

"If I did not see the speaker before me," she said, "I should fancy I was listening to one of Miss Scranton's harangues. Orville, what has come over you to-night?"

Professor Basford did not smile, but shook his head with an air of solemn reproach.

"Miss Scranton is a noble woman," he said; "misunderstood and undervalued by the very objects of her love and heroism. She has told me herself that she finds more sympathy and encouragement among men than among her own sex. Strange paradox! Of course you, Electra, although so immeasurably above most women of your age in mental capacity and acquirement, cannot comprehend the marriage question in all its bearings. It is even—a—undesirable that you should do so. How can one so young, so guarded as you have been from evil, so imbued with lofty thought and sentiment, be made to realize that marriage, while a sacrament, is also a sacrifice, at which man is high-priest and woman the victim?"

Electra had withdrawn her hands from her

lover's, and was regarding him now with dilated eyes and heightened color. When he ceased speaking, her eyes fell; and after some hesitation she answered, very softly and earnestly:

"It has always seemed to me that in marriage between two human beings who are thoroughly in sympathy with each other, as we have always been, Orville, there could be no question of sacrifice. And even were it as you say," she added still more softly, "is not sacrifice the very essence and spirit of love?"

"You speak like the true, sweet woman that you are," said Basford in deep emotion. "You prove, if proof were needed, that my estimate of you is the correct one. And for that reason, Electra, because you are all that is grand and lovely in woman, I will not see you wrecked upon the unstable sea of marriage. No, Electra," he cried, starting to his feet and pacing the floor in great excitement; "because I love you far beyond myself, because I perceive your splendid possibilities, because I see in you one who, free to act, may rise to the highest eminence, and become a beacon to her sex and to the world, I refuse to immolate you. You shall see, the world shall see, that I, too, can sacrifice. Electra," he continued, stopping before her—"Electra, I renounce all claim upon your hand. You are free."

The young man was fairly transfigured by emotion. His shoulders no longer stooped, his head was erect, and his really fine features illumined by that most exalted of human passions—the passion of self-immolation.

Electra, white and rigid, sat looking up at him with a bewildered stare. No doubt of her lover's sincerity entered her mind. Basford's conscience was abnormally developed. She had often told him that he was of the stuff that produced martyrs and fanatics. She was too just not to admire his magnanimity, yet far too feminine not to feel the sharpness of being renounced, be the motive ever so high and holy. So, when she at last spoke, after a pause during which poor Basford's sacred fire begun to sink and smolder, her voice had a cold, measured tone that struck into him like a knife.

"Do I understand," she said, "that you wish me to regard our engagement as—broken?"

At this question, so proudly delivered, and accompanied by so cold a glance, the poor fellow's heroic fire again flickered and went suddenly out. He sank limply into the nearest chair.

"You put it in a way," he said tremblingly, "that shows how utterly I have failed to make my motives clear. Electra, I will make another attempt—"

She put up her hand as if to ward off a blow.

"No  
oughly  
Of cou  
this is  
ing a  
to look  
expect  
know."

She  
bust of  
of the

The  
momen  
find an  
lookin  
fixedly  
of the  
That  
tresses  
fresh l  
long, o  
these,  
mated  
keep t  
alread  
shadow  
had sa  
had b  
anguis  
sight  
knowle  
her an

At l  
and ro  
upon h  
pleadi

"I  
"trust  
this se  
kindne  
to spa  
now d  
in its  
shall g  
You, t  
more  
able m  
you w  
knees  
night,

He  
cold f  
lips.

"G  
A m  
the lo  
throug  
bache

EL  
at bre

"No," she said. "I comprehend you thoroughly, and—and appreciate your motives. Of course"—faltering a little—"of course all this is a surprise to me, and rather overwhelming at first. Not having accustomed myself to look at things in just this light, you cannot expect me to rise to your level at once, you know."

She was not looking at him at all, but at a bust of Sappho which stood at the other side of the room.

The young man himself seemed for some moments too utterly crushed by her words to find any with which to reply. As she was not looking at him he could look at her, long and fixedly, as though taking a sort of inventory of the priceless treasure he was renouncing. That fine head, with its crown of glorious tresses; those deep, bright eyes, soft cheeks, and fresh lips; that symmetrical bust, and those long, classically graceful limbs; more than all these, the rare mind and warm heart that animated them—all, all could be his to hold and keep through life; yet he must renounce, he already had renounced, them forever. Not a shadow of a thought of withdrawing what he had said existed in his mind. The struggle had been going on for months; its fiercest anguish was over. What remained was the sight of Electra's sufferings, and the certain knowledge that, for the present, he must bear her anger and perhaps contempt.

At last he roused himself with a great sigh and rose to his feet, and stood looking down upon her most sadly, with gentle reproach and pleading.

"I will leave you now, Electra," he said, "trusting to your noble heart to acquit me of this seeming cruelty, that is really the purest kindness. I would die by torture, if need be, to spare you a moment's pang. What I am now doing for you will one day appear to you in its true light. Of myself I say nothing. I shall go out into the world and find my work. You, too, Electra, will find yours—some work more worthy of you than any the most favorable marriage could offer. At no distant time you will be ready to thank me on the bended knees of your soul for setting you free. Good-night, Electra."

He took one of her apathetic hands in his cold fingers and touched it with his very icy lips.

"Good-night," murmured the girl frigidly.

A moment later the house-door closed, and the long, drab figure was wending its way through the now falling drizzle to his lonely bachelor lodgings.

ELECTRA looked a little pale and abstracted at breakfast the next morning; but Mrs. Brown,

a good little woman of purely domestic habits, respected her superior daughter as she had respected her superior husband, and asked no questions. At the usual hour Electra went to her classes,—she was a teacher of physics in one of the high schools,—and directly after tea retired to the little hall room used by her as study, laboratory, and boudoir in one. But after an hour or so she descended to the back parlor, where Mrs. Brown sat knitting in the society of Belisarius, a Maltese cat of enormous size and warlike character.

For some moments the tall, erect young woman stood by the fire looking down half-absently, half-lovingly, upon the little mother in the easy-chair. The little mother looked up, and their glances met in that composed, confidential, assured way that marks the very closest tie. Mrs. Brown said not a word. She saw that her daughter looked grave, and that she had laid a letter upon the mantel. She knew that something was coming, and bided Electra's time without exhibiting impatience.

"Mother," said the girl quietly, after a while, "would it trouble you very much to know that my engagement to Orville Basford is broken off?"

The knitting fell from Mrs. Brown's fingers upon her black cashmere lap.

"Electra!" was all she said aloud, but her heart gave a sudden cry of "Thank God!" that was a surprise even to herself.

"Yes, mother dear," said Electra; "it is broken off."

"Why—by whom—for what reason?" stammered Mrs. Brown.

"By Orville himself," calmly answered the girl, with a smile.

"Why, I thought he worshiped you!" cried her mother, utterly amazed.

"You thought right, mother. 'Worship' is exactly the word. He has placed me upon a pedestal, and prostrated himself before me. In short, he worships me to the extent of considering me far too good 'for human nature's daily food.'"

Electra's voice sounded a little hard as she said these words, and her smile was more bitter than sweet. Suddenly her manner changed, however, and dropping upon the hassock at her mother's feet she laid her head against her knees, saying, as she had said so many times when a little child about to impart some childish experience:

"I'll tell you all about it, mother. I had noticed for a long time that Orville was very much disturbed about something, but I thought"—with a little smile,—"*it was his nerves, or his digestion, or his eyes; you know he is always conjuring up some bugbear, poor fellow. Last night, however, it all came*



out. It was n't his nerves or his digestion; it was his conscience. The sum and substance of the matter is, that he has come to the conclusion that I am far too exalted a being to partake of the common lot of woman—to spin, bear children, and weep.' I am to climb the highest pinnacle of fame, and sit there in solitary state, instead of having a home like other women, and a husband to take care of me, and little children to love me. In short, my dear mother, Orville refuses to marry me. That is all."

"The fanatic!" cried Mrs. Brown, divided between indignation and wonder. "To give up a girl like you for a theory! The man is mad."

"The world always says that of exceptionally noble people, you know," said Electra.

Mrs. Brown's feelings took another turn.

"My poor darling!" she murmured, lifting the girl's face into view. Then, swiftly changing her tone, she added:

"Electra, my daughter, do I read you correctly? You have had a great shock; you are pained, but—your heart is not broken. Am I right?"

"Entirely so, mother," the girl answered.

The mother folded the pale, tearful, yet smiling face to her bosom.

"Thank God!" she whispered, over and over again. "Thank God!"

She did not say how much of this thankfulness arose from her release from the anxiety that this engagement had ever caused her. With all Basford's fine qualities, he was not the husband that she desired for her glorious daughter. This very act of his proved that she was right. She could not even be angry with him, so intense was her relief. She even began to pity him.

"Poor Orville!" she said aloud. "How has he ever arrived at such a point?" Then, with a deep sigh, she mechanically resumed her knitting. "Electra, you are a strange girl. Do you know, I thought you cared more for Orville; though I could not understand how you could—in that way."

A rich color dyed the girl's cheek and neck as she answered:

"I don't think I understood myself in the matter. I have known him so long, and we were so congenial in our tastes, that it came about in a natural sort of way. It was very pleasant to think that we should always study and work together. I have never thought to question my feelings for him. But last night, after he left me, I could not sleep, and I—I think I found myself out at last. I was shocked and angry with myself at first, when I found how little the thought of—of *not* marrying him disturbed me. In fact"—with a deep blush—"I think it was an actual relief to me that it was

not to be. I suffered only because I was not more unhappy, and because he seemed to suffer so, poor fellow. It is right that he should know how I feel, and I have written him all about it. It may help him to be less miserable."

Mrs. Brown smiled dubiously over Electra's head. It struck her that the discovery of the state of Electra's emotions would scarcely prove consolatory, even to a lover of Basford's extraordinary type.

"And so," added the girl, throwing her arms about her mother, "and so it is over, and I hope you are not sorry that I again belong to you entirely."

A week, perhaps, had passed. Again it was evening, and again Mrs. Brown sat knitting before the cozy grate fire, while Belisarius purred slumbrously at her feet. Mrs. Brown was thinking; so deeply that she did not hear the ringing of the door-bell, and was quite startled by the subsequent entrance of a young man. This young man was of medium stature only; yet so well built, and carrying himself so erect, as to appear rather tall than otherwise. There was also something free and graceful in his movements that suggested the athlete. His face, though neither handsome nor intellectual, expressed in a high degree strength, virility, and that quality of chivalrous tenderness, shown most in his soft, dark eyes and smiling mouth, that makes a man irresistible in a woman's eyes. Above all, he looked clean-souled and independent, and, it may be added, was scrupulously well dressed. In short, Richard Fanshawe, attorney by profession, was a man whose entrance into any circle sent the mercury to just that happy figure when good spirits were a matter of course. That he was quite at home in Mrs. Brown's little back parlor was evident, for that lady smiled brightly at him without rising, and pointed at an easy-chair in her close vicinity.

"Now, that is very kind of you, Dick," she said, "to drop in on an old lady like me. I was getting quite dull. Electra is out, you know."

"She is? Then for once in my life I am glad of it, Aunt Fanny. I've got something on my mind; and I'm awfully afraid of Electra."

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, resting a kind look on his rather embarrassed face, "relieve your mind of its burden, Dick. I am quite alone, except for Belisarius; and you can put him out if his presence annoys you."

But this assurance did not bring about an immediate outpouring of the subject weighing upon Mr. Dick Fanshawe's mind. He seemed to be laboring under a sudden attack of timidity.

"Ho-  
mered

"Wa-  
you, El-  
I can't

Mr.  
crossed  
and fin-

"Yo-  
Aunt F-  
dling a-

of Elec-  
commi-  
on her-

dear, g-  
your at-  
people

"W-  
picking

"Th-  
over, a-  
to star-

Electra  
"Yo-

from t-  
who t-  
that th-

fessor  
for rea-

Who  
with a-  
of Fan-

to her-  
and ap-

Fan-  
sion as  
As she

the pic-  
"Yo-  
"Yes;

the en-  
say. I  
dition-

renoun-

It to-  
ment  
During

amiab-

"M-  
you m-  
untari-

Mrs.  
you, I  
his ba-

"I  
shawe-  
"Y-

said I  
the yo-  
deserv-  
of all  
Vo-

"How—a—how is Electra?" he stammered presently.

"Was that what was on your mind? Thank you, Electra is very well. Never better since I can remember."

Mr. Fanshawe bit his lip, looked around, crossed and uncrossed his legs several times, and finally came out abruptly:

"You won't take me for a common gossip, Aunt Fanny, if I tell you that society is meddling a good deal nowadays with the affairs of Electra and Basford. I have barely escaped committing assault and battery several times on her account; and I come to you, as my dear, good friend and Electra's mother, to get your authority for denying these rumors, which people persist in believing."

"What are the rumors?" asked Mrs. Brown, picking up a dropped stitch.

"They say that Electra has thrown Basford over, and that he is all broken up, and about to start for Asia. Of course I don't believe Electra would do anything like that—"

"You have my authority," said a voice from the doorway, "for saying, to any one who takes so deep an interest in my affairs, that the engagement between myself and Professor Basford was broken off at his request, for reasons that concern no one but ourselves."

Whereupon Miss Brown, who had entered with a latch-key just in time to catch the gist of Fanshawe's last remark, swept up the stairs to her room with an air of insulted majesty, and appeared no more during his stay.

Fanshawe had risen in some natural confusion as she appeared so suddenly on the scene. As she vanished he turned towards her mother, the picture of amazement.

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Brown, composedly. "Yes; it is true, Dick. Orville Basford broke the engagement himself; peremptorily, I may say. He did not even leave the matter conditional upon Electra's consent. He simply renounced her."

It took some time for this incredible statement to penetrate Fanshawe's understanding. During the process he lost considerable of his amiability of expression.

"Mrs. Brown," he finally exclaimed; "do you mean that that—that flabby mollusk voluntarily gave up a girl like your daughter?"

Mrs. Brown laughed. "It is not nice of you, Dick, to call poor Orville names behind his back."

"I'd do worse to his face!" muttered Fanshawe, wrathfully.

"You are mistaking the premises, Dick," said Mrs. Brown, who immensely enjoyed the young man's excitement. "Poor Orville deserves your respect and admiration, instead of all this wrath and vengeance. He has

acted from the purest and highest motives in releasing Electra."

"You don't mean to say," interrupted Fanshawe, "that he has at last come to a realizing sense of the pitiful figure he would cut as the husband of such a woman?"

"He goes farther than that, Dick. He thinks Electra should not marry at all—that she should live for humanity at large, and her own sex in particular. And," she added with maternal enthusiasm, "I don't know but he is right. Electra is a grand woman. I am her mother, and yet I see that I scarcely know her. See how she is bearing this."

Yes, truly, there was nothing of the love-lorn maiden in that imposing figure, proud face, and ringing voice. No; decidedly, Electra was not heart-broken. Perhaps she had never loved Basford, after all. How this thought sent the blood rioting through Fanshawe's veins! Electra had been the goddess of his idolatry for many a year. If Basford had been the companion of her studies, he, Dick, had been her chosen friend and comrade during many a happy hour on river or harbor, and on long equestrian or pedestrian excursions into the surrounding country; also her considerate antagonist in the exercise with foils that formed a part of her physical training. "Heavens!" he often said to himself with a delightful thrill, "how handsome that girl is, fencing!"

Remote as was the relationship existing between them, something rather farther removed than third cousin, it was just enough to furnish a pretext for a sort of affectionate familiarity as fascinating as it was dangerous. He had never attempted to analyze his feelings for Electra. She was his cousin, and by all odds the finest girl he knew. That she was his own superior in many respects, that there were many subjects they had not in common, that she often seemed to look down upon him,—not contemptuously, but graciously and even unconsciously, as one on a higher eminence might regard a dweller on the plain below,—did not in the least imbitter his feelings for her. There was no vanity or masculine arrogance in Fanshawe's nature. He gloried in Electra's extraordinary gifts, although a girl who preferred a lecture on metaphysics to the opera, and found an unknown solution or a mathematical puzzle more absorbing than the latest popular novel, was, and must always remain, an inscrutable mystery to him. Her engagement to Basford had come upon him like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It was something incomprehensible and monstrous. He had all a strong man's unreasoning contempt for sickness and weakness in one of his own sex. It is doubtful if Basford's high

moral and intellectual worth weighed much in Fanshawe's opinion, opposed to a body made up on such a plan as was the unfortunate professor's. He believed that Electra was under some delusion; that it was impossible for such a woman to love such a combination of shattered nerves and imperfect physical faculties as was Basford. Of course he had never breathed a word of this to any living creature; but now, under the excitement of learning what had taken place, moved by a sense of rejoicing that surprised himself, and emboldened by something that he fancied he detected in the face and voice of Mrs. Brown,—something that was not regret,—he broke out with the words:

"She never loved Basford! I knew it! I knew it!"

Mrs. Brown looked at him, and an indefinite satisfaction stole over her and lit up her kindly face. She rose and softly closed the door into the hall; then returned to her seat, and looked at Fanshawe more affectionately than ever. Presently she began talking.

It would be a breach of confidence, also a literary *faux pas*, to repeat the rest of this conversation. It is enough to say that it was quite late when Dick Fanshawe started on his homeward way in an inexplicably joyous mood. His walk might be divided into three stages. At the end of the first he might have been heard to exclaim with much emphasis, "Basford is a fool!" At the end of the second he stopped short, looked upward, and confided to the stars this secret: "I love her!" The third stage terminated at his own door, when again the celestial bodies were required to bear witness to the following vow: "With God's help, I will make her my wife!"

THE reader is now required to make a leap of three years and a little over. When this story began, it was spring. Now it is summer, and a rare morning in June. Again the scene is the Common. It is Sunday. The ancient elms are in full leafage, and the home of myriads of nesting birds. The pond reflects an azure sky, and a score or two of happy child-faces that are leaning over it watching the fish, while parents and nurses sit gossiping cheerfully under the trees.

It is early. The church-bells have not yet rung; the grass is wet with dew, and the gravel walks are still somewhat damp—so much so that a young woman in a white gown, who is sitting a little apart, finds it desirable to draw her dainty furbelows well up from the ground, and rest her dainty slippers on their high heels only. She has a book of poems in her hand into which she dips now and then between long, delightful inhalations over

the great red roses on her bosom and watching the kaleidoscopic effect of the passing throng on the distant streets, or playing eavesdropper to the sparrows that are war-making and love-making all about her.

Fresh as the morning is the young woman's toilet, and as radiant as the morning her face. No passer who does not give it a second glance.

Three sparrows make a fierce attack upon one in her immediate vicinity. "Fair play!" remarks the young woman firmly, and, stooping, launches a small pebble that sends the disputants off in great flurry. She shows her beautiful white teeth in a smile, and reads another sonnet.

All this time there has been bearing down towards her, from the direction of Tremont street, an extraordinary figure. It is tall; it is meager; and its meagerness is accentuated by a long, belted ulster of a most depressing greenish-drab color. This garment leaves in view only a pair of long, narrow feet incased in drab gaiters, long, narrow hands in gloves of the same shade, and a head covered by one of those preposterous Oriental inventions—a huge yellowish-drab helmet lined with sickly green. This unhappily chosen head-gear shades features with which the reader is familiar. An Asiatic diet has added no fullness to those hollow cheeks; an Asiatic sun has greatly increased their sallowness, and that weakness of vision which has always required the aid of colored glasses of large size and great convexity.

It is, as the reader has already discovered, no other than Professor Orville Basford, but yesterday landed from a European steamer, and this morning arrived in Boston, and now walking across the familiar Common, his heart the prey of conflicting emotions. There is no need to ask what it was that lent impetus to his step. As he caught sight of the young woman in the white gown he started, hesitated, moved on, and again stopped.

It was Electra, and yet not Electra. The pose of the stately figure, the turn of head and neck, the clear, rosy-white complexion, were indeed hers; but that gown—frilled, puffed, and set off by pale azure ribbons, these high-heeled, rosetted slippers, that—ye Olympian deities, ye shades of Aristotle, of Epictetus, and Heaven knows how many more lights of philosophy and science, ancient and modern!—that fringe of soft little curls about the throne of that admirable intellect—no, it could not be Electra!

The sparrows are at it again. The young woman looks up, frowns, smiles, and turns to look for another pebble.

It is Electra, her beauty enhanced by a look of ineffable content, surely never inspired by

the diffi-  
sis of a  
propos  
Whi  
ward

"El  
both h  
ful, glo  
Sure

way in  
fire, his

A gr  
woman  
her ha  
glowed  
and sh

"Or  
"Ye

citeme  
to imp  
tra!"

pourin  
I am a  
a fear  
Witho  
vested  
Let us  
ity—"

But  
freeing  
of spee  
ing her

"Pr  
"you

"Oh  
The si

of mar  
his vei

"Be  
moun

The  
cry, an

lous, i  
"I-

marria  
seeing

mothe  
nounc

you w  
was."

"I-  
"And

have l  
He

come  
Fansh

ing—  
contai

old, w  
along

power

the differential calculus or the successful analysis of any unknown solution, unless it be one proposed by the great chemist—Love.

With an exclamation Basford started forward.

"Electra!" he passionately cried, seizing both her hands. "Electra! My own, beautiful, glorious girl!"

Surely the sun of Asia must have burned its way into his veins. His thin blood was molten fire, his sharp features were aflame.

A great blush seemed to suffuse the young woman's whole person as she tried to wring her hands from his grasp. Her very arms glowed through their transparent covering, and she could hardly bring out the one word:

"Orville!"

"Yes!" cried Basford, in an ecstasy of excitement. "Yes, Orville! Come back to you to implore your mercy and forgiveness. Electra!" he went on in rapid, impassioned outpouring, "I have outlived my unreal visions. I am a man—not a dreamer, now. I made a fearful mistake. I cannot give you up. Without you I am a nonentity. Life is divested of all purpose, all incentive, all zest. Let us work together. Electra! Our duality—"

But by this time Electra had succeeded in freeing her hands and recovering her powers of speech, though the blush had receded, leaving her quite pale.

"Professor Basford," she said with dignity, "you must not say these things to me—"

"Oh, why? Why?" broke in Basford, wildly. The sight of this woman, after all those years of martyrdom, was working like madness in his veins.

"Because," said Electra, her color rapidly mounting, "because—I am married."

The professor started back with a smothered cry, and stared, open-mouthed and incredulous, into her face.

"I—I thought you must have heard of my marriage," continued Electra, more gently, seeing his too-evident consternation. "My mother sent you a paper containing the announcement to Bangkok, where we thought you were then—more than two years ago, it was."

"I—I never received it," faltered Basford. "And I had no correspondents who—would have been likely—"

He stopped. His wandering eyes had become fixed upon the jaunty figure of Richard Fanshawe, who was coming up the walk wheeling—yes, actually wheeling a perambulator, containing a magnificent baby about a year old, while the white-capped nurse sauntered along in the rear. Had Basford possessed the power, the earth would have been commanded

to swallow him up at once out of sight. As it was, he stood rooted to it, as the little procession approached, scarcely crediting his senses. Electra married, and to Richard Fanshawe—a man whose soul was in his clothes, his dinner, his cigar! For of course he did Fanshawe as little justice as Fanshawe had ever done him.

"Richard," said his wife, going to meet him, and accompanying her words with various cabalistic signs, invisible of course to Basford, her back being turned—"Richard, only think! Here is Professor Basford, just returned from Asia."

"Why, Basford!" cried Fanshawe, after one glare of amazement, seizing the drab-gloved hands—"why, you don't say you're back! Why, how are you, Basford?"

He could afford to be generous to his former rival—happy fellow!

"I am really delighted to see you," he went on; "and so is Electra, I am sure. And so will Mrs. Brown be. She has often spoken of you. You must come home to dinner with us, Professor. We won't take 'No' for an answer. You must tell us all about your travels, you know. Here, Professor, let me introduce you to my son and heir, 'Richard Agameticus.' Now, what have you to say to that?"

Poor Basford!

He stared blankly at the child a moment, murmuring some abortive congratulations. The invitation to dinner he declined. He must go at once to his great-aunt in Dorchester. Apparently he was wildly impatient to reach her arms, for with the briefest possible adieux, he rapidly turned his steps in the direction of Tremont street, not once looking backward.

Who can describe his thoughts, if "thoughts" those formless, void sensations that filled his brain could be called? Had not Electra said, in the note she had sent him on the day following his act of renunciation, that she should "never marry"? True, girls often are heard to utter that formula, but then Electra was different. Her words were never lightly uttered. Yet she was married, and a mother, and lost to him forever. And by his own act.

Now here occurred one of those singular coincidences that baffle reason. Professor Basford had reached the exact spot where Richard Fanshawe had made the same remark more than three years previously, and here, with a sudden glow of self-illumination, he uttered the words:

"I am a fool!"

Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe watched the long drab figure up to the vanishing point. Then they turned, looked at each other, and smiled.

"Dick," said his wife, with flushed cheeks



and eyes brimming with mirth, "do you know, he never got the news of our marriage, and he came back to—to take me!"

"He did, did he?" said Mr. Fanshawe, scowling at the place where the drab ulster had disappeared.

Electra broke into a laugh, but turned suddenly grave.

"Indeed, Richard, he was frightfully in earnest," she said. "His vehemence fairly took my breath away."

"Effect of tropical climate," said Fanshawe. "Ah, poor devil! I am sorry for him. How he looks! His liver must be in a fearful state."

"Dick," said Electra, pensively, as they walked towards their pretty home, "you never did Orville Basford justice. He has a fine intellect and an unusually sensitive organization. Of course he is inclined to idealize things. He idealizes woman. He"—very softly—"he idealized me!"

"While I," said Dick fervently—"I only idolize you, my darling!"

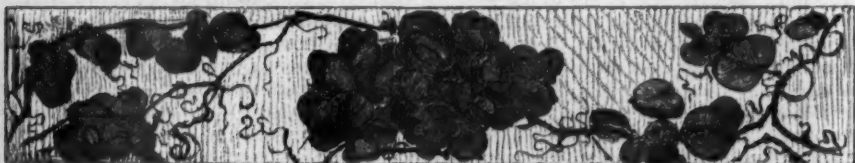
Mrs. Fanshawe mentioned Basford only once more on their way home. That was after a long pause, during which her husband had been eying her intense countenance with some anxiety. He was human; and notwithstanding the look with which his wife had answered his lover-like speech, and which was

still thrilling along his nerves, a little demon of doubt was trying to make itself felt. Not that he for a moment believed that Electra was regretting Basford; but sometimes the old feeling would come over him that in some of her moods Electra passed into spheres of thought where he, plain matter-of-fact Dick Fanshawe, the partner of her common joys and sorrows, could not follow, and where, if he could, he would feel terribly uncomfortable and out of place. This, in their present relation, gave him a queer sensation of being left outside, and was always accompanied by a little pang, as of losing his wife for the time being. Therefore when that Minerva-like countenance was finally turned towards him, he humbled himself in spirit before the great words which he intuitively felt were coming.

"Dick!" said Mrs. Fanshawe, solemnly, "some woman ought to marry Orville Basford, if only to keep him from wearing that hideous thing on his head."

And to her dying day she will never understand why her husband broke into such sudden and disproportionate laughter, nor why he abused his opportunities by rapturously pressing her hand under cover of the broad apron-strings of the nurse, who walked before them trundling the chariot of the sleeping Richard Agamenticus.

*Julia Schayer.*



# "POVERI! POVERIS!"

"Feed my sheep."

COME, let us ponder; it is fit—  
Born of the poor, born to the poor.  
The poor of purse, the poor of wit,  
Were first to find God's opened door—  
Were first to climb the ladder round by round  
That fell from heaven's door unto the ground.

God's poor came first, the very first!  
God's poor were first to see, to hear,  
To feel the light of heaven burst  
Full on their faces. Far or near,  
His poor were first to follow, first to fall!  
What if at last his poor stand first of all?

*Joaquin Miller.*

## COLE AND HIS WORK.

### THE POPULARIZATION OF ART.



HE popularization of art in our day has the radical, indeed vital, difference from that of any previous time, that it rests on the doctrine that truth to nature in some shape is the standard of excellence, and that what everybody can see is what anybody must represent. The history of art is full of records of popular enthusiasm over some work which met the ideal of the day—a result always possible when that ideal was one of art, but which is no longer possible since nature has been recognized as the standard; because if any one be capable of enthusiasm over nature, it is not on the copy that that enthusiasm will descend, but on the ever present and more vivid original. Nature does not, *pace* Leonardo, ask any one to hold up a mirror to her, for her glory and perfection are beyond all forms of reflection. The human mind—so far, at least, as it has been subjected to the process of civilization—has become awakened to the reality and importance of nature and the emotions which are derived from her, and in the same degree has become insensible to art and its enthusiasms. This seems to be a necessary stage in human development. The race cools to the whole range of poetic emotions as it grows older in progress. To maintain the sensibility to these requires a special and conservative culture—a conservation in the individual of the uncalculating ways and improvident mind which characterize the true artistic temperament; but to the race in general, in proportion as it develops to the modern ideal of progress, even in the better sense, the entire range of artistic, *i. e.*, emotional, faculties are yielding place to the rational and scientific; and the redevelopment of art in the sense in which it was known in its golden ages is no longer to be hoped for. (I will not say impossible, because “they know not well the subtle ways” the universal mother returns to her beloved seats, or where the inexhaustible fountain may burst out again.) But as art, and not nature, is the seed of a new art, we cannot, in a hypothetical view of such revival, err in attaching great importance to the manner of thought and work of the great artistic epochs of the past, or study too profoundly the traits of the great painters whom we distinguish as the “old masters.” Whatever con-

tributes to the better knowledge and keener discrimination of the more subtle traits of the work of the nascent phases of art as distinguished from the mature—the early and struggling Renaissance as compared with the triumphant and complete—is, therefore, a profounder lesson in the philosophy of art, and more important in view of a possible new avatar of the creative spirit in our own day, than any study of perfected results, and necessary as preparation even for the full appreciation of the latter. The intermediation of the former is of vital importance. The art of Giotto is, in this sense, more important to the student than that of Titian; and if, in our modern systems of study, in which the old masters are a means, we have failed to produce anything but palpable imitations, it is because, in adhering to the study of men who had reached the top of the scale, we have lost sight entirely of the steps by which they got there.

To us in America, removed from the facilities of the great galleries and still further removed in spirit from the temper out of which all great former art has sprung, the early masters of art can never be popular as Meissonier and Bouguereau are popular; but what good we can get from them we must get through reproductions, and these reproductions must be made in the spirit of the originals, in the same reverence and unflinching conscientiousness. It is of no profit here to discuss the conditions of American art: whether we have or have not a proper school, whether we have developed an original motive, is a matter of purely academical platitudes. Our national temper is anti-artistic, and when, if ever, the school comes, there will be the less hesitation in recognizing it as we do not incline that way. The subject must be left for development at length to a study on art-philosophy; but it is necessary to make brief note of this, our unartistic temperament, to be able to develop fully the considerations which concern the forms of art which have taken root with us. Chief of these, according to the admission of all the art world, is our wood-engraving. The modern spirit of fidelity to the visible and material ideal is here entirely appropriate; and when the old subjective creations of art come to be regarded as objective material, the unquestioning and uncompromising exactitude of the modern spirit has found the noblest field it can ever be employed in. The skill which on a wood-block can facsimile an etching is more worthily

employed in reproducing and perpetuating the greatest works of the pencil which time has left us. In absolute exactitude of reproduction of the qualities, primary or secondary, of the original set before it, nothing in reproduction equals this wood-engraving.

If, therefore, it be possible to render early Italian art popular in America, and so to employ it in the furtherance of general art education, nothing could be more useful than a series of reproductions, by the best wood-engravers of America, of the work of the early Italian painters, especially those in whom design and pathos dominated. The leading motive of Venetian art cannot be reproduced in black and white; that of Florentine, Siennese, and Umbrian can. Nothing more important could be undertaken, then, by our engravers than the work of these latter schools.

Beside these relative considerations it must be admitted that, with the modern loss of the great productive impulse, we have, so far as serious students of art are concerned, acquired a wider and more catholic comprehension of the kind of work to the doing of which our day is not moved. We are growing wiser as critics in proportion as we grow less impassioned as poets; and in that limited circle of minds which is slowly acquiring mastery of public opinion, the elder Italian painters in general are more carefully studied and better understood than they ever were before. And as the study of pure art makes its way and molds the art university which may come one day, Giotto and Botticelli, even more than Titian and Raphael, will come forward as the true masters of any possible new art.

The undertaking to which *THE CENTURY* is devoting its resources, in the series of works on which Mr. Cole has been for several years engaged, is, therefore, in the widest sense of the term, a great educational work, and one than which the head of our school of wood-engravers could find no more profitable object for the devotion of the best years of his life. For such work, on a scale which permits popularization, there is no method comparable to the work of this new school of engravers. In Mr. Cole are combined the firm and unerring hand and subtly trained eye which give consummate skill, with the profound sympathy and appreciation necessary to the treatment of those masters whose work is the most recondite of all we know in art. A more appreciative lover of the early Italian art than he I have never known. I have followed him at his work, studied with him the pictures to be reproduced, watched his cunning hand develop the forms which were before us, and given the most careful and prolonged scrutiny to the work when finished; and I do not hesitate to record

my judgment that wherever the highest degree of subtlety and the finest shade of feeling were required, whether in the intensity of Giotto's Salutation or the evanescent expression in the Giocondo of Da Vinci, there is no work in my knowledge so faithful and so reverential as his. To me it would be a loss to art if ever again he were compelled to give himself up to work less worthy than the reproduction of the best art that the world has known. Work so manly, so true, so devout in its spirit, should have no less object than the preservation of the things most worthy of perpetuity.

#### MR. COLE'S METHOD.

THE method which Cole follows in these reproductions will interest their admirers. A photograph is first taken of the picture, on which Mr. Cole makes all the corrections needed for the translation of the values of colors into white and black. This is then copied on the wood-block in the following manner: the surface of the block is prepared of an intense black, and on this is laid a sensitive collodion film, such as was used for the once popular ambrotypes or later tintypes, on which the photograph is copied in the camera so that a positive image is produced, reversed in position, but correct in light and dark, the lights being formed by a deposit of metallic silver and the darks by the black ground. The block is then treated as in the case of a drawing on wood, the lights formed by the silver deposit being cut away, showing in turn the pale tint of the wood under the blackened surface, while the shadows are formed by the undisturbed surface. As the cutting progresses the collodion film is removed by india-rubber, leaving the black shadows and gradations of tints in clear black lines as they will be printed. The incised lines being then filled in with finely powdered chalk, the block becomes its own proof and the effect as when printed can be exactly judged.

The actual engraving of this block after receiving the photographic image, except as to unimportant parts which may equally well be executed from a photograph, is done directly from the originals. All the great line engravings which have been made from the old masters have been done from black and white drawings—or at best, in later times, from photographs, no reproduction by engraving directly from the original pictures having ever, before these of Mr. Cole, been attempted. Etching directly from the originals has lately been done, and for landscape work is all that can be desired; but in my judgment wood-cutting affords, for delicately modeled forms and subtle rendering of human expression, greater refinement than is possible in etching, combining the clean line of copper

or steel plate engraving with as great range of texture-rendering as etching allows, and the rapidity and equality of impression which wood-engraving alone permits, and which are necessary to wide dissemination. This *ensemble* of considerations will make evident the great importance of the work in which Mr. Cole is now engaged, probably the most im-

portant in respect to sound art education of any undertaken thus far — with, perhaps, the exception of the publications of the Arundel Society, which, however, fail in the requisite of being available for unlimited circulation, owing to their relatively great cost, and which are, to my mind, inferior in subtle fidelity to the work of Mr. Cole.

W. J. Stillman.

## THE BYZANTINES.



HE generally accepted idea that the great revival of art took place in the schools of Italy about the time of and under Cimabue is as baseless as some of the scientific theories which date from the same epoch. There has never been any break in the continuity of art development since the early schools of Greece began to differentiate the archaic from the monumental and symbolic forms of sculpture. Art has had its changes and its high and low tides, just as all forms of civilization have had and still have. When the barbarians swept Italy, Byzantium held the traditions, and the statues of Lysippus stood in the public places until they were thrown down by the Venetians to be broken up and made into coin to pay their soldiers. The simplicity and purity of Greek design, which in Italy had given way to the naturalism of portraiture and in Constantinople to a barbarous rudeness of the sculptural element, had had its day and could never have a distinct revival, because it was an art which grew out of a motive which had ceased to exist. The perception of the ideal, *i. e.*, the purely beautiful, as developed in various types, each perhaps referable to some attribute of nature, was only possible, in the perfection in which the Greeks possessed it, in minds whose serene enjoyment of the external world was undisturbed by moral struggles and painful questionings as to the relations of this life with another, such as Christianity introduced,—as it had been impossible with the luxury and sensual degradation which preceded and perhaps led to the conquest of Greece by Alexander and the Romans. That state of humanity in which Greek art was possible may be spoken of as the healthy, ripe childhood of the race, when all the faculties have come into happy activity and the presentiments of decay and death have not crossed with their shadows the sunshine of life. But before Christianity came philosophy had begun to make men think gravely of an eternal life, and broken up the careless existence of those children of Apollo and Minerva. Then came Christianity with its terrible menaces and magnificent promises,

and its morbid asceticism, making pleasure sin, and all physical beauty a snare. Naturally, under these circumstances, art, where it still was tolerated, was only the instrument of ecclesiastical discipline or the accompaniment of ascetic ecstasies, and became a sort of hieroglyphic writing.

Architecture kept up, almost alone, a normal evolution, and the formal and merely ceremonial worship of the old state gods had not ceased to demand the tribute of the architect when the new state deity came to command a new form of worship. Temples were re-dedicated to the saints, and the drift of artistic invention set in towards the decoration of the new churches. Mosaic, an invention of the Roman epoch, came in to give a new manner of decoration, and, as always is the case, brought out new forms of design in sympathy with the new material. With this, painting became the inferior method of wall-decoration, true fresco with its breadth and freedom not having been developed.

During this entire period, from the second century after Christ, whose coming coincided approximately with the best period of Græco-Roman art and the complete and final prostration of Greece and the Greek national character, the degradation of the nobler forms of plastic art was continuous. The schools of art in the years between Augustus and Hadrian were numerous, and not contemptible as to technical ability; and we have probably many statues preserved of a survival of Greek art whose age can hardly be determined within two or three centuries.

But as Christianity became the official religion of the whole Roman world, and absorbed all the spiritual, and most of the intellectual, energy of society, the most of that class of men who used to be artists, poets, and philosophers drifted away in the direction of the last light. I do not believe that there was any sudden and violent revulsion against paganism, for such sudden movements are not in keeping with history. Changes of system take place slowly. Faith and the ideals of art changed by imperceptible degrees, but there was a dislocation of the technical traditions of art.



Mosaic and wall-painting were not taught in the same workshops, and what was excellent in an Apollo or a Venus was no longer what was best for the sculptures with which the new churches were adorned. As the element of narrative took the place of the element of abstract ideal and perfection of type, the artist most in demand would naturally be the one who had the most vigorous invention and imagination. Symbolism became more and more important; haste and want of the old technical traditions substituted expressive exaggeration of movement for the old refinement of repose; and so we come to the first motives of what we know as Byzantine art. It was most prominent in the decoration of the churches, mosaic and sculpture of the capitals, friezes, etc.; then it came into the decoration of the sacred books, and these are probably the oldest real precursors of the Italian Renaissance. Without attempting to trace the history of Byzantine art, I wish to point to the fact that, while the sculpture of histories drawn mainly from the Bible in capital and relief for the ornament of the churches led to the Pisani, the traditions of painting preserved in pictures,—of which few remain to us, and none of the earlier centuries,—in miniatures, and in illustrations of manuscripts (of which we have some going back to the eighth and ninth centuries) led by legitimate development to the Italian art of the day of Cimabue. The manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries existing in the National Library at Paris, the Vatican at Rome, and the Laurentian of Florence, as well as the mosaics of St. Sophia, Salonica, and Ravenna, show the state of art centuries before the advent of Cimabue, the miniatures of the great libraries coming down to the so-called revival of art. These not only preserve the essential traditions of composition and ideal of the classical school of painting,—of which we get our most distinct idea from Pompeii,—but they employed a large class of workmen in work which all artists must learn to perform and on which all masterly art is founded: men trained to follow the types and execute the conceptions of the time, just as good house painters and decorators are trained to the execution of decorative work of various kinds, the imitation of woods, graining, etc. They worked by certain rules, and always without direct reference to nature, and thereby acquired great facility of execution and knowledge of the best methods of painting for the work they had to do. The enormous number of churches and monasteries constructed from the time of Constantine to that of Justinian show that an immense number of workmen must have been employed in building, but also that many books must have been

needed to supply them all. In these, no doubt, the same luxury of adornment soon obtained as in the architecture. What we have of them is a mere fragment, but the roll of Joshua in the Vatican, and the manuscripts of the National Gallery in Paris, show that, as art, the work of the ninth and tenth centuries was far in advance of that of the age of Cimabue. The devastation of Constantinople by the Crusaders probably destroyed or dispersed the books of what was, to the Latins, a heretical church, and brought to Italy artists and works of art which refreshed the Italian art of that time, as later on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 led to the Renaissance of literature.

The little gospel of the Laurentian Library, A. D. 586, is admirable in the invention of its numerous illustrations, and far beyond the work of the Giottesques in the knowledge of the human figure. The two examples which Mr. Cole has reproduced are of an invention and naturalness such as no Italian artist of the twelfth century was capable of. The mosaics of Ravenna of the sixth century by Byzantine artists have a decorative effect which was for centuries unknown to Italian art, and in the curve of an arch in the Cathedral of Torcello is one remaining design of Byzantine work which, as decoration, in color, in the facility of invention, is beyond all comparison superior to any of the later and more pretentious mosaics of the choir and front wall. These mosaics and many of the illustrations, as well as the capitals of the columns in various churches, St. Mark's at Venice included, show a general knowledge of the resources of art which was the school from which sprung the specially gifted men whose work we shall have to examine later; as from a well-organized army arise the men who are trained first to obey and then to command—with new ideas, but nothing new in the art. To the technical training and knowledge of methods and the sound subjective system of working, derived in part from the ancient Greeks through Byzantium, and handed down to the Italians of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we owe the possibility of Cimabue, Duccio, and Giotto.

As decorative art, nothing that we know surpasses certain Byzantine work from the fifth to the eleventh centuries; but art having reached its limit on that side relaxed its efforts, and we shall find the Italian intellect of the age of Dante—doubtless then the first of the entire civilized world—coming to take possession of the artistic faculty and experience preserved by the Byzantine traditions. There is no break in the continuity, for we cannot always distinguish the general work of the contemporaries of Cimabue from that of the hieratic painters



SAINT AGNES.  
(BYZANTINE MOSAIC, SIXTH CENTURY. CHURCH OF SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO, RAVENNA.)

of the proper Byzantine school just preceding them. There was a new impulse, intellectual and individual, at this time; that was all.

Byzantine art in its own circle had had a survival, a renaissance, about the eleventh century;

but, as applied to the churches, it was like the faith — to a great extent mere formality, with here and there genuine vitality, and always holding the seeds of the future in its organism.

W. J. Stillman.

#### NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.

##### THE BYZANTINE MOSAICS.

**FLORENCE, June 18, 1887.**—The mosaics in Ravenna are the most surprisingly magnificent things I ever saw. I had an idea I should see something in the way of the things to be seen here in Florence in the Baptistery, but my breath was completely taken away on beholding the stupendous decorations of the church of San Apollinare. They are exceeding airy, light, and delicate in color, and wonderfully subtle in the tints and rich in tone.

**RAVENNA, July 3, 1887.**—Nothing could excel these beautiful mosaics in delicacy and brilliancy of color; as delicate as a breath, and sparkling like an array of tinted gems. I am seated before the procession of the twenty-two virgins and the magi bearing crowns and gifts to the infant Jesus, who is seated on the Madonna's lap with two angels on each side. One of the virgins is Saint Agnes [see cut, p. 61]. The background is gold, delicately shaded with light and dark brown tints. With my opera-glass I can see the separate stones; but without it, and at a proper distance, the tints blend, and the twinkling, bespangled effect of the whole is very pleasing. The leaves on the palm-trees are light and dark green—a light green palm between two dark green ones, and a dark palm between two light green ones, and so on, all varying in shape and nothing repeated but the idea. Some of the green tints of the palms blend imperceptibly into the brownish tints of the background; from the lower stems hang the cones, brownish red in color, each bunch varying in number and shape, and arranged variously. This is the case with the most trifling detail: everything is arranged with the utmost care and thought towards the composition; and viewed as a composition, it is simply a stupendous work. Each virgin carries a crown; no two are on the same level, but the line is beautifully broken up. The action of each virgin varies, and no two heads are posed alike. Sometimes both hands are draped, and again two or three in succession are bare, but in each case the farthestmost hand is underneath the drapery; this would be necessary from the action of the white garment. The color of the dark robes is brownish and generally alike in tone, but extremely varied in pattern and arrangement and trimming; the highest lights are gold middle tints, light brownish and dark brown in the folds where it is the darkest. The cool-gray color of the white robes is remarkable, and the light on the folds, as it delicately increases to a higher light and warmer tone, shows that these old fellows had a very subtle sense of color. The flesh tints are warm and pinkish, shading to a brownish tone. The lower part of the background shades into green, but sometimes the green begins abruptly.

These portions are usually filled by various designs of flowers: in the St. Agnes it is a lamb. The color of the trunks of the palm-trees is purplish, as in nature. The tone of the whole is gray, like nature. There is an atmospheric softness enveloping all, but the color is fresh all the same. The green of the background is fresh and clear. I forgot to mention the glories around the heads, which are the same in tone generally as the background, but sometimes they are lighter and again darker, and some sparkle more than others. The dark rim on the outer edge is purple, sometimes approaching a reddish tone; the light rim inside is a soft gray. Sometimes the rims are thicker and sometimes thinner, and the glories are not always of the same size, and not perhaps struck off with a compass, though sometimes it appears so; and then it is pleasant to see a perfect circle. The head is not always placed in the center, but the variety in the whole thing is simply endless; and the grace and dignity and symmetry are very lovely. These mosaics are much superior to anything that I have yet seen; those of Florence and Venice are heavy and dull in color compared with these.

**FLORENCE, Aug. 5, 1887.**—Very fine is the "Good Shepherd," which I have upon the block but could not do for want of time; this is earlier by two centuries. It is probably the most complete thing as an illustration of these mosaics in every way considered, but it would have taken far more time to engrave, and for reasons of time only I selected the other. There, for instance, are the exquisitely finished things of the San Apollinare *outside* the city, which are, however, so marvelously brilliant in color as to make me feel that they have been retouched by some cunning fellow, so out of keeping are they with all the surroundings. Certainly those in San Vitale are all gone over, and are glaring and decidedly inferior in color to those of the former church.

See Vol. I. "History of Christian Art," by Lindsay.

##### THE BYZANTINE MANUSCRIPT ILLUMINATIONS.



T. COLE SC. FLORENCE  
THE VISION. (LAURENTIAN  
LIBRARY, FLORENCE.)

**FLORENCE, July 30, 1887.**—I send you these few notes on the early Byzantine manuscript illuminations [in the Laurentian Library]. The manuscript is of the tenth century, entitled *Plutius 6, Codice 23*. If any one wants to consult it he can make a note of the title, for that is necessary for the librarian to know. How wonderfully fresh is the coloring! I can scarcely



THE PASSION. (FROM LAURENTIAN LIBRARY, FLORENCE.)

believe that I am looking into a book that is nearly a thousand years old. Some of the illuminations are so clean and fresh that they seem but lately done—not the slightest taint of yellowness, unless it be in the parchment itself, and what touches of white there are have remained as pure as though put on but yesterday. The fineness of the detail can only be thoroughly appreciated under a magnifying glass,—as in the feet with their sandals and straps, and in the expressions of the faces and hands; the hatchings of gold on the garments and the shrubbery are as delicate as a cobweb. The glories are of gold also. The delicate hatchings of gold are not visible until the light catches the page slantingly, when they shine out in the glories with surprising luster. It was impossible for me to do anything like justice to these wonderfully delicate things in engraving, and my proofs of them are but lifeless things at best. The gold hatchings I could only suggest by the finest possible white lines; but then these mingle up and are lost with the whites in the high lights of the folds. And then the various colors of the garments, green, blue, yellow, red, etc., are all lost in black and white, and the marvelous delicacy of the detail could by no means be approached in wood-engraving. You will see these same gold hatchings in the works of Cimabue and Duccio; while the distinction between the apostles and the heretics in the Byzantine, given

in the uncovered feet and legs of the former opposed to the black legs of the latter, is alike characteristic of Duccio, as well as the grouping of the figures. Each illumination is designed to tell several progressive stages in the story—as, for instance, in the one I have called “The Passion,” the first group is illustrative of the passage, “They went out unto the Mount of Olives” (the Mount is indicated behind Jesus). “Jesus saith unto them, All ye shall be offended because of me this night.” Peter answers, “Although all shall be offended, yet will not I.” Peter is seen bending forward from the group. In the second group the story is continued, and he leaves the disciples and goes aside to pray. The third part, to the right of the tower, shows him in the garden praying; a ray from heaven is descending upon him. The fourth group would seem to tell the moment when he exclaims, “Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.” In the other block is seen the moment of the betrayal, the unbelievers being distinguished by their black legs. Peter is shown cutting off the ear of the servant of the high priest. These illuminations are distinguished by great certainty of touch. Those in the first half of the book are much superior to those in the latter half. The initial piece that I have called “The Vision” is from the latter half.

T. Cole.



THE BETRAYAL. (FROM MANUSCRIPT IN LAURENTIAN LIBRARY, FLORENCE.)

## CIMABUE.



HE early history of any phase or epoch of art is always mingled, to a certain extent, with the mythical; and its legends, which are the foundation of all artistic celebrity, grow until some definite historical authority fixes them, not always in their true relation to fact, but where it

found them. These legends are generally based on the achievements that seemed to the people most marvelous, because the legend is always born of popular admiration and imagination; and as a necessary consequence they record the triumphs that strike the common mind, uneducated in art. Fortune, maybe, has favored Zeuxis and Apelles



by having left them the fame accorded by their primitive critics and destroyed all works by which we might have checked it. The taste even of an educated public is only equal to the art it has been trained on, and is, therefore, always behind the best of the day; so that any advance from that is sufficient to excite its enthusiasm, and much more so that of the masses; and the greatest impressibility, and hence the most uncontrolled enthusiasm, accompany invariably the lower state of education in art. The popular triumphs, the processions of admiration, and all the elements which make the legends of early art, are not material enough for the determination of the rank of an artist. What the ignorant wonder at is what a trained taste generally despises; and while it is possible that the development of the art of painting under Zeuxis was worthy of the sculpture of the period, we have no indication of the fact; but, on the contrary, the legends preserved to us indicate that his great successes were those of a very low technical development. To understand this, one has only to note the extravagant admiration which certain very crude efforts of the itinerant portrait-painter excite to-day in rural circles, and even among comparatively educated people with no sound art-training.

With Cimabue we touch the middle ground, where the legendary can be to a slight extent put to proof; and we find, as usual, that what the popular taste fancied worthy of the most unrestrained exaltation—his presumed fidelity to nature—is an illusion, and that his great virtues—the extreme, and perhaps immediately before him unexampled, devotion to his art, and sincerity in technical treatment of his subjects—were never noted by the legend-makers as part of his endowments.

It is doubtful if there has ever been any sudden great advance in art. Accident, perhaps oftener than transcendent merit, has led to certain men being made the personification of the art of their day, while as good or better men have lapsed into oblivion; and this to a certain extent has served the fame of Cimabue.

We, looking at art from the modern and scientific point of view, translate the reputation which Cimabue got in his own day, of bringing art back to nature, as implying that he was, in our sense of the word, naturalistic as compared with his predecessors. To understand his real merits this reputation must be utterly demolished, for it puts him in a false light. Neither he nor his contemporaries or immediate successors ever studied nature in the sense of making direct use of a model or natural object. Their art was traditional, set about by rules both technical and theological, which left the field for distinction mainly in a better and more complete

technique, minuter and more facile execution, etc., which probably Cimabue acquired to the extent of an important advance on his masters. But to estimate rightly this phase of Italian art one must recognize the wide difference between Cimabue's education and that which is the object of art schools nowadays. Sacred subjects alone were admissible, and these were treated according to set rules, as they still are in the Byzantine schools of Mt. Athos; only certain poses were permitted to certain subjects, and the types, methods, colors, and compositions were rigidly determined. This education Cimabue conformed to, and in realization, which to us is the meaning of "natural," his pictures had no more to boast of than those of his predecessors and his contemporaries. We have seen, and shall have further evidence, that Cimabue was part of a general quickening of art, and that the revival of painting with which he is identified was one that far outreached his career, retrospectively and prospectively, and was, in fact, the slow re-animation of the hieratic and prescriptive types carried on for generations, and not invented or developed by one mind—Byzantine art, in fact, roused from its lethargy and made progressive by many painters under the influence of the general intellectual awakening of Italy, beginning just before Dante and continuing until the sixteenth century. This awakening was more complete in the active Tuscan brain, stimulated by commercial prosperity and civic independence and possibly by the constant contest for liberty, than in other parts of Italy.

There is a curious parallel to this in the change wrought on Greek sculpture when the archaic, traditional types were carried from the Peloponnesus into the Attic atmosphere and ripened there into the perfected ideal art. And the analogy goes further in the decline of both schools from the ideal to the naturalistic. In the antecedents of the two great revivals the preparation was the same—technical training, mastery of handicrafts, bronze-casting, marble-cutting, and wood-carving in the one, and in the other the processes of tempera and wall-painting; facility of execution being acquired, as it can only be acquired in the greatest excellence, by following and completing the conventional ideals by the aid of more perfect knowledge. Painters and mosaicists of the Byzantine school had been for some time, perhaps for several centuries, at work in Florence, as we know that at Ravenna and Venice they had been at work as early as the eighth century.

To one of these painters Giovanni Cimabue was apprenticed, after the fashion of the time, as he would have been to any other trade. He had been judged to be a clever boy and worthy

to be educated, in a time when only the clever boys were considered worth the trouble and expense of education, and was sent to the convent of Santa Maria Novella to be taught letters. In place of attending to his grammar, he passed his time, like many a school-boy since, in drawing in his books and on other blank spaces "men, horses, houses, and all kinds of fantastic things," which talent, considering that all books were in manuscript and of greater value than our "first readers," and that Solomon was regarded in those days as the head of magisterial wisdom, was most probably recompensed primarily by the rod. But the lad had his own way, for "certain Greek painters," *i. e.*, painters in the Byzantine manner, being called to Florence for public works, Giovanni played the truant to see them at their painting, and passed entire days there. The enthusiasm of the boy leading his father and the Greek masters to judge well of his chance of having an "honorable success" as a painter, as Vasari puts it, he was, to his great delight, sent to them to learn the business properly.

Milanesi, in his commentary on Vasari's life of Cimabue, attempts to discredit the attribution of Cimabue's masters to the Byzantine school; but his contention is illogical and shortsighted, for not only was the only authoritative school of painting at that time the Byzantine, and all contemporary work, including that of Cimabue himself, tinged with the typical Byzantine traits, but the methods employed in painting, the general treatment, the use of golden backgrounds, and the type of face of the Madonna, with its almond-shaped eyes, borrowed from some Eastern ideal, were distinctly characteristic of that school.<sup>1</sup> There is no doubt that, as Milanesi contends, there were Italian painters before Cimabue; but, as Richmond points out in his lectures, the masterhood of all art of those days belonged to the school of Constantinople, then the great Christian empire and the head of civilization, regarding all western Europe as still barbarian and in the darkness of heresy.

That Cimabue was not alone in excellence, and is therefore unjustly regarded as the restorer of art, is, indeed, now generally recognized; and it is probable that his traditional supremacy, which has come down to us, is due rather to the fact that Florence was the literary center of Italy at that time than that his work was so much better than any other. As between the two, I prefer the works of Duccio

of Siena, though to the casual observer they seem hardly to be separated as the work of different schools; and the strong similitudes, the elements common to both, and the uniform technical methods are proof even stronger than traditional of a community of origin in the Byzantine school.

It was only when he went to Assisi that, still working under his Greek masters, he began to separate himself from them; for "in these pictures he surpassed greatly the Greek painters; whence taking courage, he began to paint for himself in the church above." (Vasari.) Certainly from this we have a clear right to conclude that up to this time he had not distinguished his manner or treatment of subject from the pure Byzantine; but that, working under the Greek painters, he had come to paint better than they. The way in which the marvelous helped his reputation is shown by the influence on it, even to our own day, of the triumphal procession of his masterpiece, the Madonna of Santa Maria Novella, from his studio to the church, which legend, and Dante's

Credette Cimabue nella pittura  
Tener lo campo,

have given more color to his position as the restorer of art than anything we can now discover of the qualities of his work, and doubtless are, in great part responsible for his preëminence in tradition over all his contemporaries. And it is not unlike the spirit of our own time that something was added when royalty in the person of Charles of Anjou was brought to see the picture in the painter's house, and "all the men and all the women of Florence gathered there, with the greatest festivities and the greatest crowd in the world; whence, for the rejoicing which the neighbours had, that place was called Borgo Allegri [the joyous suburb], which, with time inclosed in the city wall, has always since retained the name"; the festivities and the glorification being as much on account of the king as of Cimabue.

The painter of those days, it must be understood, was simply of a superior class of workmen in whom excellence of workmanship was the chief claim to distinction. He probably was paid, according to the magnitude of his work, with an extra allowance for gold for his background; and we see still in Cimabue's madonna that the work was to a great extent such as required merely mechanical dexterity and honest patience. The freedom of action—

<sup>1</sup> Vasari and Lanzi distinctly declare him to have been the pupil of Greek artists, and we know that Greek artists worked then at the Baptistery. Richmond says: "Whether Cimabue was directly a pupil of Greek artists or not is a question of some doubt; but indirectly evidence tends to show that the Greek art of the thir-

teenth century was far in advance of any Italian art. Consequently the possibility is that Cimabue went for instruction to those artists most highly esteemed. It is, however, perfectly evident that the artistic laws upon which Cimabue founded himself, or was founded, were Greek and not Italian."



CIMABUE'S "MADONNA AND CHILD."  
(CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.)

Background and glories, gold incrustated; gold hatchings in Infant's dress, ornaments of chair,  
and fringe of Madonna's dress.

do  
rat  
an

comparative, however — of the child Jesus, which seems the chief variant from the orthodox Byzantine type, appears also in Duccio; and reasoning from analogy and the slight remains of previous art, I am, I think, enabled to understand the preceding art from which the revival took its new departure. Its productions were very closely alike in design, the composition and type of figure and attributes not materially varying, and following, in more or less dexterous execution, ancient types, with color reverentially reproducing, as in our emulations of old masters to-day, the venerable and sacred dinginess of time. The art element had gone out, and pictures were merely a kind of church furniture, more sacred according to age, apparent as well as real.

Probably in the revival religion also awoke a little; and the child Jesus being the object most human and nearest the feeling of the revivalists, the first movement was in the attempt to make him real, more like the children they knew. Then the Tuscan energy of character, always less reverent than the Greek, revolted against the unnatural blackness of the conventional palette, and, delighting in vivid colors, attempted to substitute the brilliancy of the costume of the day. In addition to this general tribute to popular feeling we know that the picture which marks the high tide of Cimabue's glory was the largest which had ever been attempted (on panel, it is to be understood); and this in itself was to the people reason enough, as it is sometimes even yet, to mark him as the greatest painter of the day. Beyond this it is not evident that Cimabue could have gone, and in this he did not go alone. We find in his pictures and those of all his contemporaries the traditional type of Madonna — long-eyed, ill-proportioned, the preternaturally long fingers, the conventional attitudes, the drapery as stiff and as methodically and even mechanically<sup>1</sup> ornamented as the Byzantine.

The modern conception of art, in either the dramatic or the esthetic aspects, was clearly not given to the revivalists. They displayed more minuteness, a more vivid color, a larger scale of work and therefore a more competent workmanship, but always the same aims and the same elements. These they may have had, as compared with the Byzantines, simply as freer and more energetic men, and less respectful to tradition and prescription. And even this advance must be understood as revival rather than discovery, and as contrasted with contemporary Byzantine work, as the Florentines saw it in San Giovanni and elsewhere; but it was still only

comparative restoration, as we found in studying the Byzantines, especially in their mosaics.

That Cimabue was, more than his contemporaries, difficult with himself in his work, we may judge from the commentator of Dante, quoted by Vasari:

Cimabue of Florence was a painter of the time of the author [Dante], greater than men knew [before]; and, beside, was so arrogant and scornful that if any one pointed out any defect in his work, or if he himself saw it, he immediately threw it up, however valuable it might be.

We do not now attach the same meaning to "arrogant" and "scornful" that the commentator did; but that is only one of the changes which time has produced in our standards of men and qualities, and the epithet "greater" as here employed is probably due to the scale of his work. In judging of Cimabue's art and relative position we must not only make allowance for the material obscurity by time, which perhaps tells against him, but of that comparative recession, time's perspective, by which the newcomer pushes the elder into the background, as Dante even then put it:

Credette Cimabue nella pittura  
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,  
Sì che la fama di colui è oscura.

And this sometimes increases the grandeur of the remote and undefinable. Then he was the countryman of Dante and the master of Giotto, circumstances which unite with those I have noted to explain his exceptional position. As master of Giotto we have generally, I think, given him credit for Giotto's art, which is not justifiable; for Giotto was not a reviver — he was an inventor.

So that, taking all things into consideration, I believe that we are perfectly justified in considering Cimabue to have been overrated from his own day down; that he was simply the ablest painter of his day in Florence, and that his fortune in being the master of Giotto is his greatest claim to our gratitude.

Italian writers, from Vasari down, have tried so to detach him from the Byzantine system that he shall appear as the first great Italian painter; and they have held the field for want of advocates of the other view. Vasari says that the angels around Cimabue's Madonna showed that "while he had still the Greek manner, he approached in some respects the features and method of the modern"; and Richmond, in his Oxford lectures on the early Italian painters, says:

He [Cimabue] inherited from the Greek severity of design, a grand manner, notwithstanding occasional defects of proportion; the main point of his inheritance being the perfect understanding of the manner proper to wall decoration in mosaic, and directness in telling his story. Up to the time of Cimabue, mosaic

<sup>1</sup> Most of the detail of decoration at this time was done by a kind of stamp or punch, giving great decorative effect without any exercise of the artistic powers, and analogous to our modern ornament in cast iron.





MADONNA AND CHILD (CIMABUE?), IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS (ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI), FLORENCE.

had been chiefly used by the Greek artists in church decoration, and this art was by them perfectly understood, both as regards its requirements and its limitations. Cimabue added many graces to decorative art, but at the same time he clung to the proper maxims inculcated by Greek artists, which no time or alteration in the method of manner or production can change for the better.

Vasari knew perhaps less of Byzantine work than we now know, and besides this is, from his recklessness of statement and carelessness in accepting tradition without examination, no trustworthy witness, though the one on whom, unfortunately, most of our modern views of early art rest.

The Madonna of the Ruccellai Chapel is still one of the chief objects of pilgrimage of lovers of art who go to Italy; and it is still hanging, dingy, and veiled by the dust of centuries, in the unimposing, almost shabby, chapel of Santa Maria Novella, probably where Dante saw it, its panel scarred by nails which have been driven to put the *ex votos* on, split its whole length

by time's seasoning, and scaled in patches, the white *gesso* ground showing through the color—so obscured by time that one hardly can see that the Madonna's robe was the canonical blue, the sad mother's face looking out from under the hood, and the pathetic Christ-child blessing the adoring angel at the side. Like all the work of its time, it has a pathos which neither the greater power of modern art nor the enervate elaborateness of modern purism can ever attain. Something in it, by an inexplicable magnetism, tells of the profound devotion, the unhesitating worship, of the religious painter of that day; of faith and prayer, devotion and worship, forever gone out of art. And the aroma of centuries of prayer and trust still gives it, to me, a charm beyond that of art—the sacredness which lingers in the eyes which have looked into the sorrows and aspirations of the thousands of unhappy ones who in the past have laid their hearts before the Madonna of the Borgo Allegri.

W. J. Stillman.

#### NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE Madonna and Child No. 12, formerly 23, of the Belle Arti, Florence, there under the name of Cimabue, cannot be attributed to that master, as can be shown by comparison with his authenticated works. It was among the first that I did when I tumbled fresh into Florence, and as it hung in a pretty good light, sufficiently strong to admit of my engraving it before the original (which unfortunately is not the case with the fine works of Cimabue), I thought it might answer as an illustration of the master; but I was quickly undeceived in this when I showed my finished work to Mr. C. F. Murray, an artist skilled in the old masters, and who was then returned from London. So upon his suggestion I began the detail of the Cimabue of Santa Maria Novella, which of course I could not do before the original, since the chapel in which it is situated is too dark; so I managed it by means of careful notes. And as my quarters were right near the church, I had abundant opportunity to become thoroughly imbued with the original, finding out the particular hour of the day when the light was the best.

On comparing the Madonna No. 12 of the Belle Arti with this one in Santa Maria Novella, the first thing that strikes one is the grand and solemn character of the latter, which is an unfailing quality in all of Cimabue's undoubted works. Cimabue's drawing is always clean, delicate, and decided; his ornamentation, with the gold hatchings of the draperies and high lights, in the flat and conventional Byzantine manner. His fingers are long and the nails neatly drawn in: compare the hands of the two examples. In his faces the nostrils are always firmly and beautifully turned; and along the upper part of the bridge of the nose, where it joins the eyebrows, he makes a ridge of light,

sometimes on either side of the nose, and very marked at times. The same is characteristic of the Byzantines. Compare the ear of the Child of the Santa Maria Novella Madonna with the same in the Madonna No. 12 of the Belle Arti. Other marked differences will be noticed upon careful consideration. In Room III. of the Belle Arti, in the farthest and darkest corner, there is a large Madonna enthroned, by the same master, with angels surrounding it, and four prophets underneath. The fine, energetic, and imaginative quality of the angels' heads forms a good example of Cimabue's power.

FLORENCE, July 30, 1887.—It should be known that the best time for seeing the Cimabue here is between 5 and 6 P. M. of a sunny day in summer, and in winter an hour or so earlier. At that time the sun shines through the windows of the Strozzi Chapel, directly opposite, with such force as to light up the picture admirably, and only then can the fineness of its details be seen. Many visitors coming in the morning to see the picture quit the place summarily, disappointed, and declaring the place too dark for anything. This subject is situated in the Ruccellai Chapel of the Church of Santa Maria Novella. Entering the church from the piazza, you walk straight up towards the high altar, and on your right is the chapel, and the Cimabue facing you over the altar as you enter the chapel from the steps leading up to it. The shape of the picture is oblong, with a cornice-shaped top. In size it is 14¾ feet high from bottom to apex; upright sides, 11½ feet; width, 9¾ feet.

In a grand chair or throne, over the back of which is stretched a figured drapery, is seated the Madonna, with the infant Jesus on her knee, his arm outstretched in solemn attitude of benediction. Upon

each side of the chair kneel three angels in adoration, one over the other. The glories around the heads, and the background, are gold-gilded and ornamented, the ornamentation being engraved in the flat surface.

On the frame surrounding the whole of the picture are painted thirty medallions of heads of the prophets, apostles, and saints; each medallion being five inches in diameter, and at a distance of a foot apart. The whole is painted on wood, as is usual with all these early works, unless they are frescoes.

The delicacy and cleanness of the engraved work in the glories of these early works used to be a matter of surprise and wonderment to me, as I supposed they were engraved in the wood and then gilded over; and being curious as to how it was done, and with what sort of tools, I carefully examined every glory I came across, until I happened upon one from which the gilding was partly rubbed off, and it revealed a ground of plaster of Paris. In this material I found that it was quite easy to engrave, after the manner of these glories, with any dull-pointed steel instrument, held in the hand as a pencil; the solidity of lines close together, however, being dependent upon the angle with which the tool is held, giving a greater bevel to one side of the line. This kind of work is brought to its highest perfection in the glories of Fra Angelico, especially in that exquisite subject here in the Uffizi, the "Coronation of the Virgin," the gold background of which is engraved with fine lines radiating from the center, the gilded effect of which produces rays of light, movable according to the position of the spectator.

But to return to the Cimabue. Like all these early works it is painted in tempera upon wood, the surface of the wood being previously prepared with a thin ground of *gesso* or plaster of Paris. In technique it is precise and delicate, the details being worked out with the utmost care. In order thoroughly to appreciate the work it is necessary to get as near to it as possible, and this is done by asking any one of the guardians, who are always about, for permission to ascend the altar, which is readily granted. A set of portable steps is always kept in one corner of the chapel: you place the steps against the altar, and having ascended to it, you then lift the steps up after you; and having placed them securely upon the altar, you can ascend still farther. You are then in a position to inspect the detail of the drapery that is stretched upon the chair back of the Madonna. It must have been very beautiful when newly painted, for even now it is rich and full in variety of color and exquisite in finish, though softened by age and requiring a close inspection to discover its beauty. It hangs in folds, though all the patterns are drawn flatly, without respect to the modifications they would undergo in the foreshortening of the folds; the folds are merely painted over them. The Child's dress is illuminated in the Byzantine method of gold hatchings or

markings carried in the direction of the folds; the color of the garment is pinkish brown. The lighter undergarment is a grayish yellow, the flesh tints being deeper and more neutral than this latter color. The robe of the Madonna is a dark blue, edged with an ornamental border of gold. The chair is illuminated with markings of gold for the high lights on the many ornamental carvings, flowers, etc., and the feathers in the wings of the angels are all drawn in carefully, with these same gold markings upon a plain brownish ground, as delicate and clean as though done with a pen. The garments of the angels are of light, delicate hues of blue and pink, green and purple, purple and blue, and pink and green. They have gold ornamental bands on their shoulders, and the same through their hair, which is of a nut-brown color and hangs in curls and ringlets, but smooth over their foreheads, generally, with the exception, sometimes, of a few delicate ringlets, falling over. Their expression is sweet and serious; that of the Madonna is retiring, sad, and thoughtful; while the Child is grave beyond his years. The whole, no doubt, was painted in a very light key, for after six centuries of smoke and incense it is yet clear when looked into. It is a grand, impressive work of art, and whoever gives it a little attention must begin to feel its influence.

P. S. I might have added that the tints throughout are of the smoothest possible gradations, no brush-marks being visible unless they be of the faintest possible and most delicate pencilings, as though a small brush were used; and this is characteristic of all these early works.

FLORENCE, August 10, 1888.—For the Cimabue of Santa Maria Novella, see "History of Christian Art," by Lord Lindsay, Vol. I., p. 344, who says of it: "It has a character of its own, and, once seen, stands out from the crowd of madonnas, individual and distinct. The type is still the Byzantine, intellectualized perhaps, yet neither beautiful nor graceful; but there is a dignity and a majesty in her mien, and an expression of inward ponderings and sad anticipation rising from her heart to her eyes as they meet yours, which one cannot forget. The Child, too, blessing with his right hand, is full of the deity, and the first object in the picture, a propriety seldom lost sight of by the elder Christian painters." For the Cimabue No. 12, formerly 23, of the Belle Arti, see "History of Painting in Italy," by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Vol. I., p. 314, note. Also, as an aid to the critical study of the Italian painters, the work of Sig. Giovanni Morelli might be recommended with much profit to the student, viz.: "Italian Masters in German Galleries," translated from the German by Mrs. Louise M. Richter (London, George Bell & Sons). Also that of Marchese Visconti-Venosta: "Una Nuova Critica dell' Antica Pittura Italiana."

T. Cole.



## THE NEW REFORMATION.



**I**F novelty in thought is a disease, it is a contagious disease. Every phase of intellectual activity is afflicted with it. We have a New History, a New Education, a New Astronomy, a New Social Science, a New Political Economy, and a New Theology. Those Athenians who are always looking for some new thing must find in the present aspect of public thought a great deal to exhilarate them, and those quiet spirits who dread agitation and deprecate novelty must find abundant cause for apprehension. For myself I neither dread nor desire novelty; but I desire to understand both the old and the new. My object in this article is neither to condemn nor to commend the concurrent moods of thought of the present century, but to consider their origin and their significance, and thus to afford some data for coming to a just judgment respecting them.

The Lutheran Reformation was not merely a religious protest against ecclesiastical authority: it was a great intellectual awakening. Almost simultaneously with the protests against the Papal authority and the demand for an open Bible were the discovery of a Western continent and a quickened commerce, the invention of the printing-press and a revival and enlargement of literature, the birth of the scientific spirit and its application both to theoretical science and to the practical arts. Shakspeare and Cervantes, Gutenberg and Albert Dürer, Columbus and Copernicus, Loyola and Calvin, Xavier and Luther, were almost contemporaries. The first post-office, the first printing-press, the first telescope, the first spinning-wheel, were all nearly contemporaneous with the first open Bible and the first free religious speech. These are not accidents. In truth there are no accidents. The predominant principle of the Reformation—the right of private judgment—was more than a religious principle; certainly it had much more than a theological application. It was a revolt against authority. It threw humanity back upon its own resources. Rights are duties; and the duty of private judgment laid upon mankind the duty of original investigation and inquiry. This right had first to be taught to man, who is always reluctant to take up a new right if it impose a new duty. The opportunity to exercise it had to be won in many a hard battle. It in-

volved the wars in the Netherlands, the massacres in France, the civil wars in England. It cannot be said to be undisputed even now.

But by the beginning of the present century in all Protestant Europe, and even in most of Roman Catholic Europe, the right of man to think for himself had been established. It is still denied; it is still punished with ecclesiastical pains and penalties; but it no longer involves a hazard of life or limb. With the present century there began therefore a new era of intellectual activity—an era of individual and independent thinking. Authority was discarded; not religious authority only, but all authority over intellectual processes. The mind may be fettered or it may be free, but it cannot long be partly fettered and partly free. Freedom is indivisible; and the right to think in either science, politics, or religion carried with it necessarily the right to think in each of the other departments of thought. Liberty to investigate led to investigation. The Baconian philosophy was a natural and necessary production of the Lutheran Reformation; and a new science of life was the natural and necessary production of the Baconian philosophy. A fresh investigation was made into history. Records that had been unquestioned were subject to scrutiny. Niebuhr gave the world a new comprehension, not merely of Roman events, but of all ancient history. Stories that had passed current for generations were subjected to a free, not to say an irreverent, scrutiny. William Tell and King Canute were declared to be myths. Literature fared no better. Homer was abolished, and the Homeric ballads were attributed to an impersonal epoch by the same free spirit which denied the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and the apostolic authority of the Fourth Gospel. Shakspeare was reduced from the rank of a poet to that of an actor, and his plays were variously attributed to Bacon and to anonymous authors. Scientific theories which tradition had stamped as current coin in the intellectual realm were cast into the melting-pot for a new assay. Some radical errors were discovered; and each discovery made easier the work of the critic. Every hypothesis was subjected to suspicion. The whole body of scientific tradition was swept away by the same spirit which refused to own allegiance to ecclesiastical tradition. The scientific talmuds were put away on the shelf as antique curiosities; and the world began an independent and direct investigation of phe-



nomena, sometimes incited thereto by a spirit of iconoclastic egotism wholly unscientific, but in the main inspired by a noble curiosity—an appetite for the truth. Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood led to a new physiology; a new botany, a new astronomy, and a new biology followed. In the material sciences the text-books of ten years ago are already out of date.

The students of psychology were last to catch the new spirit of the age; but they were not and could not be impervious to it. Plato was for a while closed, though we are beginning to open him again; and the scholars, turning aside from a study of what other scholars had said about man, began to study man himself. Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe discovered the intimate relations of mind and brain, and developed a science of organology which, if it is somewhat crude and has sometimes been diverted to purposes of traveling charlatans, yet represents a profound truth which science is tardily beginning to recognize. Sir William Hamilton set an example of direct study of consciousness which modern psychology is carrying forward with valuable results. It would have been strange indeed if the reaction against the despotic authority of tradition had not produced some unhealthy contempt for it, and this doubtless was the case; but we are getting beyond this first stage of the new era, and the sober-minded thinkers in all departments agree in condemning nihilism as no better in science or religion than in politics, and in commending the aphorism of Mr. Gladstone, "No greater calamity can happen to a people than to break utterly with its past."

It would have been equally strange if the impulse to original investigation and independent judgment which was derived from the religious life had not in time affected the religious life; if, having learned in the school of conscience the right and duty of private judgment, mankind had made no attempt to exercise it in measuring the truth and value of religious tradition; if, renouncing authority in all other departments of intellectual life, it had bowed submissively to authority in matters of religious belief and moral action; if, in disowning the supremacy of scientific and political creeds, it had not also disowned the supremacy of theological creeds; nay, if in its reaction against them the same spirit of somewhat iconoclastic skepticism which had repudiated Homer should not also show itself in doubts concerning Moses. It was in the nature of things impossible that there should be a New Science, a New Politics, and a New Philosophy, and not also be a New Theology. The one is no more to be dreaded than the other; and the philosophic mind will be equally unready in

each instance to rush to the conclusion that it is wholly true or wholly false. I am not of course unaware of Macaulay's famous proposition that in theology there can be nothing new; but I believe it as little as I believe in his correlative proposition that in theology there can be nothing certain. In strictness of speech, no truth is new. It has always been as true as it is now that light is a wave and that the earth and planets move around the sun. But man's apprehension of truth is new, and his apprehension of moral and spiritual truth is quite as much affected by his spiritual development as his apprehension of intellectual truth is affected by his intellectual development. Only the agnostic can consistently deny the fact of theological progress. Even he who gives to the Bible a literal interpretation must yet perceive that man's ability to understand it will depend upon his spiritual conception. The scriptural declaration that God is love does not convey the same meaning to a bushman as to a Madame Guyon or a John Wesley.

At all events, as matter of historic fact, the same spirit of independent thought which set men to original investigation of the phenomena of vegetable, animal, social, and political life moved another class of thinkers to an independent investigation of the source of religious truth and life. And as Protestants regarded the Bible as one of the original sources,—if not the chief source,—the beginning of the present century witnessed in all Protestant Christendom the beginning of an original, systematic, and enthusiastic study of the Bible. It had been studied before, but never with the same spirit manifested in the same degree. It was now for the first time a study of independent investigation. Biblical criticism assumed a new significance and a new importance. The question of the authorship and composition of the books of the Bible, the object of the writers, the circumstances under which they wrote, the audiences to which they spoke, have been studied anew and with valuable results. The libraries of Europe and even the monasteries of the East have been ransacked for manuscripts, and the manuscripts themselves have been collated and compared with an enthusiasm and a painstaking far greater than that bestowed on any secular writers of equal antiquity. The writings have been subjected to a minute and even a microscopic critical examination, and a more comprehensive study of their general tenor has not been neglected. In the theological seminaries, at first in Germany, then in our own country, a new department of biblical theology has been established, and the departments of biblical exegesis and biblical theology are coming to hold a place equal with if not superior to that of systematic theology,

which had before dominated every seminary. New translations of the Scriptures have sprung up in every land; and these have proved themselves in England and America only forerunners of a new revision of the English version, undertaken by representatives of the entire Protestant church. Its scholarly qualities are indubitable, whatever objections to it may be made by a conservative spirit or a literary taste. A new class of commentators on the Scriptures have arisen, and a new class of commentaries have superseded their more polemical and less independent predecessors. Meyer in Germany, Godet in France, and Alford in England may not be abler as thinkers than Augustine, or Calvin, or even Clarke; but their spirit is radically different. They neither attempt to interpret Scripture in harmony with a preconceived theological system, nor even to deduce a theological system from Scripture — hardly to prove that it is self-consistent and harmonious. They simply endeavor to show the reader what the language of the sacred writers, properly interpreted, means, and leave him to educe his own system.<sup>1</sup> Finally the whole Protestant church in Europe and America agreed upon a systematic study of the Bible in the Sabbath-school in a series of pre-arranged lessons; and so wide is the interest in this course of Bible study that every religious newspaper and some secular papers print every week a commentary on the current lesson. These helps are naturally not always very scholarly, the study in the Sabbath-school is not always very thorough, and the selection of the lessons themselves is not above criticism; but the fact that several millions of children are simultaneously engaged in a weekly study of the Bible, and that this Bible study has very generally usurped the place allotted a hundred years ago, or even less, to the catechism, is significant of the movement of the century away from traditional authority towards independent investigation in theology as in all other sciences. More important than all is the concentrated attention which this study of the Church has directed towards the life and character of Christ. One has only to compare Fleetwood's "Life of Christ" with any one of those which are to be found upon any minister's bookshelves to perceive the difference in the theological spirit of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. The past half-century has

produced above a score of Lives of Christ.<sup>2</sup> Without concord of action they have appeared almost simultaneously in Germany, France, Holland, England, and America. They have been written by Jews, Rationalists, Liberal Christians, and strict Calvinists; they represent every attitude of mind — the coldly critical in Strauss, the rationalistic but reverent in Hooykaas, the dramatic and imaginative in Renan, the critically orthodox in Lange and Ebrard, the historical and scholarly in Geikie and Edersheim, the devout and popular in Hanna and Farrar. It thus appears, from a merely cursory survey of the history of religious thought since the beginning of the present century, that the entire Church has been engaged, to an extent never known before, and in a spirit never possible before, in a study of the Bible, and especially of the life of Christ. It has been engaged in by every school of thought and by every type of mind; by the rationalist and the orthodox, the critical and the devotional mind, the textual and the theological mind, the gray-haired professor and the infant-class. And all of every age and every school have been engaged, though doubtless in different degrees both of independence and earnestness, in an original investigation of the source of Christian truth and life, and with a purpose to ascertain for themselves from the original sources what are Christian truth and Christian life as interpreted by Christ and his immediate disciples.

Now it is impossible that such a study could have been pursued for over half a century and not give us something new in both theology and ethics. It is impossible that such an intellectual activity should exist and not produce some new and profound convictions, some new and clear apprehensions, and some new and crude notions which further study pursued in the same spirit will eventually correct. If half a century of study of the Bible, if especially half a century of study of the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, did nothing to give the Christian student a clearer vision, a wider horizon, and a larger faith, hope, and charity, we might well begin to doubt whether either the Bible was the book or Christ the person we had thought; whether they were not correct who tell us that the world has outgrown the teaching of the one and the example of the other. If I have read aright the signs of the times, what is called the New Theology is not, properly speaking, a theology at all; it is certainly not a New England notion nor a German importation. It is the spirit of original investigation, characteristic of the age, applied to the elucidation of the problems of religious thought and life; it is a desire for a clearer understanding of the Christianity of

<sup>1</sup> A striking illustration of this is offered by Dean Alford's frank declaration that there is no authority in the New Testament for the doctrine of apostolic succession. With this contrast Calvin's constant thrust at the papacy in his commentaries, which are as polemically Protestant as his Institutes.

<sup>2</sup> I count on my own shelves twenty-five separate Lives of Christ; and of course my collection is far from complete.

Jesus Christ, and a quest for it in the original sources of information. It is accompanied, as all such searchings are, by some strengthening of old convictions and some correction of old errors on the one hand, and on the other by some clearer apprehension of truths but dimly perceived before, and some crude and hasty conclusions which may be safely left to the test of time and further study. I shall not attempt to gather up the results of this half-century of study. To do so would be to frame indeed a "new theology"; and if that should ever be desirable, the time for it has not yet come. But I may indicate the direction in which and the path along which Christian thought seems to me to be traveling.

This has indeed been already partly indicated. Christian thought has broken with ecclesiastical authority; it has substituted therefor original research. To one who lives in the nineteenth century, imbibes its atmosphere, and shares its life, there is no alternative between not thinking at all and thinking under the conditions which the nineteenth century imposes. And the nineteenth century requires original work of all its students. The historian discards the traditions which centuries have accepted unquestioned, and ransacks the archives of old libraries for original documents; the political economist turns unsatisfied away from the dogmatism of Ricardo and asks life what are the actual conditions of industry; the geologist studies the rocks with his hammer in his hand; Wallace catches in his own nets the insects he will describe; the psychologist gathers from a wide field of observation the facts of consciousness. The theologian cannot live in such an age and not go direct to the two sources of Christian faith — the Bible and Christian experience — and interrogate them for himself.<sup>1</sup> The progress of the age is away from traditionalism towards the Scriptures, away from a scholastic towards a vital theology. This is not equivalent to saying that it is away from the beliefs embodied in the old creeds. It is one thing to doubt a statement and quite another thing to question its authority. The most pugnacious Protestant believes the more important statements contained in the Roman Catholic creed, but he denies totally the authority of the creed. The most radical Rationalist believes many of the fundamental principles of the Bible, but he denies that the Bible is an authority. For myself, I believe that the final result of the original research which characterizes the present age will be to confirm all the fundamental statements of belief contained in the ecumenical creeds of Christendom. But they will be believed, not because they are contained in those creeds, but

because they have been verified by a fresh and sometimes hostile investigation. At all events, a fresh and sometimes hostile investigation is a characteristic of the age. This spirit of investigation is what makes this an age of skepticism. But surely there is no kinship between the spirit which scoffs at all that is invisible and immaterial and the spirit which refuses to believe anything, visible or invisible, except upon trustworthy evidence and after thorough inquiry. The former is not characteristic of the age. It characterized the age of Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Paine; it does not characterize the age of Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. The age is emphatically serious, not scoffing. It questions seriously; it is not content to accept assertion for proof, tradition for investigation, dogma for faith. It investigates everything, and investigation presupposes doubts; but it doubts that it may investigate. It is true that every man cannot be an original investigator. We cannot all catch insects with Wallace, or study the rocks with Lyell, or search the libraries with Motley, or collate industrial statistics with Professor Ely. Nor can we all investigate either the history of Christian life in the Church or collate and compare the disclosure of Christian truth in the several books of the Bible. But in the nineteenth century the only men who speak with authority and exercise leadership are the men who have verified their conclusions by original research. We go to the student of industrial life for our political economy, to the student of the stars for our astronomy, to the student of original documents for our history, and to the student of the Bible and of spiritual experience for our theology. Is the pulpit losing its power? There are pulpits and pulpits. The pulpit which contents itself with repeating old dogmas on the authority of old creeds has lost its power, if indeed it ever had any. But the pulpits that get their knowledge of truth directly from the written word of God, and from that word which he is ever writing in the hearts and lives of men, never had so great a power as now. When men object to doctrinal preaching what they really object to is preaching founded on ecclesiastical authority. The most popular preachers of England and America to-day, from Maurice to Spurgeon in England and from Phillips Brooks to John Hall in America, are

1 To one who regards the Bible as itself a transcript of the highest spiritual life, recorded both as an inspiration to and a test of religious consciousness, these two sources will appear not to be, as they are sometimes regarded, inconsistent, nor even as they are often regarded, different; but really only different phases of the same original source of all theology and revelation — the inward, spiritual apprehension of the invisible and the divine.

essentially doctrinal preachers;<sup>1</sup> but they are not dogmatic preachers. They are vital; they speak with the authority of teachers whose knowledge of the truth is derived from the original sources by original study.

This tendency to an original investigation of Christianity has compelled the Church to a more careful and continuous study of the character and teachings of its Founder. The evidence of this in the multiplied Lives of Christ I have already adverted to; the results of it are radical changes in Christian thought. It must first be noted that, widely as students of that life differ in their psychology of Christ and in the degree of allegiance which they pay to his teachings, there is a substantial agreement among them that he correctly interpreted the moral laws which bind men together, and that he himself afforded by his life and character the best representative earth has ever possessed of the divine qualities in human action. Voltaire's motive was, *Ecrases l'infame* ("Crush the monster"). Whether the monster was Jesus Christ, or Christianity, or the Roman Catholic Church, has been matter of dispute among his commentators. The truth is, he did not clearly discriminate between the three himself. Contrast this motive of the infidelity of the last century with the following eulogy with which the Dutch Rationalist Hooykaas concludes his "Life of Jesus":

Rest sweetly from thy toilsome work, thou noble benefactor, deliverer of mankind, great Son of God! Thy triumph is secure. Thy name shall be borne on the breath of the winds through all the world; and with that name no thought except of goodness, nobleness, and love shall link itself in the bosoms of thy brothers who have learned to know thee and what thou art. Thy name shall be the symbol of salvation to the weak and wandering, of restoration to the fallen and the guilty, of hope to all who sink in comfortless despair. Thy name shall be the mighty cry of progress in freedom, in truth, in purity — the living symbol of the dignity of man, the epitome of all that is noble, lofty, and holy upon earth. To thy name shall be inseparably bound that ideal of humanity which thou didst bring into the world, and which can never be rejected from it more. Thy life was short, yet in it thou didst more than any one of all thy brethren to uplift the lives and souls of men. And now that thou art dead, it shall be seen that they for whom thou didst give thyself up to the very death are not ungrateful. From thy cross goes forth a power which is slowly but surely regenerating the world. Thy spirit, which remains behind, shall fulfill thy task. The future is thine own. Thou great deliverer, thou monarch in

the realm of truth, of love, of peace, we do thee homage!

This contrast sufficiently indicates the change which has been wrought in what may be called the unbelieving world in the last one hundred years. The change in the Christian church is certainly not so startling; but it is important and significant, and the end is not yet.

Since the days of Augustine the Christian church has possessed no nobler hero than John Calvin; and since the days of Paul no member of that church has rendered it a greater service. The world had become atheistic. It still revered God's name, but it did not bow to his authority. Atheism, as Professor Seeley has well shown, is the philosophy of a supreme egotism. In it man says, I am God, and there is none else. Europe was not philosophically atheistic in the sixteenth century; but it was practically egotistic. Humanity owed its supreme allegiance to the king on his throne and to the pope in his chair. It knew no higher authority and acknowledged none. Then it was that John Calvin, following the more pugnacious reformer who had prepared the way for him, arose with his doctrine of Divine sovereignty. There is, he said, no king but one; no father but one: He alone is the universal King, the All-Father. Kings and hierarchies do but play at law-making; He is the only lawgiver. Crowns and thrones and chairs are but toys; He is the only crowned and enthroned and sceptered *One*. From Him all authority comes; in Him all authority centers; to Him all allegiance is due; His will is the final, ultimate, absolute fact in the universe. It cannot be questioned; and from it there is no appeal and no escape. This is Calvinism — the doctrine of Divine sovereignty: to be read in the light of the age against whose dormant anarchy, awakening later in the French Revolution, it was a solemn protest. Nor can we say even now, in the United States of America, with its shallow doctrine of popular sovereignty, its cry of *Vox populi, vox dei*, its egotism of democracy, its dead sea fruit of anarchic socialism, that there is no need to listen to and heed this protest of a solemn voice reaffirming the sublime doctrine of the ancient Hebrew prophets and itself reaffirmed by the least religiously minded of modern historians — J. A. Froude.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A most cursory examination of the published volumes of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons will show that he is preëminently a preacher of theology. This is equally true of Channing, Lyman Beecher, Finney, Bishop Simpson, the elder Tyng; in short, of all the more popular of American preachers of the last half-century.

<sup>2</sup> "A king or a parliament enacts a law, and we imagine we are creating some new regulation to encounter unprecedented circumstances. The law itself which is

applied to these circumstances was enacted from eternity. It has its existence independent of us, and will enforce itself either to reward or punish, as the attitude which we assume towards it is wise or unwise. Our human laws are but copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws so far as we can read them, and either succeed and promote our welfare, or fail and bring confusion and disaster, according as the legislator's insight has detected the true principle, or has been distorted by ignorance or selfishness."



But sovereignty without love is an awful despotism; and the sovereignty of even John Calvin's Calvinism was a sovereignty not of love but of power—of power hardly even tempered by love. The world is a dull pupil. It never learns more than one lesson at a time. It could not learn at once even Matthew Arnold's simple proposition that there is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. It had first to learn that there is a power not ourselves. That lesson learned, it was prepared to go on and learn that this power makes for righteousness—not only is righteous, but makes for righteousness; a missionary power, working ever through the ages that it may conform all moral life to its own moral perfection. Fifty years' study of the life of Christ has brought this truth to the consciousness of the Christian church. Not that it is a new revelation. Not that it is a peculiar production of any new theology, or even of any Protestant theology. It can be found in the writings of theologians of every age and of every school. Nowhere is it expressed with profounder faith than in the letters of the Roman Catholic Madame Guyon and in the hymns of the hyper-Calvinistic Toplady. But it was not the heart of Christian theology, nor wrought into the life of the Christian church. It will not be questioned that Jonathan Edwards was the most characteristic preacher of the Calvinistic school in New England in the eighteenth century. It is impossible to reconcile his famous sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" with the belief now wrought into the consciousness of the Christian church that God was in Christ and that Christ is the manifestation of God. "The God," said the Puritan preacher, "that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times as abominable in his eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours." This was the old theology of New England in the eighteenth century. No minister could utter such sentiments in any pulpit in New England to-day and retain his pastorate. No theologian can reconcile them with that faith in the love, and patience, and longsuffering of God which half a century of study of the life and teachings of Christ has wrought into the life of the Church. To the doctrine of Divine sovereignty we are adding, if we have not already added, the doctrine of Divine love. The Church accepts Jesus Christ not as a manifestation of a particular attribute of God, nor his life and death as part of a special plan to re-

strain from wrath a God whose anger endureth forever; but as a revelation of the longsuffering love of the universal Father, whose loving-kindnesses and tender mercies are over all his works. "The fatherhood of God" has taken the place occupied half a century ago by the "moral government of God." A good old deacon in the church of my boyhood always used to address God in prayer as "Indulgent Parent." He was wholly innocent of new theology; but all new theology was in that phrase.

What changes are likely to be worked in theological theories by this habit of original investigation into the source of Christian life and this more Christian conception of God as the Father of whom every fatherhood in earth is named, I shall not attempt in this paper to indicate; partly because it would lead me into what is just now a hotly contested field, partly because the time is not yet ripe for anything more than a tentative and doubtful statement, but chiefly because I have reserved these few closing paragraphs for a suggestion of certain practical and spiritual results in the life of the Church which the new Reformation has already produced and is certain to produce more and more in the immediate future.

The present century opened with very little of either religious light or warmth in the Puritan churches of England and America. Aggressive piety was almost confined to the Methodists, who had not yet lost the enthusiasm of their first great love and their first miraculous successes. The philosophy of Locke was the dominant philosophy in England, and was preparing the public mind for the materialism of Maudsley, the agnosticism of Herbert Spencer, and the utilitarianism of Bentham and of Mill.

In the Church of England worship was a dull routine, and preaching a prosaic essay-reading; in the Puritan churches faith was a cold intellectualism, and preaching an exposition of profound metaphysics. The orthodox definition of faith made it synonymous with belief; the orthodox definition of virtue made it synonymous with happiness. Mental philosophy ignored the spiritual element in man; moral philosophy ignored the virtues of self-denial and suffering love. The worship of a God who was only a moral governor developed a stalwart but a rigorous and exacting conscience; the worship of a God who existed for his own glory did nothing to develop a spirit of serving and self-sacrificing love in the worshiper. Luther himself had declared that man lost his freedom by the Fall, and that God had in his secret counsels reserved certain of his children to inevitable reprobation. Calvin, with less tender sympa-

thies and more remorseless logic, had dragged these counsels out from the secret places where Luther left them in hiding and had blazoned them through Europe. The Methodist revolt against fatalism as inconsistent with Scripture and with human consciousness had only intensified Puritan belief in the dangerous dogmas of unconditional decrees and reprobation. This fatalism, borrowed of the Old Reformation, with its ennobling but easily perverted doctrine of Divine sovereignty, had quickened unbelief and deadened piety. There were no revivals—the churches did not believe in them. The minister was a winnowing whose gospel was a fan in his hands, with which he selected the eternally chosen grains of wheat while the unalterable chaff was swept away into unquenchable fire. There was no missionary activity at home or abroad. When Dr. Dwight began his famous series of sermons at Yale College, it is said that there were two Thomas Paine societies in the college and but two professing Christians. Slavery was interpreted as a prolongation of the curse of God on the descendants of Canaan, and the drugged conscience of the North gave but feeble answer to the faithful preaching of Dr. Hopkins against it. The practical results of the New Reformation are to be seen in four great contemporaneous and concurrent tendencies, all easily traceable in the history of the present century.

*First.* In the Oxford movement in England a few earnest men, making quest for that life which the popular philosophy of the day either quietly ignored or dogmatically denied, turned their faces backward, and sought by reviving the mystical doctrines and the elaborate ritual of the half-pagan churches of the early ages to revive the life which had animated both. Under the leadership of such devout souls as the poet Keble and the prophet Newman archaeology in religion enjoyed a revival the fruits of which are still to be seen in a revived Anglo-Romanism, an imitative ritualism, and a vigorous and vital work of Christian beneficence among the poor and the outcast. Simultaneously began, though without organism or acknowledged leaders, the Broad Church movement, in which men equally dissatisfied with the superficial philosophy of the age sought for spiritual truth by looking within for a witness of it; a movement whose prophets—Erskine, Maurice, the Hares, Arnold, Robertson, Kingsley, and Stanley—have made their voices heard across the Atlantic, where the spiritual song they sang has been caught up and sung by such poet-prophets as our own Munger, Mulford, Brooks, and a score of others. In the United States, in the death of Emmons, in 1840, there died the last repre-

sentative of the old school of New England preachers—the purely logical.

A new school is taking its place—the intuitional. That man is a reasonable creature; that the reason is the supreme and divine faculty; that his reason is to be convinced by the truth; that when his reason is convinced his will must obey; that when this result is reached he is a converted being—this was the philosophy which, sometimes avowed, sometimes unrecognized, underlay the preaching of the old school. The whole fabric of the religious life was built by logical processes, with doctrine, on the human reason. But all men are not logical; and all men do not obey the truth, even when it is made clear to their logical understanding. The office of logic is to criticise rather than to enforce, and to enforce rather than to reveal. Spiritual truth is not mined by picks and beaten out by hammers. It is in the heavens, not buried in the earth; to be seen, not mined. It is within, not without; not to be arrived at by slow processes of deduction, but to be apprehended and appreciated upon a mere presentation of it. This far-reaching truth was spoken outside the Church, in England by a Carlyle and in America by an Emerson; its spiritual prophet in the Puritan churches of New England was Horace Bushnell. Misapprehended by his critics, more sadly misapprehended by his disciples, they have too often constructed out of his visions, like those of an ancient Hebrew prophet, dogmas sometimes narrower and shallower than those which aroused his fiery indignation; and in the place of the Dagon which he cast down have put up a doll perhaps less hideous but certainly less venerable. That truth is immediately and directly seen by the soul; that God is no best hypothesis to account for the phenomena of creation, but the soul's best friend, its Father, its intimate personal companion; that inspiration is no remote phenomenon, once attested by miracles, now forever silenced in the grave of a dead God, but the universal and eternal fact of communion between a living God and living souls; that the forgiveness of sins is infinitely more than any theory of atonement, and that no theory of atonement can comprehend the full meaning of forgiveness of sins—these were not the theories of a philosopher; they were the realities, the vital convictions, the personal experiences of the saint, whose sainthood must be in the heart of the critic before he can criticise and in the heart of the disciple before he can comprehend.

*Second.* In our spiritual faith we are one; in our intellectual definitions and our esthetic expressions there are as many variations as varieties of education and of temperament.

As, therefore, the Christian character has progressed towards a clearer conception of the spiritual truth, which creeds imperfectly define and rituals imperfectly express, they have progressed first towards a larger toleration, then towards a wider sympathy, and finally towards a clearer apprehension that all sectarian differences are superficial and all Christian unity is radical and essential. Towards the close of the eighteenth century a Scotch stone-mason was excommunicated by a Presbyterian church for helping to build an Episcopal church; the Presbyterians justified their act by the Old Testament denunciation of those who built altars to pagan gods in the high places. About the same time a devout Presbyterian woman in Pennsylvania refused one stormy night to give shelter under her roof to the godly Alexander Campbell, the founder of the denomination which popularly bears his name, and thought that she did God service because John had told his readers not to receive into their houses or bid God-speed to those who were transgressors of the law and teaching of Christ. These are typical facts. The older readers of these pages will easily remember when polemically denominational sermons were the rule rather than the exception, and each church appeared to be more anxious to fight the church over the way than to join it in fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil. This era of internecine, sectarian warfare has passed away forever, under the influence of the New Reformation with its study of Christian consciousness, of the Bible, and, above all, of the life and teachings of Christ. The Evangelical Alliance was organized in 1845 to give expression to the common faith and spirit of Protestant Christianity. The Young Men's Christian Association, formed to unite all believers in Christ in a common work for him, grew up almost spontaneously from a mustard seed planted in London in 1844. An undenominational religious press has sprung up both in Great Britain and the United States within little if any more than a quarter of a century, with a wide and widening constituency in all denominations. Religious teaching, Christian but unsectarian, is to be found in increasing quantity and improving quality in every form of literature, periodical and permanent. The great dailies, which quarter of a century ago rarely printed a sermon, now publish every Monday morning extracts or full reports of sermons with an absolutely unsectarian impartiality. Protestant Christianity is still divided into sects, and the sectarian organizations appear as strong if not as sectarian as ever; but the movement towards interdenominational comity, if not ecclesiastical union, grows stronger every year. The Pan-Presby-

terian Assembly gives promise of a not remote union of all Presbyterian churches in some federal if not organic body. The Congregationalists and Free Baptists are discussing union. The Episcopal church has, in its Triennial Convention and by official utterance, indicated its desire for a united Protestantism, and suggested a doctrinal and hierarchical basis. Whether that basis is broad enough to be practical, I do not need here to consider; the spirit of the age and of the Church is indicated by such a proposition. Sectarian preaching is rare, controversially sectarian preaching is still rarer. The reader may go into any church in any town of the United States on any Sunday morning, and the probability is that he cannot tell the denomination from the contents of the sermon; he may from the manner of the preacher or the conduct of the services, but not from the truths uttered in the public discourse. Under the inspiration of the New Reformation the church of Christ is already one, and is beginning to discern, though only dimly as yet, and to express, though only timidly and with reserve, its spiritual unity.

*Third.* Simultaneously with this growth in spirituality and unity has come a growth in practical activity, in what is termed, with not altogether felicitous phrase, "aggressive piety." Nearly all the great missionary movements of the present day in the American churches were undertaken since the beginning of the present century. The American Board of Foreign Missions, the mother of American missionary activity, is a little over three-quarters of a century old. In England the Established Church organized a Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts as early as 1701, but it was in its earlier history merely a church extension society for work in the colonies of Great Britain, not a truly foreign missionary society. The work of missions in foreign lands, despite some prophetic and sporadic attempts, began substantially with the beginning of the present century.

The missionary movement is not a merely philanthropic movement; it does not derive its power from a mere sentiment of pity for men and of fear for their future. Its inspiration is in a spiritual sense of what it is for a child of God to live in ignorance of his Father and in isolation from him, and in the hopefulness caught from faith in and communion with a God whose faith in the possibilities of man and whose hope for and love towards him are infinite and inexhaustible. As the Church has studied the life and character of Christ it has caught his spirit, it has imbibed his life and followed his example. Whatever may be thought of this explanation, there can be no doubt of the historical fact that the movement

towards the disavowal of ecclesiastical authority, an original and independent study of the Scriptures and of Christian experience, a direct, spiritual appreciation of truth as spiritually discerned, and a unity of the Church in the essentials of faith, hope, and charity has been contemporaneous with, or possibly a little antecedent to, that vital and vigorous missionary movement at home and abroad which is characteristic of the life of the Church in this latter half of the nineteenth century.

*Fourth.* Equally characteristic of this age is the practical application of the precepts of Christ to the moral and social problems of life; and in my judgment this characteristic is due to the same causes. Certainly the conscience of the American people, I should rather say of the Anglo-Saxon people, never has been so sensitive and never so resolute in dealing with practical life. If the most trustworthy expressions of religious feeling are those uttered in devotional meetings, private journals, and religious biography, it is quite possible that what the theologians call "conviction of sin" was more poignant in the last century than in this; but if the most trustworthy expressions of religious feeling are those embodied in life, the sense of sin and the purpose of reformation have been far more effectively expressed in this century than in the last. Then millions of slaves were held in bondage in America, and other millions under the British flag in its colonies, with only a feeble and wholly ineffective protest. Drunkenness did not lead to social disrepute either in Old or in New England. Churches paid for drinks on occasions of dedications and ordinations, and the minister's sideboard took on the aspect of a public bar.<sup>1</sup> The conscience of England abolished slavery in all English dominions in 1833; that of the United States, moving more slowly and having a more onerous task, accomplished its work thirty years later and at an awful cost. But the task was accomplished. Almost on the very spot where in the first half of this century a Northern missionary was publicly whipped on the bare back, not for circulating antislavery tracts, but for having one in his possession, now stand the buildings of the Fisk University, dedicated to the education of the emancipated negro. If drinking has not been diminished,—upon that question social statisticians are not agreed,—drunkenness certainly has decreased, both in England and in the United States; and the conscience of the people, awakened to the

enormity of a social crime which costs more in both men and money than either war or pestilence, is seeking to find a way to bring the destruction of this enemy to a perpetual end. It has not yet found the way; but it has found, or is fast finding, the will. And where there is a will there is a way.

In 1850 the American Congress organized the polygamous Mormons into a Territory of the United States, and President Fillmore appointed the chief polygamist of them all governor of the Territory. In 1887 the House of Representatives, without a division or a roll-call, passed a law declaring polygamy a felony and disfranchising any one who practiced it. Without entering upon either the question of Irish home rule or of American socialism, it is safe to say that both movements derive all their strength from a public sense of justice. That the English movement in favor of granting Irish home rule is inspired, not by political selfishness, cupidity, lust of power, or other basilar motives, but by a high sense of righteousness, will hardly be denied even by its opponents; and that whenever the English people have determined what is the true measure of righteousness they will grant whatever it demands will hardly be doubted by any student of current English history. Between the good and the evil in modern socialism it is more difficult to discriminate. A movement which involves principles so divergent and even antagonistic as those of the Christian socialists of England on the one hand, represented by such prophets of a nobler social life as Maurice and Hughes, and those of the Anarchists on the other, represented by such extravagants as Élisée Reclus and Prince Krapotkin, cannot be justly characterized in a single paragraph. Yet the candid student of our national life, who measures currents, not by the driftwood they carry on their surface but by the direction which they take, will hardly question James Russell Lowell's interpretation of the phenomenon of modern socialism: "Socialism means, or wishes to mean, coöperation and community of interests, sympathy; the giving to the hands, not so large a share as to the brain, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce; means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction."

In short, the New Reformation in bringing into theology as central the Fatherhood of God

<sup>1</sup> "When the Consociation arrived, they always took something to drink round; also before public services, and always on their return. As they could not all drink at once, they were obliged to stand and wait as people do when they go to mill. There was a decanter of spirits also on the dinner table to help digestion, and gentlemen partook of it through the afternoon and

evening as they felt the need—some more, some less; and the sideboard, with the spillings of water and sugar and liquor, looked and smelled like the bar of a very active grog-shop. None of the Consociation were drunk; but that there was not, at times, a considerable amount of exhilaration I cannot affirm." [Lyman Beecher's Autobiography, Vol. I., p. 245.]

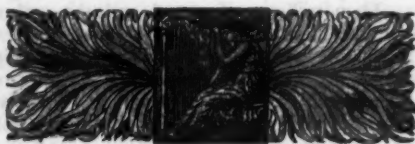


is bringing into political economy the Brotherhood of Man. A new theology and a new sociology go hand in hand. Their advocates and interpreters are the same. The same causes have produced them, they represent the same intellectual and spiritual aspirations, and they are marred by similar errors, extravagances, and destructive criticisms.

The reader will perhaps permit me, in bringing this paper to a close, to sum up in a sentence its conclusions. The Protestant Reformation, denying all human authority over beliefs, and confining such authority to the sphere of human and mainly of social action, threw humanity back upon itself and drove it to an independent investigation of the sources of Christian faith. These sources are Christian experience in the history of the Church, and the Bible, especially the life and teachings of Christ. The result was inevitable—a disavowal of all ecclesiastical authority in matters of opinion, often mistaken for skepticism, and a disavowal of all beliefs founded on such authority, often mistaken for infidelity. But its result was also a clearer spiritual vision of spiritual truth; that is, a clearer faith, a stronger and more hope-

ful purpose of propagating and diffusing that faith, and an application of faith's teachings, both more practical and more earnest, to the actual problems of human life. This movement thus interpreted is neither temporary nor local; it is a part of the great historic movement of the human race under the inspiring influence of the Christian revelation. It is not free from those hasty hypotheses and crude generalities which characterize all human thought. But it is a progress towards a clearer light and a diviner life; one to be thankful for, not to be regretted; to be aided by the Christian clergy, not restrained; guided, not repressed. If any one who has kindly read this paper through to its end is inclined to lay it down with a smile, saying its author is an optimist, I shall not dispute him. Believing in the inspiration of him who is the greatest optimist of history, except our Divine Master, and who wrote, "Now abideth these three: faith, hope, and charity," I trust that so long as my faith in God and my charity to my fellow-men abide, there may abide with them a joyful hope in a glorious future for the human race.

*Lyman Abbott.*



### FREDERICK III.

**T**HERE fell a king. Not king alone in blood,  
Nor royal throne, by right of which he reigned,  
But by the royalty of soul unstained,  
And heart that beat but for his people's good.

A warrior, yet beyond the battlefield  
The larger victories of peace he saw:  
His life a pledge to freedom, progress, law,  
Most patient suffering divinely sealed.

There fell a king. Nay, there a king arose.  
Stars do not set in night, though night goes down;  
Steadfast they gleam in heaven's eternal crown,  
Though days in nights, and nights in days may close.

"Lord of himself,"—that greatest conqueror,—  
No nobler form in all his noble house.  
Dead, the imperial crown still sits his brows,  
And past the grave he still is emperor.

*Ina D. Coolbrith.*

## THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.

PREFACE BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.



HE exploit which forms the basis of the following story is one of the most notable feats of arms in American annals, and it is as real as it is romantic.

The chief personages of the tale — except, always, the heroine — were actual men and women two and a quarter centuries ago, and Adam Dollard was no whit less a hero than he is represented by the writer, though it is true that as regards his position, his past career, and, above all, his love affairs, romance supplies some information which history denies us. The brave Huron Annahotaha also is historical. Even Jouaneaux, the servant of the hospital nuns, was once a living man, whose curious story is faithfully set forth; and Sisters Brésolles, Macé, and Maillet were genuine Sisters of the old Hôtel-Dieu at Montreal, with traits much like those assigned to them in the story.

The author is a pioneer in what may be called a new departure in American fiction. Fenimore Cooper, in his fresh and manly way, sometimes touches Canadian subjects and introduces us to French soldiers and bush-rangers; but he knew Canada only from the outside, having no means of making its acquaintance from within, and it is only from within that its quality as material for romance can be appreciated. The hard and practical features of English colonization seem to frown down every excursion of fancy as pitilessly as puritanism itself did in its day. A feudal society, on the other hand, with its contrasted lights and shadows, its rivalries and passions, is the natural theme of romance; and when to lord and vassal is joined a dominant hierarchy with its patient martyrs and its spiritual despots, side by side with savage chiefs and warriors jostling the representatives of the most gorgeous civilization of modern times,—the whole strange scene set in an environment of primeval forests,—the spectacle is as striking as it is unique.

The realism of our time has its place and function; but an eternal analysis of the familiar and commonplace is cloying after a while, and one turns with relief and refreshment to such fare as that set before us in Mrs. Catherwood's animated story.

*Francis Parkman.*

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.



HE province of Canada, or New France, under the reign of Louis XIV., presented the same panorama of lakes, mountains, rivers, rapids, that it does to-day; but it was then a background for heroes, and the French population which has become concentrated in the larger province of Quebec was then thinly dripped along the river borders. Such figures as Samuel de Champlain, the Chevalier La Salle, impetuous Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac, are seen against that dim past; and the names of men who lived, fought, and suffered for that province are stamped on streams, lakes, streets, and towns.

All localities have their romance, their unseen or possible life, which is hinted to the maker of stories alone. But Canada is teeming with such suggestions — its picturesque French dwellers in remote valleys are to-day a hundred or two hundred years behind the rush of the age.

Adam Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux, stands distinct against the background of two centuries and a quarter ago. His name and the names of his companions may yet be seen on the parish register of Villemarie — so its founders called Montreal. His exploit and its success are matters of history, as well authenticated as any event of our late civil war. While the story of Thermopylæ continues to be loved by men, the story of Dollard cannot die. It is that picture of stalwart heroism which all nations admire. It is the possible greatness of man — set in this instance in blue Canadian distances, with the somber and everlasting Laurentines for its witnesses. The phase is medieval, is clothed in the garb of religious chivalry; but the spirit is a part of the universal man.

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

## THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.\*

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

### I.

#### A SHIP FROM FRANCE.



IN April of the year 1660, on a morning when no rain drizzled above the humid rock of Quebec, two young men walked along the single street by the river. The houses of this Lower Town were a row of small buildings with stone gables, their cedar-shingled roofs curving upward at the eaves in Norman fashion. High in north air swelled the mighty natural fortress of rock, feebly crowned by the little fort of St. Louis displaying the lilies of France. Farther away the cathedral set its cross against the sky. And where now a tangle of streets, bisected by the city wall, climb steeply from Lower to Upper Town, then a rough path straggled.

The St. Lawrence, blue with Atlantic tide-water, spread like a sea betwixt its north shore and the high palisades of Port Levi on the opposite bank. Sail-boats and skiffs were ranged in a row at the water's edge. And where now the steamers of all nations may be seen resting at anchor, on that day one solitary ship from France discharged her cargo and was viewed with lingering interest by every colonist in Quebec. She had arrived the previous day, the first vessel of spring, and bore marks of rough weather during her voyage.

Even merchants' wives had gathered from their shops in Lower Town, and stood near the river's edge, watching the ship unload, their hands rolled in their aprons and their square head-covers flaring in the wind.

"How many did she bring over this time?" cried a woman to her neighbor in the teeth of the breeze.

"A hundred and fifty, my husband told me," the neighbor replied in the same nipped and provincialized French. And she produced one hand from her apron to bridge it over her eyes that she might more unreservedly absorb the ship. "Ah, to think these cables held her to French soil but two months ago! Whenever I hear the Iroquois are about Montreal or St. Anne's, my heart leaps out of my breast towards France."

"It is better here for us," returned the other, "who are common people. So another

demoiselle was shipped with this load. The king is our father. But look you! even daughters of the nobles are glad to come to New France."

"And have you heard," the second exclaimed, "that she is of the house of Laval-Montmorency and cousin of the vicar-apostolic?"

"The cousin of our holy bishop? Then she comes to found some sisterhood for the comfort of Quebec. And that will be a thorn to Montreal."

"No, she comes to be the bride of the governor-general. We shall soon see her the Vicomtesse d'Argenson, spreading her pretintailles as she goes in to mass. Well would I like a look through her caskets at new court fashions. These Laval-Montmorencys are princes in France. *V'là, soldiers!*" the woman exclaimed, with that facile play of gesture which seems to expand all Canadian speech, as she indicated the two men from Montreal.

"Yes, every seigniory will be sending out its men to the wife market. If I could not marry without traveling three thousand miles for a husband, and then going to live with him in one of the river côtes, I would be a nun."

"Still, there must be wives for all these bachelors," the other woman argued. "And his Majesty bears the expense. The poor sea-sick girls, they looked so glad to come ashore!"

These chatting voices, blown by the east wind, dropped disjointed words on the passers' ears, but the passers were themselves busy in talk.

Both were young men, but the younger was evidently his elder's feudal master. He was muscular and tall, with hazel eyes, and dark hair which clustered. His high features were cut in clear, sharp lines. He had the enthusiast's front, a face full of action, fire, and vision-seeing. He wore the dress of a French officer and carried his sword by his side.

"I think we have come in good time, Jacques," he said to his man, who stumped stolidly along at his left hand.

Jacques was a faithful-looking fellow, short and strong, with stiff black hair and somber black eyes. His lower garments looked homespun, the breeches clasping a huge coarse stocking at the knee, while remnants of military glory clothed his upper person. Jacques was plainly

\*Copyright, 1888, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. All rights reserved.

a soldier settler, and if his spear had not become a pruning-hook it was because he had Indians yet to fight. His hereditary lord in France, his late commander and his present seignior under whom he held his grant of land, was walking with him up the rock of Quebec.

This Jacques was not the roaring, noisy type of soldier who usually came in droves to be married when Louis' ship-load of girls arrived. Besides, the painstaking creature had now a weight upon his soul. He answered:

"Yes, m'sieur. She will hardly be anchored twenty-four hours."

"In four hours we must turn our backs on Quebec with your new wife aboard, and with the stream against us this time."

"Yes, m'sieur. But if none of them will have me, or they all turn out unfit?"

His seignior laughed.

"From a hundred and fifty sizes, colors, and dispositions you can surely pick yourself one mate, my man."

"But the honesty of them," demurred Jacques, "and their obedience after you are at the trouble of getting them home; though girls from Rouen were always good girls. I have not made this long voyage to pick a Rouen wife, to go back again empty of hand. M'sieur, it is certainly your affair as much as mine; and if you see me open my mouth to gaze at a rouged woman who will eat up our provender and bring us no profit, give me a punch with your scabbard. What I want is a good hearty peasant girl from Rouen, who can milk, and hoe, and cut hay, and help grind in the mill, and wait on Mademoiselle de Granville without taking fright."

"And one whom I can bless as my joint heir with you, my Jacques," said the young commandant, turning a pleasant face over his subaltern. "Ultimately you will be my heirs, when Renée is done with St. Bernard and the other islands of the seignior. Therefore — yes — I want a very good girl indeed, from Rouen, to perpetuate a line of my father's peasantry on Adam Dollard's estate in New France."

"Yes, m'sieur," responded Jacques dejectedly as he plodded upward.

It grieved him that a light leg and a high bright face like Dollard's were sworn to certain destruction. His pride in the house of Des Ormeaux was great, but his love for the last male of its line was greater. This Adam Daulac, popularly called Dollard, was too mighty a spirit for him to wrestle with; so all his dissent was silent. When he recalled the cavalier's gay beginning in France, he could not join it to the serious purpose of the same man in New France.

Jacques climbed with his face towards the ground, but Dollard gazed over the St. Law-

rence's upper flood where misty headlands were touched with spring grayness. The river, like an elongated sea, wound out of distances. There had been an early thaw that year, and no drowned fragments of ice toppled about in the current.

So vast a reach of sight was like the beginning of one of St. John's visions.

## II.

## LAVAL.

THE convent of the Ursulines had received and infolded the lambs sent out by Louis XIV. to help stock his wilderness. This convent, though substantially built of stone, was too small for all the purposes of the importation, and a larger structure, not far from it, had been prepared as a bazar in which to sort and arrange the ship-load.

The good nuns, while they waited on their crowd of miscellaneous guests, took no notice of that profane building; and only their superior, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, accompanied and marshaled future brides to the marriage market.

Squads began to cross the court soon after matins. The girls were rested by one night's sleep upon land, the balsam odor of pines, and the clear air on Quebec heights. They must begin taking husbands at once. The spring sowing was near. Time and the chemistry of nature wait on no woman's caprices. And in general there was little coyness among these girls. They had come to New France to settle themselves and naturally wished to make a good bargain of it. Some faces wore the stamp of vice, but these were the exceptions. A stolid herd of peasantry, varying in shape and complexion but little, were there to mother posterity in Canada. Some delicate outlines and auburn tresses offset the monotony of somber black eyes and stout waists. Clucking all the way across the court her gentle instructions and repressions, Mother Mary led squad after squad.

There were hilarious girls, girls staring with large interest at the oddities of this new world while they remarked in provincial French, and girls folding their hands about their crucifixes and looking down. The coquettish had arrayed themselves coquettishly, and the sober had folded their shoulder-collars quite high about their throats.

"But," dropped Mother Mary into the ear of Madame Bourdon, who stood at the mouth of the matrimonial pen, receiving and placing each squad, "these are mixed goods!" To which frolicsome remark from a strict devotee Madame Bourdon replied with assenting shrug.



The minds of both, however, quite separated the goods on display from one item of the cargo then standing in the convent parlor before the real bishop of Canada. This item was a slim young girl, very high-bred in appearance, richly plain in apparel. She held a long, dull-colored cloak around her with hands so soft and white of flesh that one's eye traced over and over the flexible curve of wrist and finger. Her eyes were darkly brown, yet they had a tendency towards topaz lights which gave them moments of absolute yellowness; while her hair had a dazzling white quality that the powders of a later period could not impart. Bits of it straying from her high roll of curls suggested a nimbus around the forehead. Her lower face was full, the lips most delicately round. Courage and tears stood forth in her face and encountered the bishop.

François Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, then vicar-apostolic of the province, with the power rather than name of bishop, was a tall noble, priestly through entire length of rusty cassock and height of intellectual temples. He regarded the girl with bloodless patience. He had a large nose, which drooped towards a mouth cut in human granite; his lean, fine hands, wasted by self-abasement and voluntary privations, were smaller than a woman's. Though not yet forty, he looked old, and his little black skull-cap aged him more. The clear Montmorency eye had in him gained, from asceticism and rigid devotion, a brightness which penetrated.

His young relative's presence and distress annoyed him. For her soul's salvation, he would have borne unstinted agony; for any human happiness she craved, he was not prepared to lift a little finger.

"Reverend father," the girl began their interview, "I have come to New France."

"Strangely escorted," said Laval.

"The reverend father cannot be thinking of Madame Bourdon: Madame Bourdon was the best of duennas on the voyage."

Laval shook his chin, and for reply rested a glance upon his cousin's attendant as a type of the company she had kept on ship-board. The attendant was a sedate and pretty young girl, whose black hair looked pinched so tightly in her cap as to draw her eyebrows up, while modesty hung upon her lashes and drew her lids down. The result was an unusual expanse of veined eyelid.

"If you mean Louise Bibelot," the young lady responded, "she is my foster-sister. Her mother nursed me. Louise bears papers from the curé of her parish to strangers, but she should hardly need such passports to the head of our house."

"In brief, daughter," said Laval, passing to the point, "what brings you to this savage country—fit enough to be the arena of young men, or of those who lay self upon the altar of the Church, but most unfit for females tenderly brought up to enjoy the pleasures of the world?"

"Has my bringing-up been so tender, reverend father? I have passed nearly all my years an orphan in a convent."

"But what brings you to New France?"

"I came to appeal against your successor in the estates."

"My successor in the estates has nothing to do with you."

"He has to marry me, reverend father."

"Well, and has he not made a suitable marriage for you?"

Her face burned hotly.

"I do not wish him to make any marriage for me. I refused all the suitors he selected, and that is what determined him to marry me to the last one."

"You are deeply prejudiced against marriage?"

"Yes, reverend father."

"Against any marriage?"

"Yes, reverend father."

"This must be why you come with the king's girls to the marriage market."

Her face burned in deeper flames.

"The court of Louis," pursued Laval, "would furnish a better mate for you than any wild coureur de bois on the St. Lawrence."

"I have not come to any marriage market," she stammered.

"You are in the marriage market, Mademoiselle Laval. His Majesty, in his care for New France, sends out these girls to mate with soldiers and peasants here. It is good, and will confirm the true faith upon the soil. What I cannot understand is your presence among them."

Her face sank upon her breast.

"I did not know what to do."

"So, being at a loss, you took shipping to the ends of the earth?"

"Other women of good families have come out here."

"As holy missionaries: as good women should come. Do you intend leading such a life of self-sacrifice? Is that your purpose?" said Laval, penetrating her with his glance.

Her angelic beauty, drowned in red shame, could not move him. "Rash" and "froward" were the terms to be applied to her. She had no defense except the murmur:

"I thought of devoting myself to a holy life. Everybody was then willing to help me escape the marriage."

"Were there, then, no convents in France



"YOU ARE DEEPLY PREJUDICED AGAINST MARRIAGE?"

able to bound your zeal? Did you feel pushed to make this perilous voyage and to take up the hard life of saintly women here?"

"I am myself a Laval-Montmorency," said mademoiselle, rearing her neck in her last stronghold. "The Bishop of Petraea<sup>1</sup> may not have inherited all the heroism of the present generation."

He smiled slowly: his mouth was not facile at relaxing.

"In your convent they failed to curb the tongue. This step that you have taken is, I fear, a very rash one, my daughter."

"Reverend father, I am a young girl without parents, but with fortune enough to make suitors troublesome. How can I take none but wise steps? I want to be let alone to think

<sup>1</sup> Another of Laval's titles.

my thoughts, and that was not permitted me in France."

"We will have further talk to-morrow and next week," concluded the bishop. "We will see how your resolution holds out. At this hour I go to the governor's council. Receive my benediction."

He abruptly lifted his hands and placed them above her bowed head for an instant's articulation of Latin, then left the room. As long as his elastic, quick tread could be heard, Mademoiselle Laval stood still. It died away. She turned around and faced her companion with a long breath.

"That is over! Louise, do you think after fifteen years of convent life I shall cease to have blood in me?"

"Not at all, Mademoiselle Claire," responded

Louise literally. "As long as we live we have blood."

"He is terrible."

"He is such a holy man, mademoiselle; how can he help being terrible? You know Madame Bourdon told us he ate rotten meat to mortify his flesh, and his servant has orders never to make his bed or pick the fleas out of it. I myself have no vocation to be holy, mademoiselle. I so much like being comfortable and clean."

Claire sat down upon the only bench which furnished ease to this convent parlor. Louise was leaning against the stone wall near her. Such luxuries as came out from France at that date were not for nuns or missionary priests, though the Church was then laying deep foundations in vast grants of land which have enriched it.

"I do not love the dirty side of holiness myself," said Claire. "They must pick the fleas out of my bed if I endow this convent. And I do not like trotting, fussy nuns who tell tales of each other and interfere with one. But, O Louise! how I could adore a saint—a saint who would lead me in some high act which I could perform!"

"The best thing next to a live saint," remarked Louise, "is a dead saint's bone which will heal maladies. But, mademoiselle,—the Virgin forgive me!—I would rather see my own mother this day than any saint, alive or dead."

"The good Marguerite! How strange it must seem to her that you and I have been driven this long journey—if the dead know anything about us."

"She would be glad I was in the ship to wait upon you, mademoiselle. And I must have done poorly for myself in Rouen. Our curé said great matches were made out here."

"Now, tell me, Louise, have you the courage for this?"

"I am here and must do my duty, mademoiselle."

"But can you marry a strange man this evening or to-morrow morning and go off with him to his strange home, to bear whatever he may inflict on you?"

"My mother told me," imparted Louise, gazing at the floor, where lay two or three rugs made by the nuns themselves, "that the worst thing about a man is his relatives. And if he lives by himself in the woods, these drawbacks will be away."

"You have no terror of the man himself?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. I can hardly tell at sight whether a man is inclined to be thrifty or not. It would be cruel to come so far and then fare worse than at Rouen. But since my mother is not here to make the marriage, I must do the best I can."

"Hé, Louise! Never will you see me bending my neck to the yoke!"

"It is not necessary for you to marry, mademoiselle. You are not poor Louise Bibelot."

"I meant nothing of the kind. We played together, my child. Why should you accuse me of a taunt?—me who have so little command of my own fortune that I cannot lay down a dozen gold pieces to your dower. No! I have passed the ordeal of meeting the bishop. My spirits rise. I am glad to dip in this new experience. Do you know that if they send me back it cannot be for many months? One who comes to this colony may only return by permission of the king. The bishop himself would be powerless there. And now I shall hear no more about husbands!"

"Louise Bibelot," summoned Mother Mary, appearing at the door, "come now to the hall. Mademoiselle Laval will dispense with thee. The young men are going about making their selections. Come and get thee a good honest husband."

### III.

#### THE KING'S DEMOISELLE.

BETRAYING in her face some disposition to pry into the customs of the New World, Claire inquired:

"What is this marriage market like, reverend mother?"

"It is too much like an unholy fair," answered Mother Mary of the Incarnation, with mild severity. "The gallants stalk about and gaze when they should be closing contracts. The girls clatter with their tongues; they seem not to know what a charm lies in silence."

Mademoiselle Laval stood up and closed her cloak.

"With your permission, reverend mother, I will walk through the fair with you."

"Not *you*, mademoiselle!"

"Why not?"

"You are not here to select a husband. The holy cloister is thy shelter. Common soldiers and peasant farmers are not the sights for thee to meet."

"Reverend mother, I must inure myself to the rough aspect of things in New France, for it is probable I am tossed here to stay. You and Madame Bourdon gaze upon these evil things, and my poor Louise is exposed to them."

"I do not say they are evil. I only say they are not befitting thee."

"Dear and reverend mother," urged Claire, with a cajoling lift of the chin and a cooing of the voice which had been effective with other abbesses, "when the nausea was so great on shipboard and poor Louise nursed me so well, I did not think to turn my back on her in her most trying ordeal."

"We will say nothing more, mademoiselle," replied Mother Mary, shaking her black-bound head. "Without orders from his reverence the vicar, I should never think of taking thee into the marriage market." She went directly away with Louise Bibelot.

As Louise left the door she cast back a keen look of distress at her mistress. It was merely her protest against the snapping of the last shred which bound her to France. But Claire received it as the appeal of dependent to superior; and more, as the appeal of maid to maid. She unlatched a swinging pane no larger than her hand, hinged like a diminutive door in glass of the window overlooking the court. The glass was poor and distorted, and this appeared a loop-hole which the sisters provided for themselves through the scale-armor Canadian winters set upon their casement.

"Poor child!" murmured Claire to the back of Louise Bibelot's square cap as Louise trotted beside the gliding nun. She did not estimate the amount of impetus which Louise's look gave to other impulses that may have been lurking in her mind. She arose and rebelled with the usual swiftness of her erratic nature.

Scarcely had nun and bride-elect disappeared within the bazar when Claire Laval entered behind them. Mother Mary unconsciously escorted her betwixt rows of suitors and haggling damsels. Louise was to be placed in the upper hall among select young women.

Benches were provided on which the girls sat, some laughing and whispering, others block-like as sphinxes, except that they moved their dark eyes among the offering husbands. Sturdy peasant girls they were, and all of them in demand, for they could work like oxen. If there was uniformity of appearance among them, the men presented contrast enough.

Stout *coureurs de bois* were there, half-rene-gades, who had made the woods their home and the Indian their foster-brother; who had shirked the toils of agriculture and depended on rod and gun; loving lazy wigwam life and the dense balmy twilight of summer woods which steeped them in pale green air; loving the winter trapping, the forbidden beaver-skin, the tracking of moose; loving to surprise the secrets of the pines, to catch ground-hog or sable at lunch on cast-off moose-horns; loving to stand above their knees in boiling trout-streams to lure those angels of the water with well-cast hook as they lay dreaming in palpitating colors.

Ever thus was the provincial government luring back to domestic life and agriculture the *coureurs de bois* themselves. They were paid bounties and made tenants on seigniories if they would take wives of the king's girls and return to colonial civilization. Most of these

young men retained marks of their wild life in Indian trinket, caribou moccasin, deer-skin leggin, or eagle feathers fastened to their hats; not to speak of those marks of brief Indian marriages left on their memories.

The habitant, or censitaire, the true cultivator of the soil, was a very different type. Groups from lower seigniories, from Cap Rouge and even from Three Rivers, shuffled about selecting partners. They had none of the audacity of their renegade brethren, and their decoration was less pronounced, yet they appeared to please the girls from France.

The most successful wooers among these two or three hundred wife-seekers, however, were soldiers holding grants under their former officers. They pushed ahead of the slow habitant, and held their rights above the rights of any bush-ranger. Their minds were made up at a glance, and their proposals followed with military directness. So prompt and brief were their measures that couples were formed in a line for a march to the altar. Thirty at a time were paired and mustered upon the world by notary and priest.

The notary had his small table, his ink-horn and quills, his books, papers, and assistant scrivener, in an angle of the lower hall. To find the priest it was necessary to open a door into a temporary chapel created in one of those closet-like offshoots which people of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries dignified by the name of rooms. Here fifteen pairs at a time were packed, their breath making a perceptible cloud in the chill, stone-inclosed air as the long ceremony proceeded.

Madame Bourdon rustled from upper to lower hall, repeating instructions to her charges. They were not forced to accept any offer which did not please them. They might question a suitor. And in some cases their questioning seemed exhaustive; for though a sacred propriety radiated throughout the bazar from nun and matron, here and there a young man sat on the bench beside a damsel, holding her hand and pressing it and his suit.

The sun penetrated dust and cobweb on narrow high windows, finding through one a stone fire-place and wasting the light of several logs which lay piled in stages of roseate coals and sap-sobbing wood-rind.

Madame Bourdon encountered Claire with surprise; but as she followed Mother Mary, it was evident that the abbess sanctioned her presence, so nothing was to be said on the subject. In all that buzz and trampling the abbess could not hear her demoiselle's silken step, and she was herself a woman who never turned gazing about, but kept her modest eyes cast down as she advanced.

The instant that Claire entered this lower





"CHOOSE NOW BETWEEN THESE TWO MEN," SAID MADAME BOURDON, STERNLY.

hall she recoiled, feeling degraded in the results of her disobedience. She shaded her face. But the pride and stubbornness of her blood held her to her ground, though from mouth to mouth flew a whispered sentence, and she heard it, comprehending how current tattle was misrepresenting her in New France.

"The king's demoiselle! Vlà! See you? There she goes to choose her husband—the king's demoiselle!"

## IV.

## THE HUSBAND.

CHÂTEAU of St. Louis though the government building of Canada was called, it had none of the substantial strength of Jesuit and Ursuline possessions; but was a low, wooden structure, roofed with shingles, and formed one side of the fort. Galleries, or pillared porches, with which Latin stock love to surround themselves in any climate, were built at the front, whence the governor could look down many sheer feet at the cabins of Lower Town.

Dollard paused before entering the Château of St. Louis to say to Jacques Goffinet:

"Will you not push your business now while I attend to mine, Jacques? Yonder is the building you want to enter. Go and examine the cargo, and I will be there to help you single out your bale."

"M'sieur, unless these are orders, I will wait here for you. I am not in a hurry to trot myself before a hundred and fifty women."

"But hurry you must," said Dollard, laughing. "I have no time to spare Quebec, and you know the consequences if we give our Indians a chance to get as drunk as they can."

"Dispatch is the word, Sieur des Ormeaux. I'll attack the first woman in the hall if you but stand by to give the word of command."

"Very well, then. But you will remember, not a breath of my sworn purpose to any of the varlets within here."

Jacques pulled off his cap, and holding it in air stood in the mute attitude of taking an oath. Dollard flung his fingers backward, dismissing the subject.

They entered the Château of St. Louis, where Jacques waited in an anteroom among noisy valets and men-at-arms. He was put to question by the governor's joking, card-playing servants as soon as they understood that he was from Montreal; but he said little and sat in lowering suspense until Dollard came out of the council-chamber.

What Dollard's brief business was with the governor of Canada has never been set down. That it held importance either for himself or for the enterprise he had in hand is evident from

his making a perilous journey in the midst of Indian alarms; but that he made no mention of this enterprise to the governor is also evident, from the fact that it was completed before Quebec had even known of it. His garrison at Montreal and the sub-governor Maisonneuve may have known why he made this voyage, which he accomplished in the astonishing space of ten days, both output and return. This century separates Montreal and Quebec by a single night's steaming. But voyagers then going up-stream sometimes hovered two weeks on the way. Dollard had for his oarsmen four stout Huron Indians, full of river skill, knowing the St. Lawrence like a brother. He returned through the anteroom, his visionary face unchanged by high company, and with Jacques at his heels walked briskly across Quebec Heights.

Spread gloriously before him was St. Lawrence's lower flood, parted by the island of Orleans. The rock palisades of Lévi looked purple even under the forenoon sunlight. He could have turned his head over his left shoulder and caught a glimpse of those slopes of Abraham where the French were to lose Canada after he had given himself to her welfare. Not looking over his shoulder, but straight ahead, he encountered the mightiest priest in New France, stout Dollier de Casson, head of the order of St. Sulpice in Montreal. His rosy face shone full of good-will. There shone, also, the record of hardy, desperate mission work, jovial famine, and high forgetfulness of Dollier de Casson. His cassock sat on him like a Roman toga, masculine in every line. He took Dollard's hand and floated him in a flood-tide of good feeling while they spoke together an instant.

"You here, commandant? Where are the Iroquois?"

"Not yet at Quebec."

"But there have been alarms. The people around Ste. Anne's<sup>1</sup> are said to be starting to the fort."

"Jacques," exclaimed Dollard, "you must hasten this affair of your marriage. We are here too long."

"The sun is scarce an hour higher than when we landed," muttered Jacques.

"Does n't the king ship enough maids to Montreal?" inquired the priest, smiling at Jacques's downcast figure. "It is a strain on loyalty when a bachelor has to travel so far to wive himself, to say nothing of putting a scandal upon our own town, to the glorifying of Quebec."

"I came with my seignior," muttered the

<sup>1</sup> Ste. Anne de Beaupré, twenty miles east of Quebec. "The favorite saint appears to be Ste. Anne, whose name appears constantly on the banks of the St. Lawrence." [J. G. Bourinot.]

censitaire, "and this ship-load was promised from Rouen."

"My bride is my sword," said Dollard. "The poor lad may perhaps find one as sharp. Anyhow, he must grab his Sabine and be gone."

"Come, my son," rallied Father de Casson, dropping a hand on the subaltern's shoulder, "marriage is an honorable state, and the risks of it are surely no worse than we take daily with the Iroquois. Pluck up heart, pick thee a fine, stout, black-eyed maid, and if the king's priest have his hands over-full to make that haste which the commandant desires, bring her to the cathedral presently, and there will I join ye. And thus will Montreal Sulpitians steal one church service out of the hands of Quebec Jesuits!"

"Are you returning directly up river, father?" inquired Dollard over Jacques's mumble.

"Yes, my son; but this day only so far as the remote edge of one of our parishes, lying this side of Three Rivers."

"Why not go in our company? It will be safer."

"Much safer," said Dollier de Casson. "I have only my servant who rows the boat."

"I know you are a company of men in yourself, father."

"Military escort is a luxury we priests esteem when we can get it, my son. Do you leave at once?"

"As soon as Jacques's business is over. We shall find you, then, in Notre Dame?"

"In Notre Dame."

Dollier de Casson made the sign of benediction and let them pass.

When Dollard strode into the lower bazar it was boiling in turmoil around two wrangling men who had laid claim on one maid. The most placid girls from the remotest benches left their seats to tiptoe and look over each other's shoulders at the demure prize, who, though she kept her eyes upon the floor and tried to withdraw her wrists from both suitors, laughed slyly.

"It is that Madeleine," the outer girls who were not quarreled over whispered to each other with shrugs. But all the men in delight urged on the fray, uttering partisan cries, "She is thine, brave Picot!" "Keep to thy rights, my little Jean Debois!" to the distress of Madame Bourdon. She spread her hands before the combatants, she commanded them to be at peace and hear her, but they would not have her for their Solomon.

"I made my proposals, madame," cried one. "I but stepped to the notary's table an instant, when comes this renegade from the woods and snatches my bride. Madame, he hath no second pair of leather breeches. Is he a fit man to espouse a wife? The king must

needs support his family. Ah, let me get at thee with my fist, thou hound of Indian camps!"

"Come on, peasant," swelled the *coursur de bois*. "I'll show thee how to ruffle at thy master. Mademoiselle has taken me for her husband. She but engaged thee as a servant."

The two men sprang at each other, but were restrained by their delighted companions.

"Holy saints!" gasped Madame Bourdon, "must the governor be sent for to silence these rioters? My good men, there are a hundred and fifty girls to choose from."

"I have chosen this one," hissed red Picot.

"I have chosen this one," scowled black Jean Debois.

"Now thou seest," said Madame Bourdon, presenting her homily to the spectators, "the evil of levity in girls."

"Mademoiselle," urged Picot at the right ear of the culprit, who still smilingly gazed down her cheeks, "I have the most excellent grant in New France. There is the mill of the seignior. And our priest comes much oftener than is the case in up-river cotes."

"Mademoiselle," whispered the *coursur de bois* at her other ear, "thou hast the prettiest face in the hall. Wilt thou deck that clod-turner's hut with it when a man of spirit woos thee? The choice is simply this: to yoke thee to an ox, or mate with a trader who can bring wealth out of the woods when the ground fails."

"And an Indian wife from every village," blazed Picot.

"Even therè thou couldst never find thee one!" retorted Jean Debois. They menaced each other again.

"Choose now between these two men," said Madame Bourdon, sternly. "Must the garrison of the fort be brought hither to arrest them?"

The girl lifted her eyes as a young soldier hurriedly entered the outer door, carrying a parcel. He wore several long pistols, and was deeply scarred across the nose. Pushing through to the object of dispute, he shook some merchandise out of his bundle and threw it into her hands as she met him.

"This is my husband," the bashful maid said to Madame Bourdon; "I promised him before the others spoke, and he had but gone to the merchant's."

The soldier stared at the beaten suitors; he led his bride to the notary.

All around the hall laughter rising to a shout drove Picot and Jean Debois out of the door through which the soldier had come in, the wood-ranger bearing himself in retreat with even less bravado than the habitant.

"Was there ever such improvidence as among our settlers!" sighed Madame Bourdon, feeling her unvented disapproval take other channels as she gazed after the couple

seeking marriage. "They spend their last coin for finery that they may deck out their wedding, and begin life on the king's bounty. But who could expect a jilt and trifler to counsel her husband to any kind of prudence?"

Dollard presented his man's credentials to Madame Bourdon, and she heard with satisfaction of their haste. It was evident that the best of the cargo would be demanded by this suitor; so she led them up one of those pinched and twisted staircases in which early builders on this continent seemed to take delight. Above this uneasy ascent were the outer vestibule, where bride traffic went on as briskly as below, and an inner sanctum, the counterpart of the first flagged hall, to which the cream of the French importation had risen.

"Here are excellent girls," said Madame Bourdon, spreading her hands to include the collection. "They bring the best of papers from the curés of their own parishes."

In this hall the cobwebby dimness, the log-fire, and the waiting figures seemed to repeat what the seekers had glanced through below; though there was less noise, and the suitors seemed more anxious.

"Here's your fate, Jacques," whispered Dollard, indicating the fattest maid of the inclosure, who sat in peaceful slumber with a purr like a contented cat.

Jacques, carrying his cap in both hands, craned around Dollard.

"No, m'sieur. She's a fine creature to look at, but a man must not wed for his eyes alone. His stomach craves a wife that will not doze by his fire and let the soup burn."

"Here, then, my child, behold the other extreme. What activity must be embodied in that nymph watching us from the corner!"

"Holy saints, m'sieur! There be not eels enough in the St. Lawrence to fill her ribs and cover her hulk. I have a low-spirited turn, m'sieur, but not to the length of putting up a death's-head in my kitchen. A man's feelings go against bones."

"These girls here have been instructed," said Madame Bourdon at the ear of the suitor. "These girls are not canaille from the streets of Paris."

"Do they come from Rouen, madame?" inquired Jacques.

"Some of them came from Rouen. See! Here is a girl from Rouen at this end of the room."

"Now, m'sieur," whispered Dollard's vassal, squeezing his cap in agitated hands, "I shall have to make my proposals. I see the girl. Will you have the goodness to tell me how I must begin?"

"First, hold up your head as if about to salute your military superior."

"M'sieur, it would never do to call a woman your military superior."

"Then say to her, 'Mademoiselle, you are the most beautiful woman in the world.'"

Again Jacques shook his head.

"Pardon, m'sieur. You have had experience, but you never had to marry one of them and take the consequences of your fair talk. I wish to be cautious. Perhaps if I allow her the first shot in this business she may yield me the last word hereafter."

So, following Madame Bourdon's beckoning hand, he made his shamefaced way towards Louise Bibelot. Mother Mary stood beside the log-fire some distance away, in the act of administering dignified rebuke to a girl in a long mantle, who, with her back turned to the hall, heard the abbess in silence. When the abbess moved away in stately dudgeon, the girl kept her place as if in reverie, her fair, unusual hand stretched towards the fire.

"Here, Louise Bibelot," said the good shepherdess of the king's flock, "comes Jacques Goffinet to seek a wife — Jacques Goffinet, recommended by Monsieur Daulac, the Sieur des Ormeaux, commandant of the fort at Montreal, and seignior of the islands about St. Bernard."

Louise made her reverence to Madame Bourdon and the suitor, and Jacques held his cap in tense fists. He thought regretfully of Turkish battle-fields which he had escaped. Louise swept him in one black-eyed look terminating on her folded hands, and he repented ever coming to New France at all.

The pair were left to court. Around them arose murmur and tinkle of voices, the tread of passing feet, and the bolder noise of the lower hall, to which Madame Bourdon hastened back that she might repress a too-frolic Cupid.

Jacques noted Louise's trim apparel, her nicely kept hair and excellent red lips. But she asserted no claim to the first word, and after five leaden minutes he began to fear she did not want to talk to him at all. This would be a calamity, and, moreover, a waste of the commandant's time. It seemed that Jacques must himself put forth the first word, and he suffered in the act of creating something to say. But out of this chaotic darkness a luminous thought streamed across his brain like the silent flash of the northern aurora.

"Mademoiselle, you like cabbage, is it not so?"

"Yes, monsieur," responded Louise, without lifting her eyes.

"Cabbage is a very good vegetable. — My seignior is in somewhat of a hurry. We must be married and start back to Montreal directly. Do you wish to be married?"

"Yes, monsieur."



"I, in fact, wish it myself. When you go as a soldier you don't want a wife. But when you settle down *en censive*, then, mademoiselle, it is convenient to have a woman to work and help dig."

"Have you a house and farm, monsieur?" murmured Louise.

Jacques spread his hands, the cap pendant from one of them.

"I have the island of St. Bernard under my seignior, mademoiselle. It is a vast estate, almost a league in extent. The house is a mansion of stone, mademoiselle, strong as a fort, and equal to some castles in Rouen. You come from Rouen, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And there is Mademoiselle de Granville, my lord's half-sister, but nobody else to wait upon. For Sieur des Ormeaux, when not at his fortress, may go on expeditions. We never yet took refuge at Montreal from the Indians, so strong is St. Bernard. The house is of rock cemented together and built against a rock. Do you ever drink brandy, mademoiselle?"

"I, monsieur! Never in my life!"

"That must be a good thing in a woman," commented Jacques, with a nod of satisfaction.

"Are you at all thriftless or lazy, monsieur?" the demure girl took her turn to inquire.

"No, mademoiselle; I make my clothes do year after year. And had you seen the frozen fish and eels, the venison, the cabbage, beets, and onions I stored in our cellar for winter, you would not ask if I am lazy."

Louise smiled her bashful approval upon him, and said in explanation:

"I should not like a thriftless, lazy husband."

"Mademoiselle, we are cut out of the same caribou-skin, and match like a pair of moccasins. Shall we go to the notary?"

"If you wish, monsieur."

"You accept me as your husband?"

"If you please, monsieur."

"Then let us get married. I forget your name."

"Louise Bibelot."

"My name is Jacques Goffinet. When we are married we can get better acquainted."

Flushed with success, Jacques turned to display a signal of victory to his seignior, and was astounded to see Dollard standing by the fireplace in earnest conversation with a beautiful girl. It was evident that no further countenance and support could be expected from Dollard. So Jacques took his bride in tow as a tug may now be seen guiding some yacht of goodly proportions through a crowded harbor, and set out to find the notary.

When Dollard fell into an easy posture to enjoy his man's courtship, he cast a prelimi-

nary glance about the hall, that other amusing things might not escape him. At once his attitude became tense, his ears buzzed, and the blood rose like wine to his head. The woman of his constant thoughts was warming her hand at the fire. He could not be mistaken; there was nothing else like the glory of her youthful white hair in either hemisphere; and without an instant's hesitation he brought himself before her, bowing, hat in hand, until his plume lay on the floor.

The demoiselle made a like stately obeisance.

Dumb, then, they stood, just as the peasant couple had done; but in this case too bounteous speech choked itself. It seemed to both that their hearts beat aloud. Dollard felt himself vibrate from head to foot with the action of his blood-valves. The pair looked up and stammered to cover such noise within, speaking together, and instantly begged each other's pardon, then looked down and were silent again.

"How is it possible," said Dollard, carefully modulating his voice, "that I see you here, Mademoiselle Laval!"

"The Sieur des Ormeaux takes me for a king's girl! How is it possible I see *you* here, monsieur?"

"I came to keep my man in countenance, while he picked himself a wife. This instant is a drop from Paradise!"

"Monsieur is easily satisfied if he can call such surroundings a paradise," said Claire, smiling at the grim hall.

"Mademoiselle, when did you come from France?"

"Yesterday we arrived, Sieur des Ormeaux."

"Then you came in the king's ship?"

"Without a doubt."

"This is wonderful! I thought you three thousand miles away from me."

"Did you honor me with a thought at the other extremity of that distance?" she asked carelessly, pushing towards the fire with the point of her foot a bit of bark which its own steam had burst off a log.

"Claire!" he said, pressing his hand on his eyes.

"Monsieur, the abbess is near," the young lady responded in tremor.

"You are not here to be a nun?"

"Why not?"

"But are you?"

"Monsieur, you have penetration. That is said to be my errand."

"But why do you come to New France?"

"That is what the bishop said. I hope we may choose our convents, we poor nuns."

"O Claire! I cannot endure this," Dollard sobbed in his throat. It was a hoarse note of

masculine anguish, but the girl observed him with radiant eyes.

"I never was a man fit to touch the tip of your white finger. Mademoiselle, have you forgotten those messages that I sent you by my cousin when she was with you at the convent?"

"It was very improper, *Sieur des Ormeaux*. Yes, indeed, I have forgotten every one of them."

"You have not thought of me, and I have lived on thoughts of you. I hoped to ennoble myself in your eyes — and you are thrown in my way to turn me mad at the last instant!"

"Forgive my misfortune which throws me in your way, *monsieur*," she said sedately. "I am driven here a fugitive."

"From what?" Dollard's hand caught the hilt of his sword.

"From something very unpleasant. In fact, from marriage."

His face cleared, and he laughed aloud with satisfaction.

"Do you hate marriage?"

"I detest it."

"You came to live under the bishop's protection?"

"His penance and discipline, you mean."

"This is a rude country for you. How often have I presumed to plan your life and mine together, arranging the minutest points of our perfect happiness! I have loved you and been yours since the first moment I saw you. And how I have followed your abbess's carriage when it contained you! I was to distinguish myself in military service, and become able to demand your hand of your guardian. But that takes so long! There was a rumor that you were to be married. Angel! I could throw myself on the floor with my cheek against your foot!"

"O *Sieur des Ormeaux*! do not say that. It is a surprise to find you in this country, though it is very natural that you should be here. I must now go back to the convent."

"Wait. Do not go for a moment. Let me speak to you. Remember how long I have done without seeing you."

"Oh, I only came in a moment because I was curious."

"Then stay a moment because you are merciful."

"But I must go back to the convent, *Sieur des Ormeaux*," she urged, her throat swelling, her face filling with blood. "Because —"

"Because what?"

"Because I must go back to the convent. It is the best place for me, *monsieur*. And you will soon forget."

The two poor things stood trembling, though Dollard's face gathered splendor.

"Claire, you are mine. You know that you are mine! This is love! O saints!"

He threw himself on his knees before her without a thought of any spectator, his sword clanking against the flags of the hearth.

"*Monsieur* —"

"Say 'My husband!'"

"My husband," she did whisper; and at that word he rose up and took her in his arms.

## V.

## JACQUES HAS SCRUPLES.

ALL other business in the hall was suspended. Perhaps the fire and success of Dollard's courtship kindled envy in ruder breasts; but in Mother Mary's it kindled that beacon which a vestal keeps ready against the inroads of the cloister's despoilers.

Pallid and stately she placed herself before the pair. And during this conference she made dabs forward with her head, as a poor hen may be seen to do when the hawk has stolen her chicken.

"We did not understand, *monsieur*, that the commandant of Montreal sought a wife."

"Reverend mother," said Dollard, shielding the side of Claire's face with his hand as he held her head against him, "I never dared seek such a blessing as this. The saints have given it to me."

"But mademoiselle is not here to be married, *monsieur*."

"I understand that, reverend mother."

"And do you understand that she is the cousin of the Bishop of New France?"

"All Mademoiselle Laval's history is known to me. I have adored her a life-time."

"And was it to meet this young seignior, mademoiselle, that you insisted on coming into the wife market?"

"Reverend mother," replied Dollard, himself glowing as he felt Claire's face burn under his hand, "blame the saints, not us. We have been flung together from the ends of the earth. It is a blessed miracle."

Mother Mary made a dab with her head which meant, "Do not be deceived, my son."

Dollard understood a movement Claire made, and gave her his arm to lead her away.

"And the demoiselle takes this young commandant for her husband?"

"I do, reverend mother," the demoiselle replied, lifting up a countenance set in the family cast of stern stubbornness.

"It will be my duty to send an instant message to the bishop."

"The bishop may still be found at the council. I have just been with him," said Dollard. "Let your messenger make haste, reverend mother, for I leave Quebec directly."

"Then there is no need of haste. The *Sieur des Ormeaux* can present his suit to the bishop next time he comes to Quebec."

"I shall never come to Quebec again, reverend mother."

Claire looked above the level of her own eyes to understand this riddle.

Dollard was scarcely twenty-five years old. His crystal love, so strong that it had him in possession, shone through a face set in lines of despair.

"Surely you can come again in a week?"

"My darling, it may take nearly that long to reach Montreal. How little you know of distances in this savage country!"

"Monsieur, I will send for the bishop," said Mother Mary of the Incarnation.

As her black robe moved away, the other people in the hall, seeing nothing further to gaze at, resumed their wooing and bargaining.

"What did you mean when you said you shall never come to Quebec again?" inquired Claire.

Dollard penetrated her with his look.

"Will you marry me this moment?"

"Monsieur, how can I marry you this moment?"

"By going to the notary, who has a table down-stairs, and afterward to Father de Casson, who, fortunately, is waiting for me in the cathedral now. I see what will happen if I wait to demand you in marriage of the bishop. There will be delays and obstacles, if not a flat refusal."

"The commandant truly takes me for a king's girl," she said, her teeth showing in laughter, though her black eyelashes started into crescent-like prominence on whitening cheeks.

"Have you I will, however I take you; the whole world shall not prevent that now. And listen: suppose I had taken vows,—wait!—honorable vows. It will surely be as well with you after my pledges are fulfilled as it was before we met here. This hard convent life in New France, you cannot endure that. You will be the lady of my poor seignory, and perhaps I may add some glory to the name. My Claire, do you love me?"

"*Sieur des Ormeaux*, is not that enough to admit in one day?"

"No, it is not. When was a day ever granted to us before? If we lose this point of time, the dead wall of separation will rise again, and I shall be robbed of you forever."

"But why can you not come back again?"

"Because the bounds are set for me. Yet, if I could come again, would I prosper any better? Claire, if my suit is even listened to, there will be messages to the king, and to the *Montmorency* in France, and a year's or two years' delay. As for me, I shall be dead long

before then. We can go to the notary this moment. We can go to the cathedral to Father de Casson. We can go forthwith to my boat and start up the *St. Lawrence*. O my love!"—Dollard's voice was searching and deep in pleading,—“can you not stoop to this haste for me? I shall carry you into hardship, but carry you like the cross. While we stand here the abbess sends for the bishop; the bishop comes and says, ‘Go back, fair cousin, into the convent; and you, Dollard, whoever you may be, get yourself off to Montreal.’ I could not then urge you against your kinsman's authority. But now the word is unspoken. Shall we stand here and wait until it is spoken?”

"I see no reason why we should, monsieur," she replied, pink as a flower.

"Then you will consent to be married at once?"

"There is, I believe, but one staircase," said Claire. "It would not be pleasant to meet the bishop or Mother Mary of the Incarnation as we go down."

"Let us make haste, therefore," he deduced from her evasive reply; and haste they made, so that several pairs were kept waiting by the notarial table while the commandant was served.

The cathedral of Notre Dame in Quebec stood, and still stands, on the opposite side of the square. It was a massive pile of masonry, compared to the cabins of Lower Town, and held its cross far up in their northern sky. Within were holy dimness and silence, broken only by the footfalls of occasionally coming and going devotees. Though not yet rich in altars and shrines, paintings, and glittering crystal and metal, the young cathedral had its sacred saint's joint or other worthy relic, and its humble offerings of tinsel and ribbon-tied paper flowers. The merchant people from Lower Town, and peasants from adjacent river cotes and Laval's great seignory, came here to bathe their souls in thoughts of heaven, and to kneel on the pavement beside governor or high dame.

At this hour of morning only two persons sat in the church as if waiting for some kind of service.

There were three nuns, indeed, kneeling in a row before the chancel rail, their three small red noses just appearing beyond their black veils—noses expressing quiet sanctity. And a confessional was perhaps occupied.

But the pair who waited were neither nuns nor penitents. They had taken the usual moisture from the font of holy water, wherein many devout fingers had deposited considerable sediment. They had bowed towards the altar and told their prayers from station to station, and were now anxious to be joined in matrimony

lest Dollard should arrive and cut off all chance of collecting the governor's bounty by his impatient haste.

Still, as no priest appeared, Jacques and Louise sat in repose with their eyes cast down. The feverish activity of this new world would never touch their veins or quicken the blood of any of their descendants. How many generations before them had been calmed into this pastoral peace on sun-soaked lands! Years of dwelling among pines and mountains and azure lakes, of skimming on snow-shoes over boundless winter whiteness, of shooting rapids and of standing on peaks, would all fail to over-exhilarate blood so kindly bovine and unhurried in its action.

The penitent came out of the confessional closet and stalked away—an Algonquin Indian, with some slight smell of rum about him and a rebuked expression of countenance. A fringe or thread of his blanket trailed on the pavement as he went. Then Dollier de Casson, who never omitted confessing any sinner that appealed to him, strode out of the confessional himself on gigantic soles, though with the soft tread which nature and training impart to a priest. He saw the waiting couple, and as serenely as he would have prepared for such an office in some river cabin, he took his stole out of a large inner pocket of his cassock and invested himself in it.

During this pause Dollard came hastily into the cathedral with a muffled lady on his arm. He took her at once to Father de Casson, and beckoned Jacques to follow them to the altar.

Jacques followed with Louise, his face waxing in anxiety, until a heavy heart brought down his knees with a bump behind Dollard and that unknown dame.

"How is this, my son?" inquired Father de Casson of Dollard as he rested his eyes on the commandant's bride.

"Father, let the service go on at once, and I will make all due explanation when there is more time. The civil marriage is completed."

Father de Casson took his book to administer the sacrament of marriage to these two pairs, when Jacques, walking on his knees, brought himself behind Dollard's ear.

"Father," he whispered to the priest, the hisses of his suppressed voice scattering through

the place, "I have on my mind what must first be said to my master."

"When did ye all confess last?" inquired Dollier de Casson.

"Father," urged Dollard, "believe me, we are all prepared for the sacrament of marriage."

"But, m'sieur," anxiously hissed Jacques at his ear, "I did not know you were going to take a wife too."

"Suppose you did n't know," exclaimed Dollard, turning towards him in impatience; "what is it to you?"

"You will have to change your will, m'sieur."

"Certainly I will have to change my will; but you shall not be injured."

"That 's not it, m'sieur," persisted Jacques. "Whatever is right to you will be right to me. But here 's this girl. I 've nearly promised her the seigniory, and what will she say when she 's cut out of it?"

"Get back to your place and let the service go on," said Dollard, half rising in menace.

"But I ought to take her out and explain this to her first," insisted Jacques. "Then if she chooses to go into the marriage she can blame no one but herself."

"Will you get back to your place and cease your interruption," whispered Dollard with fierceness, "or must I take you by the neck and toss you out of the cathedral?"

"No, m'sieur, I 'll not interrupt it. I 'll marry her. But what she will do with me afterwards is the load upon my mind."

So, rubbing his knees on the pavement, Jacques returned like a crab to his immovable bride, and dejectedly bore his part in the service. Yet before this ordeal of marriage was over, the pastoral peace had returned to his countenance, and solemn relief appeared in his eyes. As Louise Bibelot became transmuted into Louise Goffinet, he said within himself:

"Now, if she be well contented with the commandant's change of mind, all will go right. But if she turns rebellious at these new orders, threatening to desert, and wanting the entire earth with the seigniory thrown in, there 'll be only one thing for me to do. I 'll whip her!"

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

(To be continued.)

## THE STORY OF THE "ORIENT."

**T**WAS a pleasant Sunday morning while the spring was in its glory, English spring of gentle glory; smoking by his cottage door, Florid-faced, the man-o'-war's-man told his white-head boy the story, Noble story of Aboukir, told a hundred times before.



"Here, the *Theseus*—here, the *Vanguard*"; as he spoke each name sonorous,—  
*Minotaur, Defence, Majestic*, stanch old comrades of the brine,  
 That against the ships of Brueys made their broadsides roar in chorus,—  
 Ranging daisies on his door-stone, deft he mapped the battle-line.

Mapped the curve of tall three-deckers, deft as might a man left-handed,  
 Who had given an arm to England later on at Trafalgar.  
 While he poured the praise of Nelson to the child with eyes expanded,  
 Bright athwart his honest forehead blushed the scarlet cutlass-scar.

For he served aboard the *Vanguard*, saw the Admiral blind and bleeding  
 Borne below by silent sailors, borne to die as then they deemed.  
 Every stout heart sick but stubborn, fought the sea-dogs on unheeding,  
 Guns were cleared and manned and cleared, the battle thundered, flashed, and screamed.

Till a cry swelled loud and louder,—towered on fire the *Orient* stately,  
 Brueys' flag-ship, she that carried guns a hundred and a score;  
 Then came groping up the hatchway he they counted dead but lately,  
 Came the little one-armed Admiral to guide the fight once more.

"Lower the boats!" was Nelson's order." — But the listening boy beside him,  
 Who had followed all his motions with an eager wide blue eye,  
 Nursed upon the name of Nelson till he half had deified him,  
 Here, with childhood's crude consistence, broke the tale to question "Why?"

For by children facts go streaming in a throng that never pauses,  
 Noted not, till, of a sudden, thought, a sunbeam, gilds the motes.  
 All at once the known words quicken, and the child would deal with causes.  
 Since to kill the French was righteous, why bade Nelson lower the boats?

Quick the man put by the question. "But the *Orient*, none could save her;  
 We could see the ships, the ensigns, clear as daylight by the flare;  
 And a many leaped and left her; but, God rest 'em! some were braver;  
 Some held by her, firing steady till she blew to God knows where."

At the shock, he said, the *Vanguard* shook through all her timbers oaken;  
 It was like the shock of Doomsday,—not a tar but shuddered hard.  
 All was hushed for one strange moment; then that awful calm was broken  
 By the heavy plash that answered the descent of mast and yard.

So, her cannon still defying, and her colors flaming, flying,  
 In her pit her wounded helpless, on her deck her Admiral dead,  
 Soared the *Orient* into darkness with her living and her dying:  
 "Yet our lads made shift to rescue three-score souls," the seaman said.

Long the boy with knit brows wondered o'er that friending of the foeman;  
 Long the man with shut lips pondered; powerless he to tell the cause  
 Why the brother in his bosom that desired the death of no man,  
 In the crash of battle wakened, snapped the bonds of hate like straws.

While he mused, his toddling maiden drew the daisies to a posy;  
 Mild the bells of Sunday morning rang across the church-yard sod;  
 And, helped on by tender hands, with sturdy feet all bare and rosy,  
 Climbed his babe to mother's breast, as climbs the slow world up to God.

Helen Gray Cone.

## BIRD MUSIC: THE LOON, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.



HE loon is not a singer, but his calls and shoutings exhibit so great a variety of vocal qualities that we must consider him a member of Nature's orchestra.

In the summer of 1887 I spent a few weeks on the borders of Trout Lake, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. This beautiful little island-dotted lake, some three miles long, has been inhabited for years by three or four pairs of loons. There they lay their eggs and rear their young, and there I found a good opportunity to study them. On one occasion a small party of us discovered a nest. When we were yet a good way off, the wary sitter slid from sight into the water, darted along beneath our boat, and was far out into the lake before she came to the surface. The nest, simply a little cavity in dry muck, was on the ruins of an old muskrat house, not more than eight or ten inches above the water. There were two very dark eggs in it,—never more than two are found in the nest of the loon,—nearly as large as those of a goose.

The time of sitting, as I was informed, is four weeks. Wilson says of the loons that "they light upon their nests"; but a careful observer, who had several times seen the female make her way from the water to her nest, told me that they shove themselves to it on their breasts, very much as they push themselves in the water. I was also informed that the young are never fed upon the nest, but are taken to the water on the back of the mother, where they remain and are fed for a time, and then are launched upon the waves for life. At this age one can row up to them and take them in the hand, which they delight in giving hard nips with their long and limber bills; but when a month old they seem as wild and cunning as their parents.

I had several lively frolics with a pair about that age which were already expert divers and could swim many rods under water. As we neared them in the boat great excitement was manifested by both old and young; the little ones dived in a flash and the parents made off rapidly, shouting for us to follow them. How they knew the direction the young ones took under water I cannot say; but they were sure to take quite another course. After learning their trick we turned to go from them, when suddenly there was a furious dashing and splashing just behind us, and in a moment more

one of them rushed by, very near us, both flying and swimming, with wings in the air and feet in the water. He swept by us with a noise like a steamboat, but no boat could equal his speed. At every stroke of his wings he smote the water as well as the air. It is the opinion of many that the loon uses the wings under water, and it now seems to me possible if not probable.

When the family discovered that we were only at play with them, they became quiet for a few moments; but presently there went up a strange, wild cry of three tones, the second one being long and loud, and all so much like the call of the human voice that no sensitive person could hear them without surprise and emotion. These notes represent them:



Wilson thought the European divers were of a different species from the American divers, they differed so much in size. He cites a European specimen that weighed sixteen pounds, against the usual weight of our divers, which he puts at eight and a half pounds. The point of size would not seem to be well taken, for I have seen in the collection of Mr. Vickary, the taxidermist of Lynn, the body of one of our divers which weighed twelve pounds; and Mr. Vickary informs me that one was once sent to him which weighed seventeen pounds.

The loon is a born aristocrat. He is no trifler: everything he does bears an intellectual stamp. A solitary, mating only with the elements, he is master of winds and waves, sitting the waters with sovereign grace and dignity, equally unconcerned in calm and tempest. Surprised by danger, he dives fearlessly and swims the depths with incredible swiftness and for an astonishing length of time, finally emerging far away in triumph and in defiance of his pursuers. Then, if the attractions of his other element inspire him, he rises and flies rapidly through the upper air, shouting over and over his most characteristic five tones:



*Simeon Pease Cheney.*

## WHERE WAS "THE PLACE CALLED CALVARY"?



IN the morning of the first day that our party spent in Jerusalem, as soon as the tents were pitched out upon the hill near the Russian convent, and a home thus established for the week's sojourn, three of us set forth for a walk around the city, with but a small sense of the force of hot sunshine falling upon white paths and glowing walls when the full strength of a Syrian noontide should be attained. We entered the town by the Damascus gate and pursued our way along the narrow and tortuous streets until we came out through St. Stephen's gate upon the slope leading down across the Kidron valley: we followed the path that passes the Tomb of the Virgin Mary and the Garden of Gethsemane, working our steps up the middle road to the very top of Mount Olivet.

The story of this trip appears quite simple, and one would hardly suppose that we should find its accomplishment so fatiguing. It is a surprise to most tourists to discover the steepness of some of these paths: that which runs down from the spot where one tradition says that Stephen was stoned is actually precipitous; the track for horses is cut in angular zigzags with acute turnings so as to render it possible for the animals to climb up, or to keep from slipping headlong on the descent.

We were conducted in this instance by a young man from the mission of the English Church, an Armenian by birth but a Protestant by belief and experience, being one of the converts God has given for the fidelity of those laborers in the Gospel who so long have been working in Jerusalem. He wore his usual costume—a long worsted robe of a maroon color, girt around the waist, and edged with a variegated border. He could understand and speak our language readily, and was constantly of help to us in giving us the names of localities and buildings along the course. His strength was terribly tested by the sinewy impetuosity and tirelessness of our enthusiasm; and long before we relaxed that zeal of exploration which only Americans exercise, we discovered pitifully that his lagging limbs sought rest at every chance pause for conversation and debate. He was cheerful on every demand; but, like Eastern people generally in that region, enervate and weak in his muscles.

Our little trio was made up of Professor John A. Paine of Robert College in Constan-

tinople, Mr. Alfred H. Hall, then a student in preparation for the ministry, and, since, the able and well-known pastor of one of the Congregational churches in Connecticut, in company with the writer of this article. We agreed in the interest we took in the amiable young man who showed us the objects of common investigation. When, in the years that have since flitted away, we have talked over that walk, the conversation has often turned upon his pleasant, gentle manner, with an affectionate recollection of his simple-minded faith and trustful joyousness of spirit. He was entirely free, so far as we could observe, from any superstition or formality, and his regard for Jesus as his Saviour was personal and devout; and I am bound to say that intimacy with him on that occasion led me into a more satisfied and a less exacting mood concerning what are reported as Christian converts in an ordinary course of missionary endeavor in heathen countries.

At last we reached the small church building planted professedly—quite mistakenly as to locality, however—to mark the spot of Christ's ascension to heaven. We mounted the dirty staircase, and worried ourselves along into a little chairless room in the steeple, where a quiet old man gave us an awkward welcome to a seat on the floor. I pulled up a piece of straw matting for our seat, and so we ranged ourselves close to a narrow window looking down on the entire city. An inimitably fine view is that spread out before one who is studying details of streets, walls, domes, minarets, public edifices, hills, and valleys.

Directly in front lay "the joy of the whole earth." The exclamation which one first makes concerning this pathetic old town has only wonder in it—Where are the suburbs? The buildings run up to the wall in most places, though in one or two of the corners they do not appear to reach it quite. Outside of the inclosure there are no houses to be seen at all: the slopes of Zion, Ophel, Bezetha, are really attractive as sites, but no such thing as a villa has been erected upon them. It looks as if all the people had, from time immemorial, lived on the inside of a stone line of masonry; in literal as well as scriptural language, "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together."

And now, for a small space in this article, the narration has to become somewhat personal—more so than pleases the writer. But I

must put myself in the place of a witness for the object I have in view.

I confessed afterwards to my companions that I had purposely brought them to this outlook, and that I now led the conversation with the utmost semblance of artlessness, for a single reason. We talked a little while about the points of compass, the lay of the land, the elevations of the surrounding hills, the towers and walls, the gates and sites; and so in the sweep of our eyes we came around to the north side of the parallelogram on the plan of which the place is outlined. Suddenly, in a tranquil sort of comment, as if a conceit had struck his fancy, Mr. Hall said, "That is a very curious conformation of rocks off there beyond the Damascus gate." We turned our eyes in the direction he indicated. "It looks as much like a skull as anything I ever saw," continued he. Professor Paine, alert and eager as ever after, in the days when he identified Mount Nebo, sprang to his feet, straining his gaze with amazement, and positively quivering with the passionate thought that he had made a new discovery.

What we all saw was this: in the immediate vicinity of that gate he mentioned, the yellow wall of the city appeared to have been built steeply up over what seemed a quarried cliff, through the strata of which was cut a path, leading on the outside around to the main road crossing from east to west along the north frontier, down out of vision from where we sat. We had to look over the corner of the city, across the angle formed by the east wall and the north, in order to see it. A deep excavation had been made, the bottom of which, leveled for the use of men and beasts, we could not reach; we could only trace the lines of cutting on the stone. The bare face of the precipice opposite the entrance was distinctly exposed; and the top—that is, the original surface of the hill—was rounded so as to present against the sky the almost exact outline of a human skull. Moreover, there were visible two cavities or holes in the rock; these served as eyeless sockets. Thus a sort of side view, the forehead fronting south-west, was offered. The name of Golgotha came at once to our remembrance. This must have been "the place of a skull," if likeness to a skull was enough to prove it.

So startling was this resemblance that it made a deep impression on the minds of all of us. I had noticed the same thing some years before, on the occasion of my first visit to Jerusalem, in 1867. And this was just my purpose in bringing those intelligent observers out on the hillside that clear morning, without warning or explanation. I intended to test their accuracy and quickness in discovering

for themselves the configuration and markings of that singular spot, without the prompting of any suggestion of my own. I said to Professor Paine: "Sit down and quiet yourself now. This is what I gave you your tough walk for: I had a letter just before I left home in Paris, which I want to read to you."

This communication had been addressed to me by an old and trusted friend in the city of Brooklyn, Mr. Fisher Howe. He had been known and loved for many years as an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of that place, of which I was the pastor at the time. Sir J. William Dawson has referred to Mr. Howe with merited commendation, and evidently with sincere respect. But that he does not know just who he was, a mere mention of his name reveals; twice he calls him "Dr. Fisher Howe." My good and dear friend had cultivation and education, and some erudite acquisitions that were worth having; but he never bore anything like a literary or professional title growing out of an advanced college honor or degree. But, practically, he was a good scholar in New Testament Greek, and could manage Hebrew as well as some clergymen who have misused better chances. He read widely in the best sorts of reading, and what he read he generally kept where it was available. He died several years ago, having done what he could for his generation in all such ways of usefulness as are open to genuine zeal. But he never expected to be put into literature by the President of the British Association. He was simply a gentleman of wealth, high social position, real intellectual force, self-educated in the matters of advanced scholarship he loved to study, refined in manners, enthusiastic in Oriental travel—as any one grows to be who has journeyed through the countries of the Bible—and has given to the world a book full of his gains and his wistful wishes. As I write now there lies before me a copy of a volume he issued in 1853, entitled "Oriental and Sacred Scenes." It was published by M. W. Dodd of New York City, and was welcomed as a good book. A notable fact is this in the present discussion; for that work shows he then was eagerly planning and studying about the true site of Calvary. Still, he was an active business man through his life; in his late and maturer years he was President of the Brooklyn White Lead Company, and honored in the City of Churches as one of the best citizens it claimed for worth and public spirit. But in literature he was only a layman.

That letter which I referred to, and which now I read to my companions, was written to me with a definite purpose by Mr. Howe; he desired me to make some observations and report to him the results. The subject that



interested him most was this identification of Calvary as the place of our Lord's crucifixion. We had talked it over more than a hundred times together during the three or four years previous to this journey I was then making in the East. The paragraph explains itself. He says:

I may have mentioned to you, previous to your first visit to Jerusalem, a lingering thought in regard to the place of crucifixion. When we lodged on Acra, we had from the roof of our house a full view of the rocky eminence near the Damascus gate; it is known by designation as the Grotto of Jeremiah. I believe it lies outside of what was the line of the second wall, but "nigh" unto it; and that it may not have been materially changed during the last eighteen centuries. As seen from a distance, the elevation is a "*Kranion*" in shape, and might well, in common parlance, have the cognomen of "a skull."

Now, all this may seem childish as seen by you, for I am not certain when the thought got into my head. I did examine the locality of the Damascus gate in regard to the evidences of the second wall, and well remember to have noted the wide and deep excavations between the present wall and the knoll referred to, and to have marked the curvatures of the strata of limestone rock; and came to the conclusion that the excavation dated back to the Christian era. The curvatures are marked on either side, showing the same original formation; and with the evidence then before me, I believed that the present wall at the place in question occupied the line of the second wall.

This is all that needs quoting from that particular letter. But as we read it over up there on the hillside, we could not forbear surprise and compliment at the evidence of careful observation and tenacious memory in his thus giving minute details of a visit that had been made so many years before. The reply which I sent to this letter when the conclusions of our little party had been reached was embodied partly in the book that Mr. Howe published the next year. This was called "The True Site of Calvary." It was a thin octavo of sixty-eight pages, issued by A. D. F. Randolph, New York City, 1871. So modest was it in look and size that it raised no popular enthusiasm in the notice taken of it, and after the first edition was exhausted it fell out of print. Of late it has been called for again; for now the site seems to be actually accepted, and there is a sort of competition among explorers as to the credit of having first suggested the knoll by the Damascus gate as being probably the exact place where our Lord was crucified.

Mr. Howe's object in his publication was to set forth the plainest arguments for his conjecture in the plainest way. No one can make light of his work; he writes calmly, and attempts nothing eloquent—is, indeed, rather too terse and dry for popular rhetoric. But Sir J. William Dawson testifies to his having summed up the Scripture proofs for his purpose "with great care," and calls his argument "able." If

real students choose to read what he has said, they will go with him to his conclusions now; but when he wrote that volume all the world seemed afraid to challenge the absurd tradition which fixed the crucifixion up in the air over a graded hill, under the roof of an old structure that contains everything, and the burial-place of Jesus not far from it, beneath the same dome. Mr. Howe was in Jerusalem in 1853. For eighteen years thereafter he was occupied with studying all the authorities that he could find upon the subject; his mind was full of the theme. In 1870 he writes that he does not know how long ago the thoughts got into his mind; and within a twelvemonth he lays his book before the public. It is simply candid to assert that he was first in the field with his orderly proofs, seven or eight years before any of those who now seek to pass his volume by had given their slow adhesion to his arguments and begun to claim the credit of having supplied them to the public.

The necessity of this case required in the outset that he should state what the evangelists have to say, and what other allusions found in the New Testament demand in reference to the site. He makes, with a conspicuous italicizing of his words, six points in their turn:

*First.* That the place of the crucifixion was outside the walls of Jerusalem; and he adduces Hebrews xiii. 12; Matthew xxvii. 31, 32; John xix. 16, 17, with parallel passages from other gospels saying the same.

*Second.* That this place was nigh to the city. (John xix. 20.)

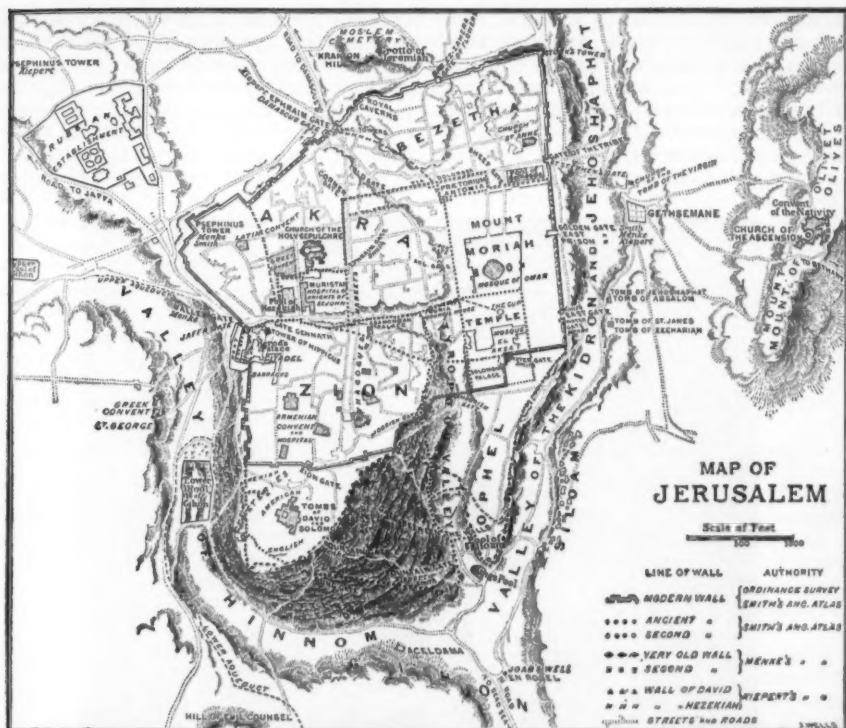
*Third.* That it was popularly known under the general designation of *Kranion*. He notes the meaning of *Golgotha* and of *Calvary*, and then he quotes Matthew xxvii. 33; Luke xxiii. 33; and John xix. 20.

*Fourth.* That it was obviously nigh to one of the leading thoroughfares to and from Jerusalem. (Matthew xxvii. 39; Mark xv. 29.)

*Fifth.* That this spot was very conspicuous; that is, it could be seen by those at a distance. (Matthew xxvii. 55; Luke xxiii. 35; John xix. 20.)

*Sixth.* That it was nigh to, not only sepulchers, but also gardens. (John xix. 38-42.) Then to these enumerations of proofs he adds his entire conclusion: "No sophistry, or interposed traditional authority or belief, can be allowed to evade these plain demands of the written word of God. Failure to meet one of them is proper ground for suspicion; failure in all is good cause for rejecting any site, traditional or hypothetical." With these propositions he proceeds to apply his tests.

Of course, therefore, the earliest thing this author was obliged to set himself definitely to accomplish was to destroy the force of an



established tradition in favor of the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulcher. He marshaled his proofs to show that this building could not be reckoned as ever having been outside of the city. Hence he entered into the controversy about the walls of that historic old capital with a map and a Bible in his hands. And it is precisely there that an article like this for a popular magazine will be shy in attempting to go along his tracks. The map which accompanies this sketch of Mr. Howe's process of reasoning is a great deal better than the one he copied from a guide-book of his time. It will do its own work in exhibiting how utterly impossible it is to twist Jerusalem into a straggling figure of awkwardness sufficiently wretched to allow of that rambling and mysterious piece of architecture being considered outside the wall. If one would take his stand upon the knoll by the Damascus gate and look over on the city, finding the domes and towers of the church conspicuous in the grouping almost at the center of the town, he would own the difficulty instantly. Mr. Howe discusses this in his "Oriental and Sacred Scenes," and throws all his force against that traditional theory even from the beginning. It is useless

Vol. XXXVII.—15.

here to waste space in argument ; it is enough to say that nobody has ever answered the objections of such scholars as Dr. Edward Robinson, Dr. William M. Thomson, and scores of other writers of more or less repute. It is impossible to meet the scriptural conditions with that locality; and there is no other in Jerusalem which will meet them except that by the Grotto of Jeremiah.

The only representative site for Calvary now offered pilgrims in Jerusalem is found in a couple of rooms inside the old edifice; one is owned and exhibited by the Greeks, another by the Latins. These share the same disability; both—since the church is already so full of traditions on the ground floor—had to go up a flight of stairs into free space nearer the roof. And there it is, amidst tawdry curtains and gilt be-dizenments of candles and altar-shrines, that this ancient spot upon which the cross of Jesus Christ rested is pointed out, and the veritable hole is shown in which it was planted. And the thieves' crosses—a decorous but rather inadequate distance of five feet between them on the right and left of the middle one—are ranged alongside. And down underneath, far below across some intervening space left by

grading away the actual soil of the hill, so we are sagely told, is the grave of Adam! Tradition has related that at the crucifixion of Jesus some drops of blood fell through upon Adam's skull and raised him suddenly to life; and there are commentators who declare that so the prophecy quoted by the apostle Paul (Ephesians v. 14) was well fulfilled: "Awake, thou Adam

enough: it would put an end to the awkward and offensive impostures daily exhibited under the roof of that filthy old church. They are a standing mockery of the claims of the Christianity they profess to uphold. Those ceremonies of Easter at the tomb where our Lord is declared to have been buried are a caricature of an event so glad and holy. The struggle



GROTTO OF JEREMIAH.

that sleepest [for thus the former versions read in the text], and arise from the dead, for Christ shall touch thee." The art-people say that this is the origin of the fact that in those early rude representations of the death of our Lord a skull is introduced.

Can any man of sensibility be blamed if he makes an imperious demand that something more—something else at least—shall greet him in answer to his question, Where was our Lord crucified? If there should be no other advantage gained by the acceptance of a new site as now proposed, this would be

around the flames that are chemically forced out of the smoky hole in the sepulcher, so that devotees in frantic zeal may light their lamps, brings death from the trampling of thousands, fills the house with howls that put heathenism to shame, and sends true believers away with an infinite disgust and horror deep in their hearts. How long must such a scandal be patiently endured?

Mr. James Fergusson, certainly one of the highest authorities on all architectural subjects, says plainly he thinks that the idea of an interior building like that of the Church of the

Sepulcher containing the site of the crucifixion and burial is too absurd to merit serious refutation; and he does not believe it would require it but for the open admission in all opposing arguments of the lack of any one's being able to say, or even to hint, where the true site is. To this remark he is willing to add his conviction that the present traditional notion will never be broken up until this practical want is supplied. Here is the real flaw in the logic: "Men will twist and torment facts and evidence until they make it quite clear, to their own minds, that what they wish to be true must be so." It is not necessary to accept this conclusion as absolute; some delusions concerning sites have been surrendered, and still the places emptied of them in the popular folly have not been as yet authentically filled. There is a positive advantage always in the settlement which common sense makes in putting down an imposture, just for its own sake; and we hope this has become possible, in these later times, with that church of Helena's building in the city of Jerusalem.

But there is still greater gain in putting down an imposture and erecting in the place of it a truth and a fact. In his bright book of letters from Palestine entitled "Haifa," Mr. Laurence Oliphant offers the results of modern observation and discussion with swift and intelligible words that are very welcome; especially in this instance it is worth our while to find and note the present posture of thought. He says:

Every indication goes to show that Golgotha, or Calvary, was a knoll outside the Damascus gate, exactly in the opposite direction to that affixed by Christian tradition, and which would do away with the *Via Dolorosa* as a sacred thoroughfare, the street shown as that along which Christ bore his cross on his way to execution. It is only probable that Calvary was the ordinary execution ground of Jerusalem, which is called in the Talmud "the House of Stoning" about A. D. 150, and which current tradition among the Jews identifies with this knoll—a tradition borne out by the account of it contained in the *Mishnah*, or text of the Talmud, which describes a cliff over which the condemned was thrown by the first witness. If he was not killed by the fall, the second witness cast a stone upon him, and the crowd on the cliff, or beneath it, completed his execution. It was outside the gate, at some distance from the judgment-hall. The knoll in question is just outside the gate, with a cliff about fifty feet high. Moreover, we are informed that sometimes they sunk a beam in the ground, and a cross-beam extended from it, and they bound his hands one over the other, and hung him up. Thus the House of Stoning was a recognized place of crucifixion. It is curious that an early Christian tradition pointed to this site as the place of stoning of Stephen, the proto-martyr. The vicinity has apparently always been considered unlucky. An Arab writer in the Middle Ages pronounces a barren tract adjoining accursed and haunted, so that the traveler should not pass at night.

Many modern explorers have accepted the conclusion noted above; most of those who

have written on the theme have marshaled their arguments to give it proof. And what is remarkable beyond anything else is the fact that these arguments are the same as those used by my old and dear friend Mr. Fisher Howe more than a quarter of a century ago.

The spot has been named the "Grotto of Jeremiah" for no reason that has any sense in it. The story was that the old prophet lived inside of the strange cavern at the base, as a hermit would live in some cleft of the hillside; that he penned his commentaries there, and composed his prophetic book, and sang his melancholy Lamentations. Still, this proves nothing; and history says that this prophet lived in Egypt for the later years of his career, and wrote his messages back to his loved people who exiled him, dwelling in Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes.

But the cave is wonderfully extensive; some say it is a hundred feet deep. Indeed, the excavations under the entire hill must have been the work of ages, and would be considered a wonder anywhere else than in the vicinity of Jerusalem. The cliff is shorn sheer down, as if cut with a chisel, and presents a perpendicular façade fifty feet high. Close by it are many graves, and underneath the so-called grotto are vast cisterns of pure water. The whole hillside is venerable and majestic. It looks like one of the oldest and most imperishable landmarks of that suburb, and could not fail to have been from time immemorial a notable place to all who went out or in by the gate leading towards the north.

Among those who have written most ably and most recently on this subject is Dr. Selah Merrill, for some time the American consul at Jerusalem. He there enjoyed very rare opportunities for his study, and whatever he offers is worthy of profound respect. This testimony is from his pen:

For some years past there has been a growing conviction that the hill in which Jeremiah's Grotto is shown, situated a little to the north-east of the Damascus gate, satisfied the conditions as to the site of Calvary better than any other spot in or around Jerusalem. Indeed, a large number of competent scholars have already accepted this hill as Golgotha. From the Mount of Olives and Scopus, from the road leading north past the Russian buildings west of the city, from many points north of the town, and from many of the house-tops within Jerusalem itself, this hill attracts the eye by its prominence. On the north slope of the hill the slaughter-house of Jerusalem stood until two years since (1883), when it was removed to a more suitable locality north-east of the town. In its place two buildings have been erected, one of which is used as a residence. From these a high wall has been constructed, running past the large "Meis" tree still standing there, which many will remember, and on towards the foot of the hill on the west. The western slope is composed of barren earth and broken rock, but at the bottom on this side there is a large garden, where, some feet below the surface of the





PLACE OF THE SKULL.

ground, ruins have been found which are marked in the maps as an "asnerie"—a term, however, which conveys no adequate idea of the extent and character of the ruins.

The south face is vertical, and has in it the so-called "Grotto of Jeremiah." Farther along in this southern face, which does not run in a straight line, great quantities of stone have been quarried within the past few years. Towards the east the hill does not fall in a single slope, but, as it were, in two terraces. The hill may be said to be prolonged in this direction, the eastern knoll or second terrace being a little lower than the other.

The entire summit of the hill is covered with Moslem graves. This fact has no doubt prevented

the hill from being bought up and built upon hitherto, and this alone still prevents the ground from passing into the hands of foreigners. This graveyard is an old one; and who can say that the hand of Providence is not specially visible in the preservation of this spot, in this strange manner, from the disgusting and degrading monkish traditions which would otherwise have sprung up about it?

The brisk rehearsal of Mr. Howe's argument is, therefore, all that at present is needed to complete the exhibition I have been trying to make of what he has done in the direction of establishment and proofs.

*First.* This spot is certainly outside the walls of the city. No one will ever have to make crooked pictures, and distort circumvalations, in order with such a site to meet this text: "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

*Second.* The place of the crucifixion was nigh to the city. No time needs to be lost in saying that this knoll is close beside the gate on the north, which has for unreckoned years been unchanged and changeless in location. All the lay of the land there is as old as any part of Jerusalem can be. Historic proof can be offered that this wide chasm was fashioned by the engineers of King Hezekiah himself long and long before Jesus Christ was born. The conformation of that "skull shape" must have existed just so for ages. All scholars are agreed that the rock, cut through at that time for the path, is the original base of the wall. So lofty are the parapets in this direction that besiegers never have ventured an attack on the northern side. The structures, therefore, are almost unbroken. Wall and hill together form a perpendicular face seventy or eighty feet high. Hence armies, in all the fitful fortunes of Jerusalem, have chosen easier places for undertaking breaches of entrance. And the cliff directly facing the wall, with its rounded cranium and its black sockets, suggesting a skull now so plainly, has been there in all the years to make the same suggestion.

*Third.* The hill is noticeably skull shaped, so that in popular habit it may have been called by the name. It is well enough to say just at this point that the revisers of the New Testament have done, of their own accord, what Mr. Howe used often to tell me ought to have been done before. They have changed the Latin designation for the proper English in the gospel of Luke (xxiii. 33): "And when they came unto the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified him." So in Matthew's story (xxvii. 33): "And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha," the article is changed to definite instead of indefinite—"the place called Golgotha." It was a known spot,— "in the place was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulcher,"—as if close by and familiar.

I choose to touch this point with a single illustration. We are all acquainted with these curious freaks of nature that after long ages become landmarks just because of their singularity. Who will ever forget the "Profile" in the White Mountains? One has to go to the exact spot, however, in order to see it, or it will evade his observation in every case, and he will have to join the innumerable throng of incredulous tourists who insist that there is

no semblance of a face in the cliff, or anywhere else outside of the imagination of some young people. The portrait of the "White Horse" across the Saco River in front of the fine Intervale House in North Conway affords another example. It is visible and intelligible to everybody; and yet it has to be looked for and looked at when the sunlight strikes it at a particular angle. For unreckoned years these two landmarks have been there in the rocks, and they will stay there until doomsday, for all we know. Because they are so odd, popular imagination takes them up, and makes use of them forever. There is nothing more certain and unalterable than the "Pulpit," or the "Cathedral," or the "Old Man of the Mountain," to fix a site and a name.

So Mr. Howe used to consider this shape of a *kranion*, there in an elevated conspicuousness beside the Damascus gate, one of his strongest arguments for the spot he preferred. I might perhaps add that the only way to catch the whole effect is to choose a position of some reach of distance away to the southeast. Afterward, on another walk, with the rest of our company to give further witness, we found that the observation was more successful from near the point where our Lord looked down upon Jerusalem when he wept over the prospect of its destruction. There are three roads that appear on the map as leading across the summit of the Mount of Olives: the southern one goes around rather than over the ridge, taking a sharp bend almost like a right-angle; it is just there that the full view of Jerusalem bursts most gloriously on the sight. We thought the appearance of the skull shape was more distinct at this point than even at the belfry of the Church of the Ascension.

Now it is freely admitted by everybody that there is no documentary or historic proof that this place bore such a name at the time when Jesus was crucified. But some place there was close by and just outside of Jerusalem which did bear that name then. Where was it? Our Sunday-school teachers are all told in the popular commentaries to answer the children, when they ask why the spot where Jesus was crucified was called *Golgotha*, that it was either because the place was shaped like a skull, or because—being the ordinary place of execution or burial of criminals—skulls might be discovered there. Both of these may have been true; and both of these are true of this knoll of the Damascus gate, so far as the shape and graves are concerned.

*Fourth.* This place must have been nigh to one of the leading thoroughfares of Jerusalem. The passers-by "railed on him." These persons, in all likelihood, were the ordinary traffic-people, or the villagers coming in and out, or



JERUSALEM FROM MOUNT CALVARY.

the sojourners who were in the suburbs in tents or booths, having journeyed up to the feast. The northern road, reaching out over the country towards Shechem, Tyre, Damascus, was one of the oldest and most fixed in Palestine. The Damascus gate was named after it.

*Fifth.* The site of the crucifixion must have been very conspicuous. "And the people stood beholding." Some of these were females, to whom it would have been perilous to force their way through the crowds of soldiers and coarse creatures present at crucifixions. Possibly an anxious few of such as had been helped and healed by the Lord were desiring to keep watch of the sad spectacle: "There were also women looking on afar off." There is an excellent diorama now upon exhibition in New York showing, in the modern form of half-picture and half-figure, the crucifixion scene; and the most striking feature of the representation, so far as the populace is concerned, is the crowd upon the long reach of wall, gazing off at those crosses on the knoll. The unusually elevated portion of the fortifications at the Damascus gate affords an outlook to be found nowhere else in the city. Indeed, this spot satisfies all the needs of the sacred narrative. It is a high, conspicuous place, at no very great distance from the governor's house. The way to it would be along the streets of the city, where the crowds would be met, the daughters of Jerusalem thronging Jesus as he passed. It is situated precisely where he, sinking under his cross, would most need help. The hill in front of the Damascus gate is so steep that the path winds in order to get up to the top of the knoll; and there is where the countryman, Simon the Cyrenean, would be caught, just as he was entering, and forced to aid in carrying the cross up the slope.

*Sixth.* The place of crucifixion must have been nigh to gardens and sepulchers. Sir J. William Dawson says he visited the vicinity

in the company of Dr. Selah Merrill, and found that to this day small gardens occupy the level ground at the foot of the skull-shaped knoll, and upon the borders of such gardens are tombs. This same writer, in common with others, dwells forcibly upon the fact that, when Jesus was raised, two angels appeared standing at the head and foot of the sepulcher, so as to be visible to those who came to the place; moreover, the door of the opening was low, so that one had to stoop to look into it, and the great stone which kept the mouth closed was rolled along in grooves to fall into its position. Such structures, it is claimed, are not to be found anywhere else in the suburbs of Jerusalem; but some have been in later times found on that hill beside the Damascus gate. The customary manner of building the places of interment was to fashion a series of long, narrow receptacles, not dissimilar to our own way in vaults of cemeteries—chambers into which the bodies were slid with the head far back in utter darkness, and only the feet seen when the door was opened. Much importance is attached to this statement; and it is generally accepted as quite true as a matter of fact by those who know best.

With this rehearsal it is well enough to leave the argument just where Mr. Fisher Howe left it. One characteristic of his unpretending volume will be noticeable upon each page of it—the author was devoted to his task, and emboldened by his enthusiasm to deliver a little book in its behalf; but he was personally diffident, and almost painfully a modest man in literature. He tried his hardest, from the beginning to the end of the volume, to commit somebody or anybody responsibly to an indorsement of his conviction. He never wished to make a sensation in such a matter; what he desired was that people should give up the former absurdities as to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and accept this sane and sensible

conclusion that Jesus Christ was crucified on that elevated spot beside the Damascus gate. If only he could have forced words out of old Dr. Edward Robinson's tomes declaring the truth of what the heart of hearts within him believed, he would have given over the matter gladly to him. This will explain some crude allusions to authors and public men of repute that appear among his quotations. Dr. Selah Merrill has published this little paragraph in an excellent article:

As regards the question, Who first suggested the hill above Jeremiah's Grotto as the probable site of the crucifixion? it may be that this honor belongs to an American who was distinguished in quite another department than that of biblical geography, namely, to the eminent Rev. Rufus Anderson, D. D., who, when walking out of the Damascus gate, in the year 1845, in company with his friend Dr. Eli Smith, pointed to this hill, and spoke of it to his companion as in his judgment the site of the true Calvary.

It would be a matter of interest to know how he became acquainted with such a fact. All the authority that is in existence, I think, is in Mr. Fisher Howe's volume. The reference is so peculiar that one grows interested to know the whole of it. Mr. Howe wrote to Dr. Rufus Anderson, as he wrote to me, and to many others, doubtless, seeking an understanding with them, sympathy and information; communicating recklessly and exhaustively everything he knew, and asking for some pleasant interchange. And I knew him well

enough to be sure, now as I write these words, that he told his correspondents tenfold more than he ever got back. I have an affectionate appreciation of the delight he felt when he had put this brilliant testimonial and corroboration into type on his final page, and linked together two names he so truly honored.

But I say unhesitatingly that Dr. Anderson knew what he was then writing when he said, "I thank you for *your suggestions* with regard to the true Calvary." Mr. Howe had been writing and studying for enthusiastic years before he received the knowledge of Dr. Anderson's tentative remark to Dr. Smith; he did not know that any one had ever spoken even casually about such a thing; and he was glad to have it published that so great a man had made the remark to another man so great.

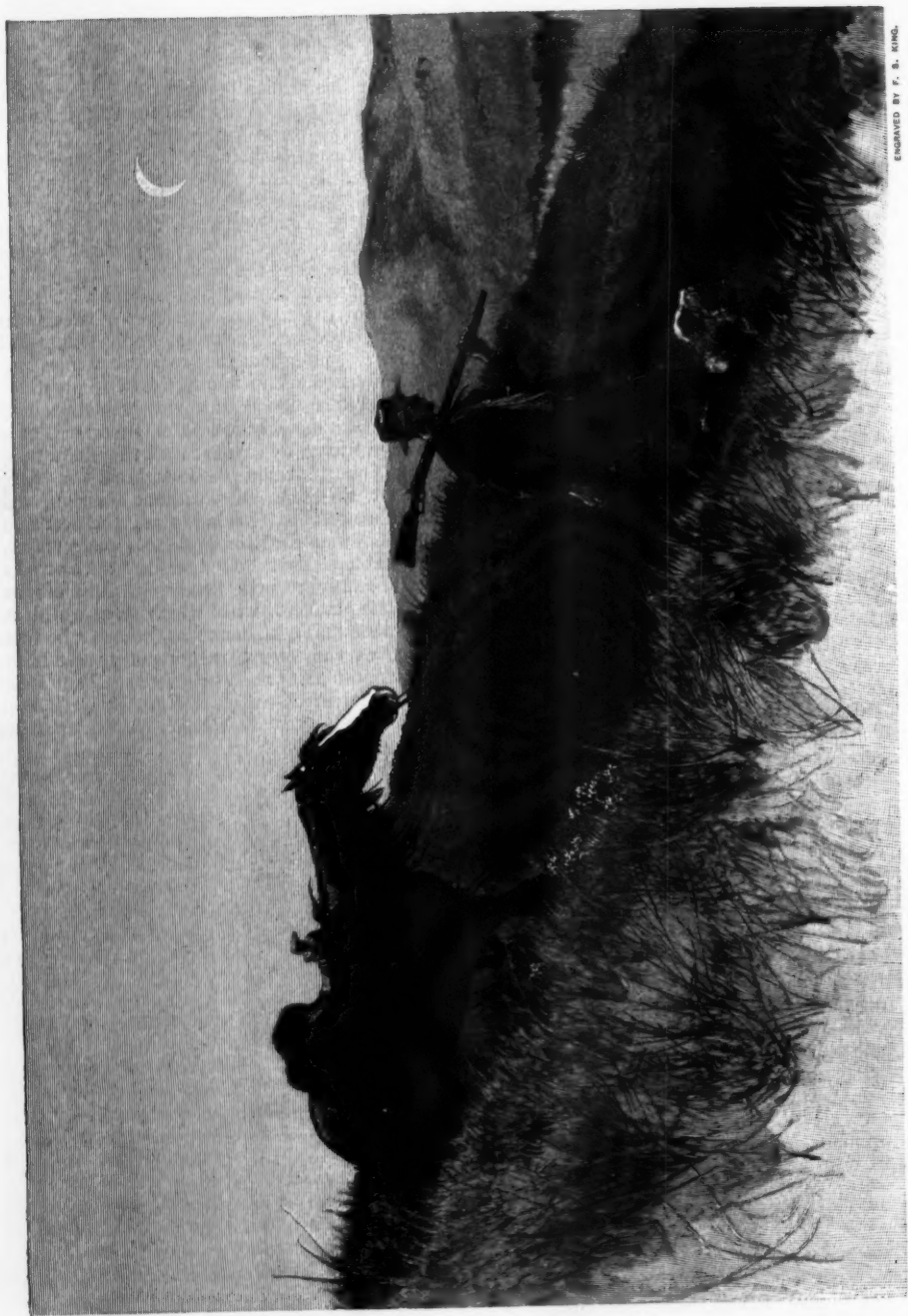
I end this notice of a very valuable small book, and this affectionate reminiscence of a beloved friend, by saying in all simplicity that, since Dr. Anderson died without the sign, and Dr. Eli Smith died without the sign, and Mr. Fisher Howe, having made the best sign he could, then died (*nulli flebilior quam mihi*), I sometimes have had a wish that before he died he might have known a little of the grateful gladness with which the world is now mentioning his name as the one who first gave out the orderly argument to establish what good men now believe is "The True Site of Calvary."

Charles S. Robinson.



THE DAMASCUS GATE.





DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

LOOKING FOR CAMP.

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

## PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.

### I. LOOKING FOR CAMP.

**I**N that portion of the arid belt which lies within the borders of Idaho between the rich irrigated valleys and the mining-camps of the mountains there is a region whereon those who occupy it have never labored — the beautiful "hill-country," the lap of the mountain-ranges, the free pastures of the plains. Here, without help of hands, are sown and harvested the standing crops of wild grass which constitute the wealth of the cattle-men in the valleys.

Of all the monotonous phases of the Western landscape these high, solitary pastures are the most poetic. Nothing human is suggested by the plains except processions of tired people passing over, tribal movements, war-parties, discoverers, and fortune-seekers. But the sentiment of the hills is restful. Their stillness is not lifeless; it is as if these warm-bosomed slopes were listening, like a mother to her child's breathing, for sounds from all the shy, wild communities which they feed and shelter — the slow tread of grazing herds, the call of a

bird, the rustle of the stiff grass on the hill-slopes, the lapsing trickle of water in gulches hidden by willows, and traced by their winding green from far off across the dry slopes.

All the life of the hills tends downwards at night; the cattle, which always graze upwards, go down to the gulches to drink; the hunter makes his camp there when darkness overtakes him. He may travel late over the hills in the twilight, prolonged and colored by the sunset. There is seldom a cloud to vary the slow, deep gradation where the sun has gone down and the dusty valley still smolders in orange and crimson, with a cold substratum of pale blue mist above the river channel. Through a break in the line of the hills, or from a steep rise, one can track the sun from setting to setting till he is gone at last, and the flaming sky colors the opposite hilltops so that they glow even after the rising moon casts shadows. At this hour the stillness is so intense that the faintest breeze can be heard, creeping along the hill-slopes and stirring the dry, reed-like grasses with a sound like that of a muted string.

### .....

### EVENING AMONG THE FOOT-HILLS.

**S**ING of the valley and plain that toil has made fertile and green,  
Sing of the worshipful mountains where heavenly presences lean,  
But slight not the friendly low hills that offer glad service between.

Their raiment is tufted wild grass, warm-colored like harvest-time wheat,—  
All golden, in summer content, they wait at the mountains' feet,  
Yielding the hospice where rover from highland and valley may meet.

Here is the fold that gathers at evening the far-ranging herd;  
Drinketh the deer, where faintly the mirror-like water is stirred,  
Where rustles the blade or the branch, there stoopeth the flight of the bird.

The willows have taken the wood-dove and lark to watch and to ward;  
The partridge is safe, nestled down in the warm, dry, moon-silvered sward  
That, moved by the soft night wind, wakes the sound of a muted chord.

Follow thou too, O hunter! tired of the sun and the height;  
Follow, and choose thine own of these chambers open to-night,  
Nor count thyself lonely, companioned by many a slumberer light.

Come, tracing thy way by the flame that is loath to die out of the west;  
Tether thy steed by the streamside—thy couch already is dressed;  
Sleep, with the friendly low foot-hills around thee guarding thy rest.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

### I. 1883. HOW I GOT THEM.



TRUE stories are not often good art. The relations and experiences of real men and women rarely fall in such symmetrical order as to make an artistic whole. Until they have had such treatment as we give stone in the quarry or gems in the rough they seldom group themselves with that harmony of values and brilliant unity of interest that result when art comes in—not so much to transcend nature as to make nature transcend herself.

Yet I have learned to believe that good stories happen oftener than once I thought they did. Within the last few years there have dropped into my hands by one accident or another a number of these natural crystals, whose charms, never the same in any two, are in each and all enough at least to warn off all tampering of the fictionist. Happily, moreover, without being necessary one to another, they yet have a coherent sequence, and follow one another like the days of a week. They are mine only by right of discovery. From various necessities of the case I am sometimes the story-teller, and sometimes, in the reader's interest, have to abridge; but I add no fact and trim naught of value away. Here are no "restorations," not one. In time, place, circumstance, in every essential feature, I give them as I got them—strange stories that truly happened, all partly, some wholly, in Louisiana.

In the spring of 1883, being one night the guest of my friend Dr. Francis Bacon, in New Haven, Connecticut, and the conversation turning, at the close of the evening, upon wonderful and romantic true happenings, he said:

"You are from New Orleans; did you never hear of Salome Müller?"

"No."

Thereupon he told the story, and a few weeks later sent me by mail, to my home in New Orleans, whither I had returned, a transcription, which he had most generously made, of a brief summary of the case—it would be right to say tragedy instead of case—as printed

in "The Law Reporter" some forty years ago. That transcription lies before me now, beginning, "The Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana has lately been called upon to investigate and decide one of the most interesting cases which has ever come under the cognizance of a judicial tribunal." This episode, which had been the cause of public excitement within the memory of men still living on the scene, a native resident of New Orleans and student of its history stumbled upon for the first time nearly two thousand miles from home.

I mentioned it to a number of lawyers of New Orleans, one after another. None remembered ever having heard of it. I appealed to a former chief-justice of the State, who had a lively personal remembrance of every member of the bench and the bar concerned in the case; but of the case he had no recollection. One of the medical experts called in by the court for evidence upon which the whole merits of the case seemed to hang was still living—the distinguished Creole physician Dr. Armand Mercier. He could not recall the matter until I recounted the story, and then only in the vaguest way. Yet when my friend the former chief-justice kindly took down from his shelves and beat free of dust the right volume of supreme court decisions, there was the terse, cold record, No. 5623. I went to the old newspaper files under the roof of the city hall and had the pleasure speedily to find, under the dates of 1818 and 1844, such passing allusions to the strange facts of which I was in search as one might hope to find in those days when a serious riot was likely to receive no mention, and a steamboat explosion dangerously near the editorial rooms would be recorded in ten lines of colorless statement. I went to the courts, and after following and abandoning several false trails through two days' search, found that the books of record containing the object of my quest had been lost, having unaccountably disappeared in—if I remember aright—1870.

There was one chance left; it was to find the original papers. I employed an intelligent gentleman at so much a day to search till he should find them. In the dusty garret of one of the court buildings—the old Spanish Ca-

bildo that faces Jackson Square—he rummaged for ten days, finding now one desired document and now another, until he had gathered all but one. Several he drew out of a great heap of papers lying in the middle of the floor, as if it were a pile of rubbish; but this one he never found. Yet I was content. Through the perseverance of this gentleman and the intervention of a friend in the legal profession, and by the courtesy of the court, I held in my hand the whole forgotten story of the poor lost and found Salome Müller. How through the courtesy of some of the reportorial staff of the "New Orleans Picayune" I found and conversed with three of Salome's still surviving relatives and friends, I shall not stop to tell.

WHILE I was still in search of these things the editor of the "New Orleans Times-Democrat" handed me a thick manuscript, asking me to examine and pronounce upon its merits. It was written wholly in French, in a small, cramped, feminine hand. I replied, when I could, that it seemed to me unfit for the purposes of transient newspaper publication, yet if he declined it I should probably buy it myself. He replied that he had already examined it and decided to decline it, and it was only to know whether I, not he, could use it that I had been asked to read it.

I took it to an attorney, and requested him, under certain strict conditions, to obtain it for me with all its rights.

"What is it?"

"It is the minute account, written by one of the travelers, a pretty little Creole maiden of seventeen, of an adventurous journey made in 1795 from New Orleans through the wilds of Louisiana, taking six weeks to complete a tour that could now be made in less than two days."

"But this is written by some one else; see, it says, 'Voyage de ma Grand'mère.'"

"Yes, it purports to be a copy. We must have the little grandmother's original manuscript, written in 1822; that or nothing."

So a correspondence sprang up with a gentle and refined old Creole lady with whom I later had the honor to become acquainted and now count among my esteemed friends—granddaughter of the grandmother who, after innumerable recountings by word of mouth to mother, sisters, brothers, friends, husband, children, and children's children through twenty-seven years of advancing life, sat down at last and wrote the oftold tale for her little grandchildren, one of whom, inheriting her literary instinct and herself become an aged grandmother, discovers the manuscript among some old family papers and recognizes its value. The

first exchange of letters disclosed the fact that the "New Orleans Bee" ("L'Abeille") had bought the right to publish the manuscript in French; but the moment its editors had proper assurance that there was impending another arrangement more profitable to her, they chivalrously yielded all they had bought, on merely being reimbursed.

The condition that required the delivery of the original manuscript, written over sixty years before, was not so easily met. First came the assurance that its spelling was hideous, its writing bad and dimmed by time, and the sheets tattered and torn. Later followed the disclosure that an aged and infirm mother of the grandmother owned it, and that she had some time before compelled its return to the private drawer from which the relic-loving daughter had abstracted it. Still later came a letter saying that since the attorney was so relentlessly exacting, she had written to her mother praying her to part with the manuscript. Then followed another communication,—six large, closely written pages of despair,—inclosing a letter from the mother. The wad of papers, always more and more in the way and always "smelling bad," had been put into the fire. But a telegram followed on the heels of the mail, crying joy! An old letter had been found and forwarded which would prove that such a manuscript had existed. But it was not in time to intercept the attorney's letter saying that, the original manuscript being destroyed, there could be no purchase or any need of further correspondence. The old letter came. It was genuine beyond a doubt, had been written by one of the party making the journey, and was itself forty-seven years old. The paper was poor and fallow, and the orthography!—"Ma bien chair niaice je ressoit ta lette ce mattin," etc. But let us translate:

st. John baptist<sup>1</sup> 10 august 1836

MY VERY DEAR NIECE. I received your letter this morning in which you ask me to tell you what I remember of the journey to Attakapas made in 1795 by papa, M. —, [and] my younger sister Françoise afterward your grandmother. If it were with my tongue I could answer more favorably; but writing is not my forte; I was never calculated for a public writer, as your grandmother was. By the way, she wrote the journey, and very prettily; what have you done with it? It is a pity to lose so pretty a piece of writing. . . . We left New Orleans to go to the Attakapas in the month of May, 1795, and in an old barge ["vieux chaland qui senté le rat mord a plien nez"]. We were Françoise and I Suzanne, pearl of the family, and Papa, who went to buy lands; and

<sup>1</sup> Name of the parish, or county.



one Joseph Charpentier and his dear and pretty little wife Alix [whom] I love so much; 3 Irish, father mother and son [sic]; lastly Mario, whom you knew, with Celeste, formerly lady's maid to Marianne—who is now my sister-in-law. . . . If I knew better how to write I would tell you our adventures the alligators tried to devour us. We barely escaped perishing in Lake Chicot and many other things. . . . At last we arrived at a pretty village St. Martinville called also little Paris and full of barons, marquises, counts and countesses<sup>1</sup> that were an offense to my nose and my stomach. your grandmother was in raptures. it was there we met the beautiful Tonton, your aunt by marriage. I have a bad finger and must stop. . . . Your loving aunty [ta tantine qui temme]

Suzanne — née —

The kind of letter to expect from one who as a girl of eighteen could shoot and swim and was called by her father "my son"; the antipode of her sister Françoise. The attorney wrote that the evidence was sufficient.

His letter had hardly got into the mail-bag when another telegram cried hold! that a few pages of the original manuscript had been found and forwarded by post. They came. They were only nine in all—old, yellow, ragged, torn, leaves of a plantation account-book whose red-ruled columns had long ago faded to a faint brown, one side of two or three of them preoccupied with charges in bad French of yards of cottonade, "mouslin à dames," "jaconad," dozens of soap, pounds of tobacco, pairs of stockings, lace, etc.; but to our great pleasure each page corresponding closely, save in orthography and syntax, with a page of the new manuscript, and the page numbers of the old running higher than those of the new! Here was evidence which one could lay before a skeptical world that the transcriber had not expanded the work of the original memoirist. The manuscript passed into my possession, our Creole lady-correspondent reiterating to the end her inability to divine what could be wanted with "an almost illegible scrawl" (griffonage), full of bad spelling and of rather inelegant diction. But if old manuscript was the object of desire, why, here was something else; the very document alluded to by Françoise in her memoir of travel—the autobiography of the dear little countess, her beloved Alix de Morainville, made fatherless and a widow by the guillotine in the Reign of Terror.

"Was that all?" inquired my agent, craftily, his suspicions aroused by the promptness with which the supply met the demand. "Had she not other old and valuable manuscripts?"

<sup>1</sup> Royalist refugees of '93.

"No, alas! only that one."

Thus reassured, he became its purchaser. It lies before me now, in an inner wrapper of queer old black paper, beside its little tight-fitting bag or case of a kind of bright, large-flowered silken stuff not made in these days, and its outer wrapper of old, discolored brief-paper; a pretty little document of sixty-eight small pages in a refined feminine hand, perfect in its slightly archaic grammar, gracefully composed, and, in spite of its flimsy yellowed paper, as legible as print: "*Histoire d'Alix de Morainville écrite à la Louisiane ce 22 Aout 1795. Pour mes chères amies, Suzanne et Françoise Bossier.*"

One day I told the story to Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University. He generously offered to see if he could find the name of the Comte de Morainville on any of the lists of persons guillotined during the French Revolution. He made the search, but wrote, "I am sorry to say that I have not been able to find it either in Prudhomme, 'Dictionnaire des Individues envoyés à la Mort judiciairement, 1789-1796,' or in the list given by Wallon in the sixth volume of his very interesting '*Histoire du Tribunal Revolutionnaire de Paris.*' Possibly he was not put to death in Paris," etc. And later he kindly wrote again that he had made some hours' further search, but in vain.

Here was distress. I turned to the little manuscript roll of which I had become so fond and searched its pages anew for evidence of either genuineness or its opposite. The wrapper of black paper and the close-fitting silken bag had not been sufficient to keep it from taking on the yellowness of age. It was at least no modern counterfeit. Presently I noticed the total absence of quotation marks from its passages of conversation. But at the close of the last century, as I understand, quotation marks were just beginning to come into use. Their entire absence from a manuscript of sixty-eight pages abounding in conversations meant either age or cunning pretense. But would the pretender carry his or her cunning to the extreme of fortifying the manuscript in every possible way against the sawing touch of time, lay it away in a trunk of old papers, lie down and die without mentioning it, and leave it for some one in the second or third generation afterward to find? I turned the leaves once more, and lo! one leaf that had had a large corner torn off had lost that much of its text; it had been written upon before it was torn; while on the other torn leaf, for there are two, the writing reads—as you shall see—uninterruptedly around the torn edge; the writing has been done after the corner was torn off. The manuscript is

genuine. Maybe the name De Morainville is not, but was a convenient fiction of Alix herself, well understood as such by Françoise and Suzanne. Everything points that way, as was suggested at once by Madame Sidonie de la Houssaye— There! I have let slip the name of my Creole friend, and can only pray her to forgive me! "Tout porte à le croire," she writes; although she also doubts, with reason, I should say, the exhaustive completeness of those lists of the guillotined. "I recall," she writes in French, "that my husband has often told me the two uncles of his father, or grandfather, were guillotined in the Revolution; but though search was made by an advocate, no trace of them was found in any records."

But to come back to my own attorney.

WHILE his grave negotiations were still going on, there met me one evening at my own gate a lady in black, seeking advice concerning her wish to sell to some publisher a private diary never intended for publication.

"That kind is the best," I said. "Did you write it during the late war?" I added at a guess.

"Yes."

"I suppose, then, it contains a careful record of each day's public events."

"No, I'm sorry to say—"

"Nay, don't be sorry; that lack may save it from the waste-basket." Then my heart spoke. "Ah! madam, if you had only done what no woman seems to have seen the importance of doing—written the women's side of that awful war—"

"That's just what I have done," she interrupted. "I was a Union woman, in the Confederacy. I could n't talk; I had to write. I was in the siege of Vicksburg from beginning to end."

"Leave your manuscript with me," I said. "If, on examining it, I find I can recommend it to a publisher, I will do so. But remember what I have already told you—the passage of an unknown writer's work through an older author's hands is of no benefit to it whatever. It is a bad sign rather than a good one. Your chances of acceptance will be at least no less if you send this to the publishers yourself."

No, she would like me to intervene.

How my attorney friend and I took a two-days' journey by rail, reading the manuscript to each other in the Pullman car; how a young newly married couple next us across the aisle, pretending not to notice, listened with all their might; how my friend the attorney now and then stopped to choke down tears; and how the young stranger opposite came at last, with apologies, asking where this matter would be published and under what title, I need not tell.

At length I was intercessor for a manuscript that publishers would not likely decline. I bought it for my little museum of true stories, at a price beyond what I believe any magazine would have paid—an amount that must have filled the widow's heart with joy, but as certainly was not beyond its worth to me. I have already contributed a part of this manuscript to *THE CENTURY* as one of its "War papers."<sup>1</sup>

JUDGE FARRAR, with whom I enjoyed a slight but valued acquaintance, stopped me one day in Carondelet street, New Orleans, saying, "I have a true story that I want you to tell. You can dress it out—"

I arrested him with a shake of the head. "Dress me no dresses. Story me no stories. There's not one of a hundred of them that does not lack something essential, for want of which they are good for naught. Keep them for after-dinner chat; but for the novelist they are good to smell, not to eat. And yet—tell me your story. I have a use for it—a cabinet of true things that have never had and shall not have a literary tool lifted up against them; virgin shells from the beach of the sea of human events. It may be I shall find a place for it there." So he told me the true story which I have called "*Attalie Brouillard*," because, having forgotten the woman's real name, it pleased his fancy to use that name in recounting the tale: "*Attalie Brouillard*." I repeated the story to a friend, a gentleman of much reading.

His reply dismayed me. "I have a faint impression," he said, "that you will find something very much like that in one of Lever's novels."

But later I thought, "Even so, what then? Good stories repeat themselves." I remembered having twice had experiences in my own life the accounts of which, when given, would have been great successes only that they were old anecdotes—great in their day, but long worn out in the club-rooms and abandoned to clergymen's reunions. The wise thing was not to find out or care whether Lever had somewhere told something like it, but whether the story was ever a real event in New Orleans, and, if so, to add it to my now, to me, priceless collection. Meeting the young judge again, I asked boldly for the story's full authentication. He said promptly that the man who told it of his own knowledge was the late Judge T. Wharton Collins; that the incidents occurred about 1855, and that Judge McCaleb could doubtless give the name of the notary public who had been an actor in the affair. "Let us go to his office right now," said my obliging friend.

<sup>1</sup> See *THE CENTURY* for September, 1885, p. 767.

We went, found him, told our errand. He remembered the story, was confident of its entire verity, and gave a name, which, however, he begged I would submit for verification to an aged notary public in another street, a gentleman of the pure old Creole type. I went to him. He heard the story through in solemn silence. From first to last I mentioned no name, but at the end I asked:

"Now, can you tell me the name of the notary in that case?"

"Yes."

I felt a delicious tingling as I waited for the disclosure. He slowly said:

"Dthere eeze wan troub' 'bout dat. To which case do you riffer? 'Cause, you know, dey got *free*, four case' like dat. An' you better not mention no name, 'cause you don't want git nobody in troub', you know. Now dthere's dthe case of —. And dthere's dthe case of —. And dthere's dthe case of —. He had to go away; yes; 'cause when he make dthe dade man make his will, he git *behine* dthe dade man in bade, an' hole 'im up in dthe bade."

I thanked him and departed, with but the one regret that the tale was true so many more times than was necessary.

IN all this collection the story of the so-called haunted house in Royal street is the only one that must ask a place in literature as partly a twice-told tale. The history of the house is known to thousands in the old French quarter, and that portion which antedates the late war was told in brief by Harriet Martineau as far back as when she wrote her book of American travel. In printing it here I fulfill an oft repeated promise; for many a one has asked me if I would not, or, at least, why I did not, tell its dark story.

So I have inventoried my entire exhibit—save one small matter. It turned out after all that the dear old Creole lady who had sold us the ancient manuscript, finding old paper commanding so much more per ton than it ever had commanded before, raked together three or four more leaves—stray chips of her lovely little ancestress Françoise's workshop, or rather the shakings of her basket of cherished records,—to wit, three Creole African songs, which I have used elsewhere; one or two other scraps, of no value; and, finally, a long letter telling its writer's own short story—a story so tragic and so sad that I can only say pass it, if you will. It stands first because it antedates the rest. As you will see, its time is something more than a hundred years ago. The writing was very difficult to read, owing entirely to the badness—mainly the

softness—of the paper. I have tried in vain to find exactly where Fort Latourette was situated. All along the Gulf shore the sites and remains of the small forts once held by the Spaniards are known traditionally and indiscriminately as "Spanish Fort." When John Law, author of that famed Mississippi Bubble,—which was in Paris what the South Sea Bubble was in London,—failed in his efforts at colonization on the Arkansas, his Arkansas settlers came down the Mississippi to within some sixty miles of New Orleans and established themselves in a colony at first called the *Côte Allemande* (German Coast), and later, owing to its prosperity, the *Côte d'Or*, or Golden Coast. Thus the banks of the Mississippi became known on the Rhine, a goodly part of our Louisiana Creoles received a German tincture, and the father and the aunt of Suzanne and Françoise were not the only Alsations we shall meet in these wild stories of wild times in Louisiana.

## II. 1782. THE YOUNG AUNT WITH WHITE HAIR.

THE date of this letter—I hold it in one hand as I write, and for the first time notice that it has never in its hundred years been sealed or folded, but only doubled once, lightly, and rolled in the hand, just as the young Spanish officer might have carried it when he rode so hard to bear it to its destination—its date is the last year but one of our American Revolution. France, Spain, and the thirteen colonies were at war with Great Britain, and the Indians were on both sides.

Galvez, the heroic young governor of Louisiana, had just been decorated by his king and made a count for taking the forts at Manchac, Baton Rouge, Natchez, and Mobile, and besieging and capturing the stronghold of Pensacola, thus winning all west Florida, from the Mississippi to the Appalachicola, for Spain. But this vast wilderness was not made safe; Fort Panmure (Natchez) changed hands twice, and the land was full of Indians, partly hireling friends and partly enemies. The waters about the Bahamas and the Greater and Lesser Antilles were fields for the movements of hostile fleets, corsairs, and privateers. Yet the writer of this letter was tempted to run the gauntlet of these perils, expecting, if all went well, to arrive in Louisiana in midsummer.

"How many times," says the memorandum of her brother's now aged great-granddaughter,— "How many times during my childhood has been told me the story of my aunt Louise. It was not until several years after the death of my grandmother that, on examining the contents of the basket which she had given me, I

found at the bottom of a little black-silk bag the letter written by my grand-aunt to her brother, my own ancestor. Frankly, I doubt that my grandmother had intended to give it to me, so highly did she prize it, though it was very difficult to read. The orthography is perfect; the difficulty is all owing to the paper and, moreover, to the situation of the poor wounded sufferer." It is in French:

*To my brother mister Pierre Bossier.  
In the parish<sup>1</sup> of St. James.*

FORT LATOURETTE,  
The 5 August, 1782.

MY GOOD DEAR BROTHER: Ah! how shall I tell you the frightful position in which I am placed! I would that I were dead! I seem to be the prey of a horrible nightmare! O Pierre! my brother! hasten with all speed to me. When you left Germany, your little sister was a blooming girl, very beautiful in your eyes, very happy! and to-day! ah! to-day, my brother, come see for yourself.

After having received your letter, not only my husband and I decided to leave our village and go to join you, but twelve of our friends united with us, and the 10 May, 1782, we quitted Strasbourg on the little vessel *North Star* [Étoile du Nord],<sup>2</sup> which set sail for New Orleans, where you had promised to come to meet us. Let me tell you the names of my fellow-travelers. O brother! what courage I need to write this account: first my husband, Leonard Cheval, and my son Pierre, poor little angel who was not yet two years old! Fritz Newman, his wife Nina, and their three children; Irwin Vizey; William Hugo, his wife, and their little daughter; Jacques Lewis, his daughter, and his son Henry. We were full of hope: we hoped to find fortune in this new country of which you spoke with so much enthusiasm. How in that moment did I bless my parents, and you my brother, for the education you had procured me. You know how good a musician my Leonard was, and our intention was on arriving to open a boarding-school in New Orleans; in your last letter you encouraged the project—all of us, movables with us, all our savings, everything we owned in this world.

This paper is very bad, brother, but the captain of the fort says it is all he has; and I write lying down, I am so uncomfortable.

The earlier days of the voyage passed without accident, without disturbance, but often Leonard spoke to me of his fears. The vessel was old, small, and very poorly supplied. The captain was a drunkard [here the writer attempted to turn the sheet and write on the back of it], who often incapacitated himself with his first officers [word badly blotted]; and

then the management of the vessel fell to the mate, who was densely ignorant. Moreover, we knew that the seas were infested with pirates. I must stop, the paper is too bad.

The captain has brought me another sheet.

Our uneasiness was great. Often we emigrants assembled on deck and told each other our anxieties. Living on the frontier of France, we spoke German and French equally well; and when the sailors heard us, they, who spoke only English, swore at us, accused us of plotting against them, and called us Saurkrouts. At such times I pressed my child to my heart and drew nearer to Leonard, more dead than alive. A whole month passed in this constant anguish. At its close, fevers broke out among us, and we discovered, to our horror, there was not a drop of medicine on board. We had them lightly, some of us, but only a few; and [bad blot] Newman's son and William Hugo's little daughter died, . . . and the poor mother soon followed her child. My God! but it was sad. And the provisions ran low, and the captain refused to turn back to get more.

One evening, when the captain, his lieutenant, and two other officers were shut in their cabin drinking, the mate, of whom I had always such fear, presented himself before us surrounded by six sailors armed, like himself, to the teeth, and ordered us to surrender all the money we had. To resist would have been madness; we had to yield. They searched our trunks and took away all that we possessed: they left us nothing, absolutely nothing. Ah! why am I not dead? Profiting by the absence of their chiefs they seized the [or some—the word is blotted] boats and abandoned us to our fate. When, the next day, the captain appeared on deck quite sober, and saw the cruelty of our plight, he told us, to console us, that we were very near the mouth of the Mississippi, and that within two days we should be at New Orleans. Alas! all that day passed without seeing any land,<sup>3</sup> but towards evening the vessel, after incredible efforts, had just come to a stop—at what I supposed should be the mouth of the river. We were so happy to have arrived that we begged Captain Andrieux to sail all night. He replied that our men, who had worked all day in place of the sailors, were tired and did not understand at all sufficiently the handling of a vessel to sail by night. He wanted to get drunk again. As in fact our men were worn out, we went, all of us, to bed. O great God! give me strength to go on. All at

<sup>1</sup> County.

<sup>2</sup> If this was an English ship,—for her crew was English and her master's name seems to have been Andrews,—she was probably not under British colors.

<sup>3</sup> The treeless marshes of the Delta would be very slow coming into view.



once we were wakened by horrible cries, not human sounds: we thought ourselves surrounded by ferocious beasts. We poor women clasped our children to our breasts, while our husbands armed themselves with whatever came to hand and dashed forward to meet the danger. My God! my God! we saw ourselves hemmed in by a multitude of savages yelling and lifting over us their horrible arms, grasping hatchets, knives, and tomahawks. The first to fall was my husband, my dear Leonard; all, except Irwin Vizey, who had the fortune to jump into the water unseen, all were massacred by the monsters. One Indian tore my child from me while another fastened my arms behind my back. In response to my cries, to my prayers, the monster who held my son took him by one foot and, swinging him several times around, shattered his head against the wall. And I live to write these horrors! . . . I fainted, without doubt, for on opening my eyes I found I was on land [blot], firmly fastened to a stake. Nina Newman and Kate Lewis were fastened as I was: the latter was covered with blood and appeared to be dangerously wounded. About daylight three Indians came looking for them and took them God knows where! Alas! I have never since heard of either of them or their children.

I remained fastened to the stake in a state of delirium, which saved me doubtless from the horrors of my situation. I recall one thing: that is, having seen those savages eat human flesh, the members of a child—at least it seemed so. Ah! you see plainly I must have been mad to have seen all that without dying! They had stripped me of my clothing and I remained exposed, half naked, to a July sun and to clouds of mosquitoes. An Indian who spoke French informed me that, as I was young and fat, they were reserving me for the dinner of the chief, who was to arrive next day. In a moment I was dead with terror; in that instant I lost all feeling. I had become indifferent to all. I saw nothing, I heard nothing. Towards evening one of the sub-chiefs approached and gave me some water in a gourd. I drank without knowing what I did; thereupon he set himself to examine me as the butcher examines the lamb that he is about to kill; he seemed to find me worthy to be served on the table of the head-chief, but as he was hungry and did not wish to wait [blot], he drew from its sheath the knife that he carried at his belt and before I had had time to guess what he intended to do [Enough to say, in place of literal translation, that the savage, from the outside of her right thigh, flayed off a large piece of her flesh.] It must be sup-

posed that I again lost consciousness. When I came to myself, I was lying some paces away from the stake of torture on a heap of cloaks, and a soldier was kneeling beside me, while I was surrounded by about a hundred others. The ground was strewn with dead Indians. I learned later that Vizey had reached the woods and by chance had stumbled into Fort Latourette, full of troops. Without loss of time, the brave soldiers set out, and arrived just in time to save me. A physician dressed my wound, they put me into an ambulance and brought me away to Fort Latourette, where I still am. A fierce fever took possession of me. My generous protectors did not know to whom to write; they watched over me and showed every care imaginable.

Now that I am better, I write you, my brother, and close with these words: I await you! Make all haste!

Your sister,

LOUISA CHEVAL.

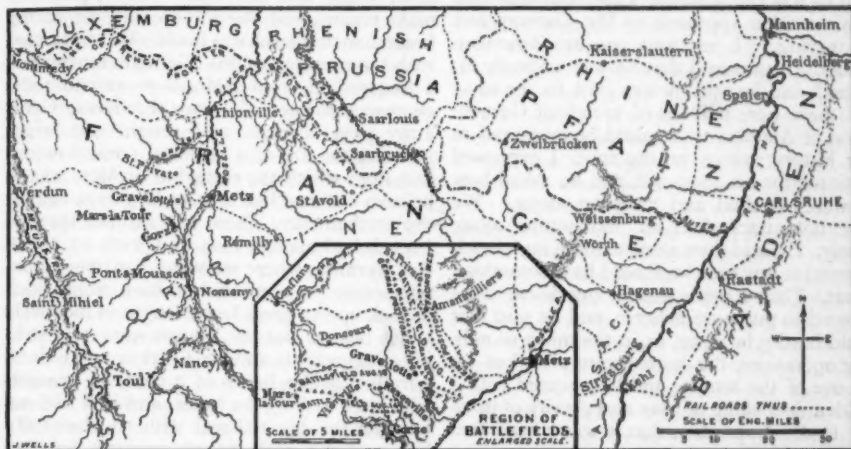
"My grandmother," resumes the memorandum of the Creole great-grandniece, "had often read this letter, and had recounted to me the incidents that followed its reception. She was then but three years old, but as her aunt lived three years in her (*i. e.*, the aunt's) brother's family, my grandmother had known her, and described her to me as a young woman with white hair and walking with a staff. It was with difficulty that she used her right leg. My great-grandfather used to tell his children that his sister Louise had been blooming and gay, and spoke especially of her beautiful blonde hair. A few hours had sufficed to change it to snow, and on the once charming countenance of the poor invalid to stamp an expression of grief and despair.

"It was Lieutenant Rosello, a young Spaniard, who came on horseback from Fort Latourette to carry to my great-grandfather his sister's letter. . . . Not to lose a moment, he [the brother] began, like Lieutenant Rosello, the journey on horseback, procuring a large ambulance as he passed through New Orleans. . . . He did all he could to lighten the despair of his poor sister. . . . All the members of the family lavished upon her every possible care and attention; but alas! the blow she had received was too terrible. She lingered three years, and at the end of that time passed peaceably away in the arms of her brother, the last words on her lips being 'Leonard!—my child!'"

So we make way for the bright and happy story of how Françoise made Evangeline's journey through the dark wilds of Atchafalaya.

George W. Cable.

## GRAVELOTTE WITNESSED AND REVISITED.



**T**HE gayety of the French nation was suddenly eclipsed in July, 1870, by the gloom of the cloud of war with Germany. It is the common story that the war news was received in Paris with light-hearted enthusiasm, but it was my observation that the popular demonstrations of joyous excitement were superficial and artificial, while public opinion was exceedingly apprehensive, and the popular expression bitterly grave. The frivolity that appeared in those days of destiny came from the courageous vanity of the people, whose pride was enlisted in laughing while facing the fates that grin but never smile. Few of the French and none of the strangers within their gates knew that the imperial army was in a pitiful state of unreadiness. I had just satisfied myself with the fascinating experience of making the acquaintance of Paris, and, instead of going to Switzerland as the next scene of a summer in Europe, entered upon service as a war correspondent, as a first step soliciting through the American minister, Mr. Washburne, authorization from the War Office to accompany Marshal McMahon. Without waiting for the decision upon my application, I hastened to Metz, where the Emperor Napoleon III. had his headquarters. On the way I was informed that the correspondents of foreign journals who presented themselves would certainly not be received and probably would be arrested; but the warning was disregarded, and I speed-

ily found myself under police surveillance, and so restrained and annoyed that I proceeded to Strasburg. An exchange of telegrams with Mr. Washburne, I had reason to believe, prevented my imprisonment at Metz, and a long letter written in that city, referring to the want of organization and ominous confusion in the army, was confiscated. The activity of the police was so great in Strasburg that I concluded to try my fortunes with the Germans, and did so by passing through Switzerland and obtaining papers of identification and authorization from the War Minister of Baden at Carlsruhe. Thus equipped, and accompanied by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, then of London, and now of New York, we crossed the Rhine at Mannheim with a division of German troops and pushed on to the invasion of France. Our plan of campaign was to stick to the railroad, confident that the vast forces in motion must follow the lines of rails. We came up with King William and Bismarck at St. Avold, which was then about three miles within the French frontier. There, sleeping on the floor of the wine-room in the Hôtel de Paris, I was aroused late in the night by a heated and spurred and dusty messenger inquiring for General Moltke, and ascertained that I was under the same roof with the brains of the invading army.

The King bowed graciously from a window of the post-office to the two American tramps; and a tall man wearing high boots and a small cap, and a big sword in a steel scabbard, stalked

along, receiving many salutations; and regarding this object of interest, whose appearance seemed familiar, behold, the likeness to a French caricature revealed the mighty Bismarck, much sunburnt, his mouth grim, and his eyes fierce. That he was a close observer presently appeared in his sudden approach to Mr. Conway and me, saying, "I am told you are American editors." I answered that he was correctly informed, and he said he was glad to see us — that there were millions of friends of German blood in America who would be interested in war history written on the spot. I expressed gratitude for his good-will, and he asked how we were attached and "getting along." We were not attached at all, and getting along poorly. He said if we came to the King's headquarters at any time we should have something to eat. Then I made known my desire to be allowed to purchase a horse, and he said that could hardly be done, as, in the midst of military operations, the horses were all taken for the use of the army; and he assented with a sudden deepening of tone and gravity of manner to the proposition that it was "hard that the one thing we wanted was the one thing that could not be had." Even his gigantic experience had not seemed to lack that fatality. He told me where to find a man to ask about the horse, and said I might mention that he had directed me, but he did not think I could get a horse; and I did not. As a military man, Bismarck was an unimportant subordinate.

The next day, walking along the railroad, there was a train of freight cars filled with troops awaiting its turn to go on; and in one of the doors sat an officer reading intently a small volume which I saw, in passing, as he held it to the light under my eyes, was an English copy of *Shakspere*. I ventured to speak to him, and found that he was pleased to talk English. He was kind, and his intervention gave us a chance to go along with the division of the telegraph corps whose duty it was to connect the headquarters of the King every night with Berlin. This position had its advantages. We soon swung to the left from the railroad which ran direct to Metz, and after a march through a fine country crossed the river Moselle at Pont-à-Mousson, about nineteen miles south of Metz. This swing was the famous turning movement by which the German army was thrown upon the line of retreat of the French, and caught them on the flank, staying their march until the forces arrived to fight the battles of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, and drive Bazaine within the fortifications, from which he and his army emerged prisoners of war. I have felt at liberty to believe that the messenger who asked me at the *Hôtel de Paris* in St. Avold where Moltke was to be

found must have been the one to convey to him the information that the French had left the passes of the Moselle unprotected. They had not blown up a railroad bridge nor torn up a rail, and they had left the telegraph in such good order that few halts were required to make repairs, and the wires could be strung faster than the march was made. Unacquainted with the meaning of the German movement, I lingered in Pont-à-Mousson watching the enormous masses of Prince Frederick Carl's army pass through, and sought one bright morning the top of a beautiful conical mountain from which the cathedral at Metz was to be seen outlined like a great bird-cage against the northern sky. There was a rumor that the French had made a rush and were to attack the Germans where we were, and the mountain seemed a wonderful position from which to look upon a great battle fought in the lovely valley below. But the French were not thinking of aggression, and Mr. Conway and I found ourselves in the hands of a party of peasants who were looking for spies, and if it had not been for the big red seal with tricolored ribbon, and the eagle on my passport, handled with alertness on our part, aided by a little strategy that led the peasantry to deceive themselves as to the course we intended to take, — a deception by which we evaded an ambuscade, — we would have paid with our lives for our curiosity in ascending Mount Mousson. It will be remembered that killing alleged spies was an amusement of the period.

We heard in Pont-à-Mousson of the bloody struggle of August 16, and saw the dreadful procession of wounded, but had no guiding intelligence to take us to the fields of deadly strife. The King's headquarters remained in the town and our telegraphic company was unemployed. We were far from the cars that we had purposed to campaign in, and about at the end of our resources — without horses or any home in the army, and getting into the enemy's country where the continued existence of straggling spectators would not have been insured for a day at a high premium, even by a canvassing life-assurance agent.

On the evening of the 17th of August there was a sharp knock on my door — the apartment was over the shop of a hair-dresser on the main street leading from the great bridge to the open square in the center of the town — and a tall Prussian officer strode in, the proprietor following in a deprecating way. When the officer was informed that English was the language preferred, he said he had a card for that room. I replied that I had been told the army cards did not cover apartments regularly rented and occupied, and he said that was so. Mr. Conway and I were paying five francs a

day for the room, and told him the fact. Upon this the officer demanded another place, and got it a story higher. As he came downstairs, having made sure of his bed, I asked him to walk in and take a glass of wine. There was plenty of good wine and not much other nourishment to be had. The officer partook of food in a liquid form and wanted to know what I was doing at the seat of war. He knew something of the requirements and the eccentricities of journalism, and presumed that the primary object was to see a great battle. This was assented to, and we parted and were soon in bed. After 2 o'clock there was a jarring knock that aroused me, and when my door was opened, there was my tall friend of the evening before, his buttons blazing in the light of the candle I held high, to see what sort of caller we had; and he said he judged from the orders received that if we made our way as early in the day as practicable to the village of Gorze and beyond, we would "witness a military operation." I thanked him, and he bowed and disappeared.

It was a raw sort of morning for the season, and there was a faint low mist in the valley and floating over the pale river. Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, Napoleon said, was the rarest; and that morning I confess it did not seem to me a very agreeable recreation to get up and wander off to witness the shock of embattled legions, reflecting at the same time that in modern warfare the small-arms of precision and rifled artillery were in the habit of slinging lead and iron about the country with carelessness and profusion, and raising the dust at astonishing distances. However, it would not do to go so far to see a battle and not take the chance. If we had made an appointment to be shot, we had to keep it. We breakfasted on a bit of chocolate cake and a sip of wine and a rank and rough cigar, and after a toilsome march, broken by the chance that the telegraph wagons happened to be going our way a few miles, we reached Gorze some minutes after 10 o'clock, and saw a Frenchman hanging by the neck beside a well, his breast torn by rifle-shots—a ghastly spectacle, to warn the people that they must not pollute the water to prevent the German soldiery from drinking it. We pushed on, a shade sickened by an object so repulsive. A beautiful bronze figure of an angel, the signal of the establishment of a benevolent sisterhood, appeared above low trees on the right. There was a remote rattle of musketry in the same direction, and occasionally the grumbling, beyond wooded hills, of cannon.

Soon we were on the edge of the field of combat in which the foremost German division had struck headlong the flank of the

then on the ground, immensely superior forces of the French, and clung to them with desperate tenacity; and the trees began to be whitened with fresh splinters showing where the fire hail had stricken them, and dead men and horses were in the way. As we emerged from the wooded ravine and neared the plain, now famous and marked with a multitude of monuments recording the names of the glorious dead, so far as the officers are concerned, and the numbers of the sacrificed soldiers, a horseman who seemed to be confused accosted us and asked if we could render assistance to wounded who were sheltered in the leafy brush a little way off; but we were not skilled in surgery or able to do more than take care of ourselves. Another horseman appeared riding in the direction we were going and asked whether we had seen the King. We had not for some days been favored with a view of his Majesty, but it seemed likely that the inquiry might be a valuable pointer. The noble field, superb, widespread, lined far and near with Lombardy poplars standing in endless and lofty ranks along the white roads, opened before us as we mounted the crest of the Moselle hills from which the Romans built, when they were rulers of the world, an aqueduct far across the valley of that river, as a row of venerable broken arches still strangely testifies.

We were on the battle-field of Mars-la-Tour, and about us were strewn, "like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown," knapsacks and letters, caps and helmets and canteens, and there were furrows that cannonballs had plowed, and occasionally an unexploded shell, its copper nipples shining in the dust, but few dead soldiers or horses; for the burial parties had been busy, and we had not reached that part of the stricken field where the slaughter by cavalry and artillery had taken place. An ambulance had been shattered by a shell, and out of the wreck had tumbled an armchair in good condition. This I picked up and carried along, and was now equipped with this chair, which seemed to give me confidence, a field-glass a foot long, a bag containing writing-materials and a cake and a half of chocolate, with a small bit of boiled mutton reserved for emergencies.

On a gentle ridge of the easily rolling landscape to the north we observed a group, evidently officers, with three carriages a few rods to the rear, and upon inspecting them with the big glass, I saw that one of the carriages was that of the King, whose postilions were readily distinguished by their high silk hats covered with black silk oilcloth. We moved, as rapidly as our fatigue permitted, to join his Majesty, thinking he had chosen at least as good a position for observation as we were likely to find for our-



selves. Besides, we thought, in our untutored way, that there would be a rational care taken of his personal safety. Drawing nigh, we saw the famous staff around the King and Moltke. They had halted on the way from Rezonville to Gravelotte, at a point from which could be observed the movements of the right wing of the German army, and there they remained three hours. Bismarck was reclining on a blanket doubled and thrown on the dusty ground, where there were remnants of stalks of clover. He had a French knapsack made of calf-skin with the hair on for a pillow, and his head was sheltered by a strip of French tent, held by two wooden spikes. His attitude was that of dejection as well as weariness. The King wore a very long light blue overcoat and his helmet, and was erect and alert. A colored servant was in charge of his carriage. The three carriages belonged respectively to the King, Bismarck, and Moltke. Standing near the King, his feet wide apart, and holding a field-glass to his eyes, was General Philip H. Sheridan, who was Bismarck's guest, and had ridden to the field in the carriage of the Chancellor. The old uniform of Sheridan was dingy beside the new clothes worn by the German leaders, who had been in the field but three weeks, and had not encountered many rain and dust storms. The hour was twenty minutes after eleven, and the sounds of battle began to thicken and deepen. The scattering shots of the skirmishers were lost in the roar of firing by regiments, and the tremendous German artillery began to play like some sublime orchestra. There were many dead horses and many blood-stains about, and a penetrating, sour smell came from them. Between two swollen monsters I located my cherished chair, and, taking the only "reserved seat" at that stupendous performance, adjusted my field-glass, and was soon absorbed in one of the grandest scenes that mortal ever gazed upon. It occurred to me at the moment that no descriptive language could be better than that employed by Henry J. Raymond in writing of the battle of Solferino. He said that two storm-clouds seemed to have descended to the earth, and to be pouring their lightnings and thunderings into each other. The masses of pearly white gunpowder smoke—here pillars of fleecy snow rising to the skies, and there whirling abysses of vapor, vibrating as if electrified—were darkly streaked by burning villages, and the sky over the French lines where the iron rain of the German artillery fell was spotted with the tiny clouds puffed by the exploding shells. I could see the galloping of horsemen bearing orders through the fiery mist—the surging march of the troops, block after block of the blue divisions of Germany crowd-

ing to the left—the sparkle of steel and of the helmets, like flashes of starlight on a raging sea—the long darts of fire from the breech-loading cannon of the Germans, which were each discharged at times almost as fast as a cowboy fires his revolver—I could discern the French positions for near three miles outlined by flickering fire, and billows of smoke that seemed to swell from a series of Niagaras; and I heard the awful uproar comprehending a thousand stunning shocks, rising at times to a majesty that was beyond all faculty of measurement, and reminded one of a transcendent burst of music—but there was nothing in all the wonderful pyrotechnics and monstrous clamor to tell how the battle was going.

That which confounded me was the German army facing towards Germany. How that could have happened came conjecturally and slowly. Mr. Conway was missing from my side for a while, and returned with a rough plan of the battle, drawn on an envelope by an obliging staff-officer, a Grand Duke, I believe. He explained thus: "The fight on the day before yesterday was for the road from Metz to Paris. The road forked at the village yonder, where you can see the spire of the church through the fleecy smoke. There is the village of Gravelotte, which will name the battle. The northern branch leads to Verdun. The fight to-day is to drive the French into Metz. That will prevent the concentration of their forces between us and Paris."

The French front was near six miles long, beginning at a turn of high ground beyond a deep ravine east of Gravelotte, and extending to St. Privat and Doncourt, with several stone houses and villages, notably Amanvilliers and Mosku, for points of support. The German plan was as simple as swinging a gate. It was to hold the French firmly all along their position and then crush their right flank. This task was assigned to the Guards. The French were placed very much as to selection of ground as the English were at Waterloo, though covering five times the space, behind what might be termed a crest, a wrinkle in the ample plain with a long, easy slope in front, giving their Chassepot rifles—a better weapon than that of the German—a broad, clear sweep.

At three points the impetuosity of the Germans carried them too fast and exposed them to a murderous reception. Steinmetz thought the French yielding on their left, which was really invulnerable, and rushed his masses of brave men to hopeless slaughter. He suffered for this the stern displeasure of the King and disappeared from history. The Saxons, a mile and a half farther north, were premature and



RAVINE OF GRAVELOTTE.

endured shocking losses, holding their costly gains of bloody ground but making no serious impression. Their artillery did surprising work, as we could see, but was sorely shattered. The Guards too, carrying out the flanking movement in the northern portion of the field, were cut down in thousands, their slain literally covering the field. This massacre of the flower of the army was the most memorable incident of the day, and the valor of the French at St. Privat is one of the comforts of their broken country. Far away to the north were visible, from my point of observation, two mingling clouds, a mountainous mass of yellowish mist, and vast white pillars of smoke like the steam that swells from Vesuvius in eruption, and frothy specks that told of the splutter of shells. The French stood up to their work manfully. In spite of all the frauds of the Empire they had one real army, and with the huge fortress of Lorraine behind them, they did their duty with a devoted courage that redeemed the fighting reputation of their race.

Marshal Bazaine was a good but not a great soldier, faithful to the Empire but not truly loyal, under the test of misfortune, to France. His army was well placed and bravely fought, but he made one mistake that seems unpardonable and cost him the final disaster of the day. He could not divest himself of the erroneous opinion that the point of peril was on the left—that the purpose of the Germans was to turn his left instead of his right flank, and to

thrust their columns between him and the river and the city. He was protected in that quarter by fortifications that were far too strong for assault or even for bombardment; and though the impending blow on his right had been announced unmistakably, one would think, by the whole movement of the German army, he held his reserves for the imaginary stroke on the left until it was too late to save the right, which was his flank in the air, and they could only cover the disorderly retreat of the troops that, after standing so successfully against the Guards, were at last overwhelmed and thrust by main force, with intolerable fire and pressure of steel, from the field they had made glorious forever. If Bazaine had used his reserves in time on the right, or had put them in support of an aggressive movement on the left, the fortunes of the day, it is the judgment of military men, might have been changed; but such was the superiority of the German army that there was hardly a chance, even with management the most consummate,



MONUMENT TO THE FRENCH SOLDIERS WHO DIED UNDER THE WALLS FOR THEIR COUNTRY.



ROAD FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD TO PARIS.

to inflict upon it such a defeat as to impair its organization, or to throw it back into the valley of the Moselle through the scarred and blood-stained ravines of Gorze.

Late in the afternoon the declining sun shone like a globe of dull red fire through the dust rising above the twinkling bayonets and helmet spikes of a long column of German reinforcements who perplexed us extremely by turning up from the west. The King with Bismarck, Sheridan, and the staff mounted their horses and rode forward at a rapid trot, and my companion and I, attempting to follow on foot, found that the farther we advanced the less we could see; so, exhausted with the exertions and excitements of the long, sultry day, we returned to the spot the King had abandoned to go into a place that we afterward learned was too warm for his Majesty, causing dismay at the prospect of his personal danger. Sheridan's keen eye had detected the



MONUMENT TO SILESIA GRONADIER REGIMENT, NO. 11, NEAR GORZE.

gravity of the situation from a monarchical point of view, but the old man would have his way, and had the good fortune to sleep that night unharmed in a dingy little stone house in Gravelotte that bears an inscription telling the story. Upon that part of the field

which I could see, the French, though hard pressed, held their lines unflinchingly until night, and defended them when it grew dark with bursts of fire that played along the low, dusky ridge like summer lightning on a cloudy horizon. But they had lost the grim game. Their right was smashed and gone, and the rest must go, and the next morning they were out of the way of the main body of the invaders, and "bottled up" in Metz. The Germans had paid a frightful price for their victory, many thousands of brave men having fallen in their ranks who might have been spared had the generalship that directed them been less mechanical, and if they had not in their confident course committed the dangerous mistake of under-rating their enemy.

As we retired from the field, wondering how we were to pass the night, tired, faint with hunger and parched with thirst, shaken by the enormous tragedy we had seen as in a vision,—feeling as if we had witnessed a combination of earthquakes and tornadoes,—the musketry still crackling and the artillery at intervals bursting forth in prodigious volleys, we had the fortune to encounter an artist for a German illustrated newspaper, sketching the murky scene over which hovered dust and smoke, dimly and fantastically lighted by the flames of burning houses, while the air was filled with the marvelous murmur and hum and clang of the voices and arms of myriads of men in eager and angry motion. The artist hailed us, and his friendly words were a joyful surprise. He knew we must belong to the press—for we did not look as if we could have any

other business—and wanted to know where we were going to sleep and to get supper. If there was anything in the wide and gloomy world we did not know, that was it; and our artist friend invited us—and I never prized an invitation more—to go to his room in Gorze and take his bed, for he should sit up all night with his work. We accepted that invitation in part, had mutton-chops and coffee—luxuries that an hour before would have been incredible—and were too happy to sleep on a carpeted floor, where there was neither dust nor dew, to think of going to bed.

The following morning we returned to the field not knowing whether the battle was to be

our adventurous friend. While walking on the side of the road where the sacrifice of cavalry had been made by the superheated Steinmetz, four men rode by,—two officers followed by orderlies,—and at a glance Bismarck and Sheridan were recognized; and the latter, who had n't known that I was looking after the army, wanted, with an uncommon want in his tone, to know what I was doing there and what I meant by doing so. I answered that I was there because it seemed to be an interesting part of the country. Bismarck laughed heartily at this exchange of Americanisms, and graciously—his lips, but not his eyes, smiling—bowed to his St. Avold acquaintance who had



MONUMENT TO THE 29TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, NEAR ST. HUBERT.

renewed, for we knew nothing of the decisive defeat of the French on their right. The first man we encountered was the distinguished war correspondent Archibald Forbes, not then, as now, a man famous for writing history under fire. He had a skeleton horse that tottered when he trotted, and soon helped himself to a fine saddle that had belonged to a French officer—the horse and his rider were “in one red burial blent.” Forbes was an old soldier, and not satisfied until he got to the ragged edge of the front, where the skirmish line was drawn, and had a chat with the skirmishers. The information to be gleaned in that quarter did not occur to Mr. Conway and me to be worth the effort, though there was no display of marksmanship just taking place, and we quietly, but I may say resolutely, parted with

wanted to buy a horse and had given the Chancellor his confidence. I said to Sheridan, “Please tell me what happened yesterday.” “Did n't you see the fight?” he replied. “Yes,” said I, “as much as I could of it; but I know nothing about it except that the French held on well for the day, but must have fallen back in the night.” “Ah,” said he, “the Germans won, though the French held their ground along here. Bazaine is driven into Metz—headquarters goes back to-night to Pont-à-Mousson; the Crown Prince is on the march to Paris.” Sheridan's report made matters plain. We spent some hours looking over portions of the stricken field, which was far too extensive to be comprehended within one day's walk, and witnessed many harrowing scenes of the burial of the dead and the agonies of





MONUMENT TO THE 45TH INFANTRY  
REGIMENT, AND COLUMBARY.

which the road ran, we had to get out of the way of a carriage with high-stepping horses and humming wheels, guarded by a squad of lancers riding in twos; and as the party whirled and clattered by, on the back seat we made out, through the shadows of the night, the white flannel cap and portly form of Bismarck and the burly figure of Phil Sheridan. I thought of calling and asking if Conway and I could n't take the front seat, and some years after inquired of Sheridan what would have been the response to such a call, and he said, "Why, we would have taken you in." That would have saved leg-ache, but I was too modest. Many things would have been changed but for that.

Seventeen years after, on the anniversary of the battle of Mars-la-Tour, I returned to the field in a carriage, with a French guide and a driver, all found in Metz, and spent two days studying the ground, with the aid of maps, seeking to revive and verify memories, and keenly relishing the contrast of the occasions. Metz is a dismal city. In the hotels as many swords as hats are hanging in the halls. The boots displayed in the windows are decorated with spurs. By night and by day the roll of drums and the bugle-calls, the tramp of battalions of infantry and the clatter of squadrons of cavalry, are almost incessantly heard. The beautiful park, adorned with chestnut-trees, that overlooks the broad and shining expanse of the valley of the Moselle, and from which the blue knots of lofty hills far up the river are seen, is deserted by the French and at night



AMBULANCE CEMETERY AT BOULAY.

the wounded and the dying. That night we made our way painfully and dreadfully back to Pont-à-Mousson, walking much of the distance, and for the rest hiring a wretched carriage with an exhausted horse and a sleepy driver. Tramping near one of the sinister villages through

is inexpressibly lonesome. The statue of Marshal Ney, musket in hand, as he fired on the banks of the Beresina the last shot of the Grand Army on the retreat from Russia, glitters

somberly under an electric light, solitary and alone in gloomy state. Looking at Ney's striking figure in the lonely night, his attitude seems to be one of a defiant listener, who expects a signal that shall be a speedy summons to heroic and mighty deeds. Who shall say what may some time stir again that ominous air?

There are very strong fatigue parties of German soldiers marched out every morning to work on the fortifications, which have been modernized and extended in every direction, and can never be reduced save as they were taken from the French — by blockade. The garrison of Metz is an army ready for instantaneous active service. There is a camp of thousands of cavalry that could be mustered for a charge in a few minutes. On the way into the city from the battle-fields on the west — the walls of the memorable place are surrounded on all sides by the scenes of combats — I met within a mile and a half three cavalry patrols, equipped and vigilant, as if in expectation of immediate action. The neighboring villages are intensely French, and one sees in the sad, severe faces of the people hopes of vengeance miserably deferred, but cherished without a shadow of turning or remorse. The German conquerors are not diffident or delicate in their ways. They are not unwilling the conquered shall feel that the yoke is heavy, and that the fetters are tempered and sharpened steel. One thing to their credit is, that they insist upon the education of the children of the people, and the little French boys growing up for the massacres of the future go about with their school-books, as if the highly paternal form of government was looking after them closely and really expected to Germanize them.

During my two-days' second visit to the fields of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour I began at St. Privat, which I had not seen before, and followed the French line to Point de Jour, which ended the first day's exploration.

The next day I followed my own track to the field as closely as practicable, passing through Gorze, recognizing the golden angel on the hill as an old and charming friend, and the ravines where we first saw officers who had been slain, lying with their caps



MONUMENT TO PRUSSIAN GUARDS,  
NEAR ST. PRIVAT.



SCENE OF THE FAMOUS CAVALRY FIGHTING OF AUGUST 26, 1870.

covering their distorted faces; and pushed on zealously, seeking landmarks and recovering, so far as might be, the vanished recollection of the broad and picturesque landscape, as enchanting in its loveliness—for there is no land in this world that is fairer than this—as it is distinguished in its history.

The same strips of woods; the long, white roads; the rows of feathery poplars, their towering plumes touching the skies; the sunny sweeps of fertile and fenceless fields; the softly rolling hills; the dusky villages, their low-plastered walls roofed with red tiles—all were there, but how mysteriously great the change! The armies had gone their ways. I could not

find the house in Gorze where I had slept, and the town was three times as large as I had thought, and no new house to account for the increase. The distances from place to place were greater than I had believed them, and the roads were to me so misplaced as to escape identification. There are a

multitude of monuments dotting and dominating the immense plateau—hundreds of simple iron crosses, and many imposing structures, some of them strikingly artistic; and as it was the anniversary of the death of tens of thousands, all the crosses and more ambitious memorials were decorated with wreaths. Several of the graves bore records of the burial of hundreds of men in each, and there were long lists of the officers who were moldering where they perished. In a field that had just been closely harvested I could not find a trace of a trench—not a mark—where I had seen more than a thousand Frenchmen laid in a ditch and the earth shoveled upon them. Or, if there was a sign of that huge grave, it must have been in the blood-red poppies that bloomed on low stems in the golden stubble. I thought that the spot where I had placed my chair, while the world was in a tremor from the booming batteries, and where I had drawn my field-glass and looked upon the vivid and startling panorama of the battle of the giants, in which one empire fell and another arose, was indelibly fixed in my memory. There I had been for hours on a day that decided the destiny of nations, within a few yards of the victorious King and the Field-Marshal and the Chancellor, and each tree and house and hill should be familiar; but I could not find the place, and after an effort, absurdly prolonged to make sure, gave it up. And while I never had been boastful that I knew much of the battle, from

MONUMENT AT  
ST. MARIE-AUX-CHÊNES.



STREET IN GRAVELOTTE.

the accident of being an eye-witness, it was a surprise, when I compared some of my impressions with the charts exactly locating the forces on both sides, to find how far off I had been as to the verities, and how little I knew of that which I saw, or thought I saw, in an atmosphere of miraculous transformations.

The battle-fields, though far within France in war time, are all included within what is called German territory; but the village from which the combat of Mars-la-Tour takes its portentous name is on the French side of the new line, and I reached it to obtain luncheon and to see a monument erected to the "immortal memory" of the French soldiers who fell on the 16th and 18th of August, 1870, at Rezonville-Vionville—as France names the earlier contests—and Gravelotte in defense of their country. The monument is impressive, and was loaded with decorations and surrounded by a swarm of people, fierce with passionate enthusiasm for their gallant dead and for the revenges they believe in and never forget. It was the anniversary day for that field, and in their way the French on the frontier were celebrating it with tears of grievous rage and frantic exclamations. The walls of the church

in this place are filled with plain tablets giving in long array the names of officers who died for France and were entered upon the rolls of glory seventeen years before, as they and those who loved them fondly hold in their religion, that teaches the worship of France.

In the door of one of the houses of this village was seated a boy of ten years with a bright face, typically French, waving a tiny tricolored flag, and singing a song that called it the flag of glory—"O le drapeau de gloire!"

As I passed beyond the ravine behind Gravelotte, on the road to Metz, the sky was black with a storm that had been rising and muttering several hours, and the lurid cloud that at last rushed from the west threw the grand field of battle into the deepest shadow, when along its formidable front blazed with tropical intensity streams of lightning, followed with ringing grandeur by an outburst, that seemed to shake the historic hills, of the artillery of the heavens; and as the reverberations rolled, I closed my eyes and almost persuaded myself that the old time had returned and the battle was on again, and that I could hear once more "the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

NOTE.—In the Franco-Prussian war there were three battles west of Metz before the investment of that city. The first was August 14, 1870. This was a blow by the advance of the Germans, which had passed the Moselle at Pont-à-Mousson, upon the flank of the French retreating from Metz, stopping their march. It was a swift stroke, made with great resolution and a sacrifice of blood by the Germans, to gain a position

from which the retreat of the French army could be stayed. Five German brigades fought against 5 French divisions, and lost 5000 men, including 222 officers. The French loss was 3608 men, including 200 officers. In this contest the Germans did not reach the roads by which the French were moving. The great combat of Mars-la-Tour took place on the 16th. It was a gallant struggle, the French outnumbering the Germans,

whose forces were coming up by desperate marches. The German loss was 15,790 men, including 711 officers, and the French loss 17,007 men, including 879 officers. There was nothing decisive when night ended the battle, but in the night the French fell back and lost the roads to Paris. The Germans had headed off the French and were facing east, and their next move was to strike the French with all their force and hurl them back upon Metz. Bazaine retired to the Gravelotte position, and the Germans with superior numbers attacked them on the 18th, and succeeded in their object, but paid a frightful price for it. There were several

costly moves on the German side, and their loss during the day was about 20,000 men, of whom 900 were officers; but the French loss was much less, as they clung to their ground, which was well chosen, except at the right—but that was vital. It was there that the Prussian Guard lost 307 officers and nearly 8000 men in half an hour. The French army exceeded 150,000 and the German 230,000 men, making a total of nearly 400,000 combatants. The three battle-fields of the 14th, 16th, and 18th of August, 1870, are one vast and beautiful field, decorated with monuments and crosses almost innumerable.

*Murat Halstead.*



25TH HESSIAN DIVISION.

## A SECRET SONG.

O SNOWBIRD! snowbird!  
 Welcome thy note when maple boughs are bare;  
 Thy merry twitter, thy emphatic call,  
 Like silver trumpets pierce the freezing air,  
 What time the radiant flakes begin to fall.  
 We know thy secret. When the day grows dim,  
 Far from the homes that thou hast cheered so long,  
 Thy chirping changes to a twilight hymn!  
 O snowbird, snowbird, wherefore hide thy song?

O snowbird! snowbird!  
 Is it a song of sorrow none may know,  
 An aching memory? Nay, too glad the note!  
 Untouched by knowledge of our human woe,  
 Clearly the crystal flutings fall and float.  
 We hear thy tender ecstasy, and cry:  
 "Lend us thy gladness that can brave the chill!"  
 Under the splendors of the winter sky,  
 O snowbird, snowbird, carol to us still.

*Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts.*







MAMMY'S LI'L' BOY.

SUMMER ROCKING-SONG, ABOUT 11 A. M.

By the author of "Two Runaways."

WHO all time dodgin' en de cott'n en de corn?  
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!  
Who all time stealin' Ole Massa's dinner-horn?  
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
By-o li'l' boy!  
Oh, run ter es mammy  
En she tek 'im in 'er arms,  
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time runnin' ole gobble roun' de yard?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!  
 Who tek 'e stick 'n' hit ole possum dog so hard?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy!  
 Oh, run ter es mammy  
 En climb up en 'er lap,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time stumpin' es toe ergin er rock?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!  
 Who all the time er-rippin' big hole en es frock?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy!  
 Oh, run ter es mammy  
 En she wipe es li'l' eyes,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-losin' de shovel en de rake?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!  
 Who all de time tryin' ter ride 'e lazy drake?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy!  
 Oh, scoot fer yer mammy  
 En she hide yer f'om yer ma,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all de time er-trottin' ter de kitchen fer er bite?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!  
 Who mess 'esef wi' taters twell his clothes dey look er sight?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy!  
 En 'e run ter es mammy  
 Fer ter git 'im out er trouble,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-frettin' en de middle er de day?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!  
 Who all time er-gettin' so sleepy 'e can' play,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy!  
 En 'e come ter es mammy  
 Ter rock 'im en 'er arms,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo!  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,  
 Shoo, li'l' baby, shoo!  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo,  
 Shoo . . . .

Deir now, lay right down on Mammy's bed en go 'long back ter sleep,—shoo-shoo! . . .  
 Look hyah, nigger, go way f'om dat do'! You wake dis chile up wid dat jewsharp, en I 'll  
 wear yer out ter frazzles!—Sh-h-h-h—

H. S. Edwards.

## A LAKE MEMORY.

THE lake comes throbbing in with voice of pain  
Across these flats, athwart the sunset's glow.  
I see her face, I know her voice again,  
Her lips, her breath, O God, as long ago.

To live the sweet past over I would fain,  
As lives the day in the red sunset's fire,  
That all these wild wan marshlands now would stain,  
With the dawn's memories, loves, and flushed desire.

I call her back across the vanished years,  
Nor vain — a white-armed phantom fills her place;  
Its eyes the wind-blown sunset fires, its tears  
This rain of spray that blows about my face.

*William Wilfred Campbell.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

### JACKSON'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN, AND THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.



As we have seen, it was the intention of the Administration to dispatch the whole of McDowell's corps to reinforce McClellan, as soon as the situation in northern Virginia would permit. Franklin's division was so dispatched, in ample time to have taken part in the operations against Yorktown, though General McClellan made no use whatever of that fine body of troops until Yorktown was evacuated. Preparations were vigorously made by the Government for the march of McDowell towards Richmond; and Shields's division, one of the best in Banks's corps, was ordered to reinforce him. The most important results were expected from such an attack as an officer of McDowell's ability and zeal would have made upon the left flank of the Confederate forces in front of Richmond. It is one of the admitted misfortunes of the war that this attack was never made, and the question as to who was responsible for it has given rise to much heated and more or less disingenuous discussion.

General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, commonly called "Stonewall," had won great credit

at the battle of Bull Run, but his first independent campaign resulted in signal defeat. In April, 1862, he was ordered by General Johnston to occupy the attention of Banks in the Shenandoah Valley. He advanced rapidly in pursuance of what he understood to be the spirit of his orders, and came in view of Shields's division at Kernstown, near Winchester, on the 22d of April. A brief skirmish took place that evening, in the course of which General Shields was severely wounded, his arm being broken by the fragment of a shell. He retired to Winchester, and General Nathan Kimball remained on the field in active command of the division. The next day, although it was Sunday, Jackson, thinking he had his enemy at a disadvantage, and unaware either of his numbers or of his disposition, attacked Kimball with great impetuosity, but met with a severe repulse. Kimball, who was ably seconded by Colonels Carroll and Tyler, not only beat off the attack of Jackson from both his flanks, but at the right moment assumed the offensive, and after a hotly contested fight, lasting two hours, as night was closing in he completely defeated the Confederates, who were driven from the field, leaving their dead and wounded and several guns. Banks, coming down from Harper's

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

Ferry the next day, continued the pursuit up the valley as far as Mount Jackson. Shields's division in this action numbered about 7000; Jackson reported his own force as between 3000 and 4000. The losses reported on each side are: Shields 590, Jackson 718. Jackson frankly acknowledged his defeat, saying to Johnston:

I engaged the enemy yesterday, about 3 P.M., near Winchester, and fought until dusk; but his forces were so superior to mine that he repulsed me with the loss of valuable officers and men killed and wounded. But from the obstinacy with which our troops fought, and from their advantageous position, I am of the opinion that his loss was greater than mine in troops, but I lost one piece of artillery and three caissons.

Jackson's second campaign in the Shenandoah, which gained him in full measure that fame and position which were so near to his heart, occupied about a month. It may be said to have begun in his attack upon General Milroy's forces at McDowell on the 8th of May. In this affair, as in every battle of this famous campaign, he had much larger forces than those opposed to him — a fact entirely to his credit; there were Union troops enough in the department, if they had been properly brought together, to have overwhelmed him. After a fight of several hours he defeated Milroy, who fell back to join Frémont at the town of Franklin, while Jackson moved eastward to Harrisonburg. On the way he sent dispatches to Richmond, detailing the position of the Union troops, and asking permission to attack them. This was granted, and he at once began a swift and stealthy march through New Market and Luray to Front Royal. It was at this time that McClellan was daily clamoring for reinforcements from Washington; and the Government, yielding to his importunity, had promised that McDowell's corps should march overland to join him. The reasons why this promise could not be kept are best set forth in the following dispatch from Mr. Lincoln, whose communications to his generals were always clearer and more definite than any that he received from them. It is dated May 25:

General Banks was at Strasburg with about 6000 men, Shields having been taken from him to swell a column for McDowell to aid you at Richmond, and the rest of his force scattered in various places. On the 23d a rebel force of 7000 to 10,000 fell upon one regiment and two companies guarding the bridge at Front Royal, destroying it entirely; crossed the Shenandoah, and on the 24th pushed on to get north of Banks, on the road to Winchester. General Banks ran a race with them, beating them into Winchester yesterday evening. This morning a battle ensued between the two forces, in which General Banks was beaten back in full retreat towards Martinsburg, and probably is broken up into a total rout. Geary, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, just now reports that Jackson is now near Front Royal with 10,000 troops, following up and supporting, as I understand, the force now pursuing Banks. Also that another force of 10,000 is near Orleans, following on in the same direction. [In this

Geary was mistaken. Jackson's and Ewell's forces amounted to about 16,000.] Stripped bare, as we are here, I will do all we can to prevent them crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry or above. McDowell has about 20,000 of his forces moving back to the vicinity of Front Royal, and Frémont, who was at Franklin, is moving to Harrisonburg; both these movements intended to get in the enemy's rear.

One more of McDowell's brigades is ordered through here to Harper's Ferry; the rest of his force remain for the present at Fredericksburg. We are sending such regiments and dribs from here and Baltimore as we can spare to Harper's Ferry, supplying their places in some sort by calling in militia from the adjacent States. We also have eighteen cannon on the road to Harper's Ferry, of which arm there is not a single one at that point. This is now our situation.

If McDowell's force was now beyond our reach, we should be entirely helpless. Apprehensions of something like this, and no unwillingness to sustain you, have always been my reason for withholding McDowell's forces from you. Please understand this, and do the best you can with the forces you have.<sup>1</sup>

Later in the day, the President, now sure that a large and formidable army was drawing near the Potomac, wrote a sharp dispatch to McClellan urging him either to take this opportunity "to attack Richmond, or give up the job"; to which the general, who was never disturbed by the presence of the enemy anywhere out of his sight, replied calmly that "the object of the movement was probably to prevent reinforcements being sent him," and that, the time was very near when he would attack Richmond.

The campaign, opened thus inauspiciously for the Union arms, went rapidly from bad to worse. A series of doleful mischances succeeded, unrelieved by a ray of good fortune or good conduct. Mr. Lincoln, at Washington, was exerting himself to the utmost, sending a dozen dispatches a day to Banks, Frémont, McDowell, and McClellan — all admirable in clearness, intelligence, and temper, always directing the right thing to be done and the best way of doing it; but nothing seemed to avail.

The original surprise was inexcusable. On the 20th of May,<sup>1</sup> Frémont had reported to Banks that Jackson was on the way to attack him, but no proper preparation was made. After the defeat at Front Royal on the 23d, and at Winchester on the 25th, while Banks was in retreat to the Potomac, the only thought of the President was to stop Jackson at the river, and to detain him until a sufficient force could be gathered in the neighborhood of Strasburg to destroy or capture him on his return. Frémont was ordered to cross the mountains to Harrisonburg and come north down the valley with his force. McDowell, with a competent detachment under Shields, was ordered to Front Royal; a considerable army met the victorious forces of Jackson at the Potomac. These last were mostly of raw lev-

<sup>1</sup> War Records.



ies, not inured to marching or to fighting; but they accomplished their purpose of delaying for the moment the advance of Jackson towards Washington. His own intention, as well as his orders from Richmond, were, in the language of General Dabney,<sup>1</sup> "to press the enemy at Harper's Ferry, threaten an invasion of Maryland, and an assault upon the Federal capital." But on the 29th, while at Halltown,<sup>2</sup> preparing for an attack upon Harper's Ferry, he received information of the movement of troops that had been ordered by the President, which, as Dabney says, "imperiously required him to give up that attack and provide for his own safety." He then began his precipitate retreat up the valley, which by its celerity and success gained him even more credit than did his audacious advance.

It ought not to have been allowed to succeed; it was perfectly feasible to prevent it. Had the plain orders of the President been obeyed, Jackson could not have escaped from the predicament where his headlong energy and his contempt for his adversaries had placed him. It is idle to talk of his invincibility; he was generally whipped, like other men, when the conditions were not favorable to him. He was defeated severely at Kernstown in March, when he had been confident of victory; later, at Gaines's Mills, he did not particularly distinguish himself above others; Banks, with one-third his force, gave him all the work he could do at Cedar Mountain; while at Malvern Hill and White Oak Swamp his inefficiency in large tactics was recognized and severely criticized by generals on his own side. If Frémont and McDowell had met him at Strasburg, and Banks had followed upon his heels, as Mr. Lincoln had clearly and explicitly ordered, nothing could have prevented the capture or destruction of his entire command. Each of these generals had his task assigned him; it was in each case perfectly practicable. It involved only an expeditious march to the neighborhood of Strasburg, over roads more or less rough, undisturbed by the presence of an enemy in any considerable force.

General McDowell's part of the work was performed with his habitual energy and promptitude, notwithstanding the chagrin and displeasure with which he received his orders. On the evening of the 24th of May<sup>3</sup> the President sent him a dispatch informing him that Frémont had been ordered by telegraph to move from Franklin on Harrisonburg, to relieve Banks, and to capture or destroy Jackson's or Ewell's forces. Mr. Lincoln continues:

You are instructed, laying aside for the present the movement on Richmond, to put 20,000 men in motion at once for the Shenandoah, moving on the line, or in

advance of the line, of the Manassas Gap Railroad. Your object will be to capture the forces of Jackson and Ewell, either in coöperation with General Frémont, or, in case want of supplies or of transportation interferes with his movements, it is believed that the force with which you move will be sufficient to accomplish this object alone. The information thus far received here makes it probable that if the enemy operate actively against General Banks you will not be able to count upon much assistance from him, but may even have to release him.

It is remarkable that the President saw the situation with such accuracy the day before Banks's defeat at Winchester.

This order McDowell, though he called it "a crushing blow,"<sup>3</sup> obeyed at once, directing Shields to take up his march to Catlett's, a station on the Orange and Alexandria road, about half-way between Fredericksburg and Front Royal, and reporting that he had done so. The President sent him an acknowledgment of his alacrity, at the same time expressing his regret at the change of his orders, and adding, "Everything now depends upon the celerity and vigor of your movements."<sup>3</sup> This encouraged the general to make an earnest though respectful protest, which he sent the same night to the President, setting forth his belief that coöperation between himself and Frémont was not to be counted upon; that it would take him a week or ten days to get to the valley; that by that time the enemy would have retired. We shall see later that these forebodings at least were not realized. At the same time he telegraphed to Wadsworth, in command at Washington, his deep disgust; he did not think the rebel force in the mountains amounted to five thousand men. But with all this grumbling his deeds were better than his words; he pushed Shields forward with the greatest celerity. Shields, who was burning to go to Richmond, marched obediently, but in very bad humor. The dispatches of this officer read like a burlesque of those of his superior. He is loud in contempt of both armies in the Shenandoah. He thought when the movement first began that there was nothing in it; that the enemy would never come north; that if they did, they would be hemmed in and destroyed. As late as the 10th of May he was sure "they were not there to fight."<sup>3</sup> As he went forward to Front Royal his boasting spirit asserted itself more and more. "I want no assistance," he said. He promised to "give Jackson a bloody reception," to "drive the enemy from the Shenandoah," and wanted to know if there was anything else he could do for the President—the task in question being unworthy of his powers.<sup>4</sup>

But neither the chagrin of McDowell nor the gasconading of Shields prevented them

<sup>1</sup> Dabney, p. 386.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. 387.

<sup>3</sup> War Records.

<sup>4</sup> May 26 and 27.

from striving with all their might to do the work assigned them. The President kept McDowell constantly informed of the condition of affairs, detailing the progress of Jackson northward, and urging the value and importance of the service expected of the Union troops. McDowell showed himself, as he always was, worthy of the confidence reposed in him. In spite of all obstacles,—accidents by rail, bad roads, and rough weather,—he got Shields's advance into Front Royal on the 30th of May; that is, in little more than half the time he thought he should require for the purpose. The same day the President sent him a dispatch from Frémont saying that he would be at Strasburg, or where the enemy was, at 4 P. M., May 31; and another from Saxton at Harper's Ferry, indicating that the enemy was still there. The President added, with justifiable exultation, "It seems the game is before you."

It remains to be seen how General Frémont executed his share of the task. On the 24th the President gave him an urgent order to move at once, by way of Harrisonburg, to the relief of Banks. He promptly replied that he "would move as ordered"; but made the unfortunate error of choosing an entirely different route from the one assigned him.<sup>1</sup> Thinking the road to Harrisonburg was more or less obstructed, and off his line of supplies, he moved northward by way of Petersburg and Moorefield, in the great valley lying west of the Shenandoah Mountains, and did not even inform the President of this discretionary modification of his orders, so that, on the 27th, when they were anxiously expecting at Washington to hear from him at Harrisonburg, they were astounded at receiving tidings from him at Moorefield, two good days' march from the line of Jackson's retreat, and separated by two counties and the Shenandoah range from the place where he was desired and expected to be. In response to the President's peremptory question why he was at Moorefield when he was ordered to Harrisonburg, he made an unsatisfactory reply, alleging the necessity of his choice of route, and his assumed discretion as to his orders. Dropping this matter, the President began again urging him forward to Strasburg. There was still time to repair the original error. Jackson was on the Potomac, much farther from the rendezvous than Frémont. But the latter could not be made to see the vital necessity of immediate action—his men were weary, his supplies were deficient, the roads were bad; Blenker's corps was straggling badly. Finally, on the 29th, his medical director told him his army needed a whole day's rest.

He promptly accepted this suggestion, and wasted twenty-four hours in this manner, while Jackson was rushing his ragged troops, who had known no rest for a month, up the narrow valley that formed his only outlet from destruction or captivity. In one day, says Major Dabney, the Stonewall Brigade marched "from Halltown to the neighborhood of Newton, a distance of thirty-five miles; and the 2d Virginia accomplished a march of forty miles without rations, over muddy roads and amidst continual showers." The race was to the swift. As Frémont's advance entered Strasburg on the 1st of June the rear-guard of Jackson's force was still in sight, leaving the place. The plan of the President, well combined and reasonable as it was, had failed through no fault of his, and Jackson had escaped. It is the contention of General McClellan and his partisans that the plan could not possibly have succeeded. One critic<sup>2</sup> disposes of the matter by a sneer at the thought of "trapping that wily fox, who knew every gorge and pass of the mountain." But an army of 16,000 men of all arms is not a fox; it must have roads to cross mountains, and bridges to pass over rivers. If Frémont had obeyed orders and had been where he should have been on the 30th of May, and if Banks and Saxton had kept a closer watch at Harper's Ferry and followed more immediately upon Jackson's rear, Jackson would have been surrounded at Strasburg by three times his own force, and would have been captured or his army dispersed and destroyed. This would have been richly worth all its cost, and the most captious or malevolent critic would have had nothing to say against the President who ordered it.

There was little prospect of defeating Jackson after he had slipped through the gap between Frémont and McDowell at Strasburg; but nevertheless an energetic pursuit was begun by Frémont up the Shenandoah and by part of Shields's division up the Luray Valley on the east, the former harassing Jackson's rear with almost daily skirmishes, and the latter running a race with him on a parallel line. There was hardly a possibility now of regaining the lost opportunity. No matter how severely pressed, it was almost surely in Jackson's power to escape across Brown's Gap to Albemarle County, where he would for a time be safe from pursuit; and this course, says Major Dabney, was in his mind as a final resort.<sup>3</sup> But he was not even driven to this. There was one last chance of inflicting great damage upon him. One of Shields's brigades arrived at the bridge at Port Republic before him, and either should have taken and held or destroyed it.<sup>4</sup> The officer in

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

<sup>2</sup> Swinton, "Army of the Potomac."

<sup>3</sup> Dabney, p. 404.

<sup>4</sup> War Records.

command did neither, and the bridge immediately after fell into Jackson's hands, giving him command of both sides of the river. The Confederate general and his adjutant and biographer ascribed the capture of this important position to supernatural means.<sup>1</sup>

As soon as Jackson uttered his command [to seize the bridge] he drew up his horse, and, dropping the reins upon his neck, raised both his hands towards the heavens, while the fire of battle in his face changed into a look of reverential awe. Even while he prayed, the God of battles heard; or ever he had withdrawn his uplifted hands, the bridge was gained.

It would perhaps be irreverent to add that the bridge was not defended. On the same day, June 8, he fought a sharp but indecisive battle with Frémont at Cross Keys, and retiring in the night, he attacked and defeated Shields's small detachment at Port Republic. The mismanagement of the Union generals had opposed to him on both days forces greatly inferior to his own. Before these battles were fought the President, seeing that further pursuit was useless, had ordered Shields back to McDowell, Frémont to halt at Harrisonburg for orders, and Banks to guard the posts of Port Royal and Luray. The orders came too late to prevent two unfortunate engagements, but they showed that the civilian at Washington was wiser than the two generals at the front. They both passed thereafter into the ranks of the malcontents—the men with grievances. Shields went back to Washington, where he was received with open arms by the habitual critics of the President. Among them were those of his own household; for we read in Mr. Chase's diary that Shields told him, when he was ordered back, that "Jackson's capture was certain," and the general and the Secretary held harmonious council together over the "terrible mistakes" of the President.<sup>2</sup> This was the last important service of Frémont. He remained in charge of his department a few weeks longer, until he was placed, with others of similar rank, under the general command of Pope. He refused to serve under his junior, and was relieved, not appearing again in any conspicuous position, except for a moment in the summer of 1864, as a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to Mr. Lincoln.

#### THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

AFTER the battle of Fair Oaks, as well as before it, General McClellan kept up his continual cry for reinforcements. The hallucination that the enemy's force was double his own had become fixed upon him, and all his plans and

combinations were poisoned by this fatal error. The President did everything in his power to satisfy the general's unreasonable demands. He resolved to give him absolute control of all the troops on the Peninsula; and knowing that General Wool would never consent to being placed under McClellan's orders,—that veteran having expressed himself with characteristic severity in regard to his junior's insatiable demand for troops,—the President thought best to remove General Wool to Baltimore, transferring General Dix to Fort Monroe and placing him under the direct command of McClellan—a proceeding which greatly displeased General Dix, but to which he yielded under protest.<sup>3</sup> His displeasure did not interfere with his convictions of duty. Immediately on arriving at Fort Monroe he sent to General McClellan a reinforcement of ten of the best regiments there.<sup>3</sup> No efforts were spared to help and to encourage McClellan; both the President and the Secretary of War were perpetually sending him kind and complimentary messages in addition to the troops and guns which they gathered in from every quarter for him. A few days after Fair Oaks, in response to his repeated entreaties, McCall's division of McDowell's corps, a splendid body of about ten thousand men, was dispatched to him. He was for the moment delighted at hearing that these troops were coming; and having thus obtained the greater part of McDowell's corps, he was quite gracious in his acknowledgments to the Government. He said, June 7:

I am glad to learn that you are pressing forward reinforcements so vigorously. I shall be in perfect readiness to move forward and take Richmond the moment McCall reaches here and the ground will admit the passage of artillery.

McCall and his perfectly appointed division of ten thousand men and five batteries of artillery began to arrive on the 11th, and were all present for duty on the 13th; and as if Providence were uniting with the Government to satisfy both the general's requirements, he was able to telegraph on the 12th that the weather was good and the roads and the ground were rapidly drying. The weather continued remarkably fine for several days; General Keyes on the 15th reported White Oak Swamp dried up so as to be fordable in many places.<sup>3</sup> But the dry spell did not last forever, and on the night of the 15th General McClellan sends to Washington a note of lamentation<sup>3</sup> saying that the rain has begun again, which will "retard his movements somewhat." It is characteristic of him that he always regarded bad weather as exclusively injurious to him, and never to the other side. The President once said of him that he seemed to think, in defiance of Scripture, that Heaven sent its rain only on

<sup>1</sup> Dabney, p. 413.

<sup>2</sup> Warden, "Life of Salmon P. Chase," pp. 444, 445.

<sup>3</sup> War Records.

the just and not on the unjust. To an energetic general all kinds of weather have their uses. Johnston had embraced with alacrity the opportunity afforded by the terrible storm of May 30, and made it his ally in his attack on the 31st.

It must not be forgotten that, although McClellan and his apologists have been for years denouncing the Government for having withheld from him McDowell's corps, the best part of that corps was actually sent to him. Franklin's magnificent division went to him in April, and no use whatever was made of it for several weeks; McCall's equally fine division was dispatched to him before the middle of June. In each case he said he only awaited the arrival of that division to undertake immediate active operations; and in each case, on the arrival of the eagerly demanded reinforcements, he did nothing but wait the good pleasure of the enemy. His own official reports show that he received by way of reinforcements, after his arrival in the Peninsula and prior to the 15th of June, not less than 39,441 men, of whom there were 32,360 present for duty.<sup>1</sup> Yet all this counted for nothing with him; he let hardly a day pass without clamoring for more. He was not even inclined to allow the Administration any discretion in regard to the manner in which he was to be reinforced. He insisted that McDowell should be sent to him by water, and not by land, so that he should come in by his rear instead of by his right flank; and when he was informed that McCall's force was expected to be restored to McDowell's corps, when that army joined him, he bitterly resented it. He said it did not show a proper spirit in McDowell; and added sullenly, "If I cannot fully control all his troops, I want none of them; but would prefer to fight the battle with what I have, and let others be responsible for the results."<sup>2</sup> These selfish and petulant outbursts were met with unwearied patience and kindness on the part of the President. On the 15th of June he wrote:

The Secretary of War has turned over to me your dispatch about sending McDowell to you by water, instead of by land. I now fear he cannot get to you either way in time. Shields's division has got so terribly out of shape, out at elbows, and out at toes, that it will require a long time to get it in again. I expect to see McDowell within a day or two, when I will again talk with him about the mode of moving. McCall's division has nearly or quite reached you by now. This, with what you get from General Wool's old command, and the new regiments sent you, must give you an increase, since the late battles, of over twenty thousand. Doubtless the battles, and other causes, have decreased you half as much in the same time; but then the enemy have lost as many in the same way. I believe I would

come and see you were it not that I fear my presence might divert you and the army from more important matters.<sup>3</sup>

From this it will be seen that McClellan had no right to delay operations an hour after McCall's arrival from any pretended expectation of the immediate coming of McDowell; and, indeed, he admits in his report<sup>4</sup> that as early as the 7th of June he had given up any such expectation. With no reason, therefore, for delay, but with every conceivable incentive to action, with an army amounting, after McCall joined him, to the imposing figure of 156,838, of whom an aggregate present of 127,327 is reported by McClellan himself as of the 20th of June,—though he makes a reduction to 114,691 of those "present for duty equipped,"—he wasted the month of June in a busy and bustling activity which was in its results equivalent to mere idleness. He was directly invited to attack by the fine weather of the middle of the month, which he describes as "splendid" in a dispatch of the 17th, and by the absence of Stonewall Jackson in the valley with his 16,000 veterans, reinforced by 10,000 troops from Lee's army, as McClellan himself believed and reported on the 18th. The President, by a dispatch of the same date, urged him to take advantage of this opportunity, saying:

If this is true, it is as good as a reinforcement to you of an equal force. I could better dispose of things if I could know about what day you can attack Richmond, and would be glad to be informed, if you think you can inform me with safety.

The terms in which General McClellan answered this inquiry are worthy of quotation as an illustration of that false air of energy and determination which he so often introduced into the expression of his intentions, while leaving, as in the last lines of this dispatch, a loophole for indefinite delay:<sup>5</sup>

Our army is well over the Chickahominy, except the very considerable forces necessary to protect our flanks and communications. Our whole line of pickets in front runs within six miles of Richmond. The rebel line runs within musket range of ours. Each has heavy support at hand. A general engagement may take place any hour. An advance by us involves a battle more or less decisive. The enemy exhibits at every point a readiness to meet us. They certainly have great numbers and extensive works. If 10,000 or 15,000 men have left Richmond to reinforce Jackson, it illustrates their strength and confidence.

This is a singularly characteristic view. The fact of a large detachment having left Lee affords him no encouragement; it simply impresses him all the more with the idea of his enemy's strength.

mond, I stated in the foregoing dispatch (of June 7) that I should be ready to move when General McCall's division joined me." War Records.

<sup>5</sup> June 18.

<sup>1</sup> War Records. <sup>2</sup> McClellan's Report, June 14.

<sup>3</sup> Lincoln, MS.

<sup>4</sup> "As I did not think it probable that any reinforcements would be sent me in time for the advance on Rich-



After to-morrow we shall fight the rebel army as soon as Providence will permit. We shall await only a favorable condition of the earth and sky, and the completion of some necessary preliminaries.<sup>1</sup>

With these vague platitudes the President was forced to be content, and to wait, with the general, to see what Providence would ordain the day after to-morrow — or the next day.

As usual, it was the enemy that startled McClellan out of his procrastination. On the 13th of June, General J. E. B. Stuart, with some 1200 Confederate cavalry and a few guns, started to ride around McClellan's army; touching on his way the South Anna Railroad bridge, Hanover Court House, Tunstall's Station on the York River Railway, and thence to Jones's Bridge on the Chickahominy, which he stopped to repair, crossing it on the 15th, and entering Richmond by the river road the next day. It has rarely been the fortune of a general to inflict such an insult, without injury, upon an opponent. General McClellan did not seem to feel that any discredit attached to him for this performance. On the contrary he congratulated himself that Stuart had done so little harm.

The burning of two schooners laden with forage, and fourteen Government wagons, the destruction of some sutlers' stores, the killing of several of the guard and teamsters at Garlick's Landing, some little damage done at Tunstall's Station, and a little *délat*, were the precise results of this expedition.<sup>2</sup>

McClellan had for some time been vaguely meditating a change of base to the James River, and this raid of Stuart seems to have somewhat strengthened this purpose. Fitz John Porter, who more than any other possessed his confidence, says that he desired to effect this movement as soon as he gave up looking for McDowell to join him, which, we have seen from his report, was in the first week of June. "As early as June 18," Porter says, "he sent vessels loaded with supplies to the James River."<sup>3</sup> It is not intended to intimate that he was fully resolved upon this course; but he appears to have kept it constantly before him, in his undecided, irresolute way, all through the month. His communication with Commodore John Rodgers, who commanded on the James, indicates a purpose to move to some point on that river. He says on the 24th:

In a few days I hope to gain such a position as to enable me to place a force above Ball's and Drewry's bluffs, so that we can remove the obstructions and place ourselves in communication with you so that you can cooperate in the final attack. In the mean time please keep me some gun-boats as near Drewry's Bluff as prudence will permit.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

<sup>2</sup> McClellan's Report. War Records.

<sup>3</sup> "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 325.

<sup>4</sup> Webb, "The Peninsula," pp. 119, 120.

On the 25th he pushed forward his picket line in front of Seven Pines to within four miles of Richmond, a point farther in advance than he had yet reached. At the same time he issued orders to his corps commanders south of the river that they were not to regard these new positions as their field of battle, but were to fall back, if attacked, to their old intrenchments.<sup>1</sup> He had by this time heard of the arrival of Jackson's corps, and also credited a false and impossible rumor of the arrival of Beauregard and his troops from the West. He was fully informed of the attack threatened within a few hours, and yet he sent to Washington for more troops.<sup>2</sup> "If I had another good division I could laugh at Jackson,"<sup>3</sup> he said, while he knew that Jackson was marching upon his right. He made his usual complaint and threat of putting the responsibility where it belonged. These wanton accusations at such a time moved the President, not to anger, but to genuine sorrow. Yet he answered with almost incredible patience:

Your three dispatches of yesterday in relation to the affair, ending with the statement that you completely succeeded in making your point, are very gratifying. The latter one, suggesting the probability of your being overwhelmed by 200,000, and talking of where the responsibility will belong, pains me very much. I give you all I can, and act on the presumption that you will do the best with what you have; while you continue, ungenerously I think, to assume that I could give you more if I would. I have omitted, and shall omit, no opportunity to send you reinforcements whenever I possibly can.

It is impossible to say how long his desultory preparations would have lasted if General McClellan had been left to himself; but after the 23d of June, the power of deciding upon what day he should attack had already passed out of his hands. General Lee had made, at his leisure, all his arrangements for attacking the Union army, and had chosen the time and the manner of onset,—as Johnston did a month before,—without the slightest reference to any possible initiative of McClellan. He had, during the month allowed him by the inactivity of his opponent, brought together from every available source a great army, almost equal in numbers to the Army of the Potomac. Though there is a great disparity in the accounts of the different Confederate officers who have written upon this subject, there is no reason to doubt that the official estimate quoted with approval by General Webb, which states Lee's force as 80,762, is substantially correct. Webb says that McClellan's effective force for the "seven days' battles" was 92,500<sup>4</sup>—considerably less than his own official report of the 20th of June gives him. The Confederate forces were, like the army opposed to them, of the best material the country could furnish;

and no better men ever went to war, in any age or region. It is an unsolved and now an insolvable question whether the Confederates had gained or lost by the wounding of Johnston and the substitution of Lee as the commander of their principal army. They were both men of the best ability and highest character that the Southern States could produce; both trained soldiers, of calm temper, and great energy; and both equally honorable and magnanimous in their treatment of their subordinates. But General Lee had a great advantage over his predecessor in possessing the perfect confidence and personal friendship of Jefferson Davis, the head of the Confederate Government. He was always sure in his enterprises of what Johnston often lacked, the sincere and zealous support of the Richmond Government. He also enjoyed, to an unusual degree, the warm regard and esteem of those who were brought into personal or official relations with him. His handsome and attractive presence, his dignified yet cordial manner, a certain sincerity and gentleness which was apparent in all his words and actions, endeared him to his associates and made friends of strangers at first sight. Everything he asked for was given him. He had been the favorite of General Scott in the old army; he became the favorite of Mr. Davis in his new command. The army which Johnston gave up to him had been almost doubled in numbers by the time he considered himself ready to employ it against McClellan.<sup>1</sup>

Lee's preparations were promptly and energetically made. Immediately after Stuart's raid was completed he ordered Stonewall Jackson to join him by a letter of the 16th, which gave minute instructions for his march and enjoined upon him the greatest secrecy and swiftness. To mask this movement he ostentatiously sent Jackson two brigades from Richmond, with drums beating and colors flying, a proceeding which was promptly reported to McClellan and caused him at first some perplexity,<sup>2</sup> but which he explained by his usual conclusion that Lee had so overwhelming a force that a few brigades here or there made no difference to him. The manoeuvre was of little practical account, however, as McClellan was fully informed of Jackson's approach in time to provide against it, or to anticipate his arrival by taking the offensive. He even knew as early as the 25th that Jackson was to come in on his right and rear,<sup>2</sup> but he made no use of this knowledge except to reproach the Government for not sending him more troops. Jackson reported at Richmond in person on the 23d of June, in advance of his corps; and in a conference with Longstreet and the two Hills the

plan of attacking the Federal right wing, north of the Chickahominy, was agreed upon. As Jackson's troops had the greatest distance to march, it was left to him to say when the attack should be made. He named the morning of the 26th of June, giving himself, as it afterwards appeared, too little time.

General Lee matured his plan on the 24th, and issued his orders for the coming campaign. The most striking thing about them is his evident contempt for his opponent. He sent, in effect, almost his entire army to the north side of the Chickahominy to strike McClellan's right wing. The enemy is to be "driven from Mechanicsville"; the Confederates are to sweep down the Chickahominy and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge; General Jackson bearing well to his left, turning Beaver Dam Creek, and taking the direction towards Cold Harbor. They will then press forward towards the York River Railroad, closing upon the enemy's rear, and forcing him down the Chickahominy. Any advance of the enemy towards Richmond will be prevented by rigorously following his rear, and crippling and arresting his progress.

He anticipated the possibility of McClellan's abandoning his intrenchments on the south side of the river, in which case he is to be "closely pursued" by Huger and Magruder. Cavalry are to occupy the roads to arrest his flight "down the Chickahominy." General Lee's plan and expectation was, in short, to herd and drive down the Peninsula a magnificent army, superior in numbers to his own, and not inferior in any other respect — if we except the respective commanders-in-chief, who were at least equally distinguished engineers. In this enterprise he deserved and courted defeat by leaving the bulk of McClellan's army between himself and Richmond. When he laid his plan before Jefferson Davis, the latter saw at once this serious defect in it. He says:

I pointed out to him that our force and intrenched line between the left flank of the enemy and Richmond was too weak for a protracted resistance; and if McClellan was the man I took him for, . . . as soon as he found that the bulk of our army was on the north side of the Chickahominy he would not stop to try conclusions with it there, but would immediately move upon his objective point, the city of Richmond. If, on the other hand, he should behave like an engineer officer, and deem it his first duty to protect his line of communication, I thought the plan proposed was not only the best, but would be a success. Something of his old *esprit de corps* manifested itself in General Lee's first response that he did not know engineer officers were more likely than others to make such mistakes; but immediately passing to the main subject, he added, "If you will hold him as long as you can at the intrenchments, and then fall back on the detached works around the city, I will be upon the enemy's heels before he gets there."<sup>3</sup>

But everything shows that he anticipated no

<sup>1</sup> Johnston's "Narrative," pp. 145, 146.

<sup>2</sup> War Records.

VOL. XXXVII.—20.

<sup>3</sup> Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 132.

such action on the part of McClellan. All his orders, all his dispositions, indicate clearly that he thought of nothing but driving him down the Chickahominy towards Yorktown, and capturing or dispersing his army. The measure of success he met with will always be, in the general judgment, a justification of his plan; but the opinion of the best military critics on both sides is that it never could have succeeded had it not been for McClellan's hallucination as to the numbers opposed to him. From the hour that Lee crossed his troops over the Chickahominy, leaving that river and McClellan's army between him and Richmond, he risked the fate of the Confederacy upon his belief that the Union general would make no forward movement. His confidence grew with every step of McClellan's retreat from Beaver Dam Creek to Malvern Hill, and was dearly paid for in the blood of his soldiers.

The first meeting between the two armies resulted in a terrible defeat for the Confederates. About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th, the rebel forces, commanded by Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and A. P. Hill, attacked the Union troops in position on the east side of Beaver Dam Creek, commanded by General McCall, whose division had been added to Fitz John Porter's corps, ably assisted by Seymour, Meade, and Reynolds. Of the last two, the one gained an undying fame and the other a glorious death at Gettysburg. The Confederates were in greatly superior force, but the Union troops had the advantage of position; and though both sides fought with equal valor, before night fell the rebels were repulsed with great slaughter. General McClellan visited Fitz John Porter's headquarters at night, after the battle. He found an exultant and victorious army, almost unscathed by the fierce conflict of the day. Porter reports his loss at 250 out of the 5000 engaged, and says the enemy lost nearly 2000 of their 10,000 attacking.<sup>1</sup> If Porter, instead of McClellan, had been in command of the army, Richmond might have been under the Union flag the next day. His soldierly spirit, flushed with the day's success, comprehended the full advantage of the situation. He urged McClellan to seize his opportunity; he proposed "to hold his own at the Beaver Dam line, slightly reinforced, while General McClellan moved the main body of his army upon Richmond."<sup>2</sup> The General-in-Chief had not resolution enough to accept or reject this proposition

of his gallant subordinate. He returned to his own headquarters to make up his mind, and about "3 or 4 o'clock in the morning" sent his final order to Porter to retire to a position some four miles east, behind Boatswain Swamp, and there await the further attack of the enemy.

General Porter's personal devotion to McClellan, which was afterwards to bring him into lifelong trouble, has never allowed him to criticise this decision of his chief which overruled his own bold and intelligent plan. Let us see how the ablest and most efficient Confederate general engaged in this campaign regarded it. General Longstreet says:

In my judgment the evacuation of Beaver Dam Creek was very unwise on the part of the Federal commanders. We had attacked at Beaver Dam, and had failed to make an impression at that point, losing several thousand men and officers. This demonstrated that the position was safe. If the Federal commanders knew of Jackson's approach on the 26th, they had ample time to reinforce Porter's right before Friday morning, the 27th, with men and field defenses, to such extent as to make the remainder of the line to the right secure against assault. So that the Federals in withdrawing not only abandoned a strong position, but gave up the *morale* of their success, and transferred it to our somewhat disheartened forces; for, next to Malvern Hill, the sacrifice at Beaver Dam was unequaled in demoralization during the entire summer.<sup>3</sup>

It is hard to understand what General McClellan means when he says in his report that the 26th was "the day he had decided on for our final advance." If he thought it safe to attack Richmond with Lee and his army in front of him, how much more advantageous would such an attack have been with Lee and his army engaged in a desperate battle north of the Chickahominy. There is no indication in his orders or dispatches of these days — if we except one order to Porter, hereafter to be mentioned — that he had any more definite purpose than to await the action of the enemy, and retreat to the James, if necessary. His mind was filled with that fantastic idea he had adopted of an army of 200,000 under Lee. In his report, written a year afterwards, he reiterates and dwells upon this absurd and already disproved fiction, basing his persistent belief on the reports of his ridiculous detective service. This is the only explanation possible of his action during this momentous week while he was flying from phantom myriads which existed only in his own brain, and his brave army was turning and checking Lee's pursuing forces at every halt it made.

On the morning of the 27th Porter withdrew to his new position, famous ever thereafter as the battlefield of Gaines's Mill, or of the Chickahominy, as it is called by Southern writers. His ground, like that of the day before, was admirably chosen for defense. He had less

<sup>1</sup> "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 331.

<sup>2</sup> We are here quoting the language of General Webb, whose testimony is beyond question. "The Peninsula," p. 130.

<sup>3</sup> "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 398.

than one-third the number of the host which was marching by every road on the west and north to destroy him.<sup>1</sup> He knew his force was too small to defend so long a line against such numbers, but his appeals to McClellan for reinforcements brought no response until late in the day, when Slocum's division was sent him. With the troops he had he made a magnificent fight, which, in spite of his subsequent history, makes us regret that he had not commanded the entire Army of the Potomac that day.

With the exception of the small detachments left on the south side of the river under Magruder to amuse McClellan, the whole army of General Lee, numbering over 60,000 men, was advancing upon Porter's single corps. It was led by the best generals of the South—Longstreet, the two Hills, Whiting, Hood, Ewell, and the redoubtable Jackson, whose corps, though marching with less than their usual celerity, had turned Beaver Dam Creek the night before, and had now arrived at the post assigned them opposite Porter's right. General Lee commanded on the field in person, and Jefferson Davis contributed whatever his presence was worth.

The battle began at noon, and as evening fell upon the desperately fought field the entire Confederate army, by a simultaneous advance, forced back the Union troops, overcome by numbers and wearied with seven hours of constant fighting.<sup>2</sup> There was no confusion except at the point on the right where Morell's line had been pierced by Hood's brigade, where two regiments were made prisoners. Everywhere else the Union soldiers retired fighting, turning from time to time to beat back the enemy, until night put an end to the conflict. Porter had lost 4000 in killed and wounded, one-sixth of his men; Lee something more, about one-twelfth of his. Lee had absolutely failed in his object—to dislodge the Union army from its position and "drive it down the Chickahominy."

Of the heroic valor of this sanguinary day's work there can be no question. There is much

question of the wisdom of it. If McClellan had made up his mind to retreat to the James, he might have withdrawn Porter to the south side of the Chickahominy during the night of the 26th, after his signal victory at Beaver Dam.<sup>3</sup> But, as we have seen, he gave no definite orders until 3 o'clock the next morning, when he directed Porter to retire to Gaines's Mill. During all the terrible conflict of the 27th, he left his gallant subordinate to fight three times his force, with no intimation of his ultimate purpose. Porter had a right to think that the price of his tremendous sacrifice was to be the capture of Richmond. McClellan's orders to him on the 23d included these words:

The troops on this side will be held ready either to support you directly or to attack the enemy in their front. If the force attacking you is large, the general would prefer the latter course, counting upon your skill and the admirable troops under your command to hold their own against superior numbers long enough for him to make the decisive movement which will determine the fate of Richmond.

In addition to this we have the most unimpeachable authority for saying that Porter on the battlefield was left with the same impression. General Webb, who was present with General Porter during the fight, ordered to that duty from McClellan's headquarters, says:

He carried with him to General Porter the distinct impression, then prevailing at the headquarters of the army, that he was to hold this large force of the enemy on the left bank of the Chickahominy in order that General McClellan, with the main army, might break through and take Richmond.

It was this inspiring thought which moved Porter and his 20,000 to such a prodigious feat of arms. General Webb says:

The sacrifice at Gaines's Mill . . . was warranted, if we were to gain Richmond by making it; and the troops engaged in carrying out this plan, conceiving it to be the wish of the general commanding, were successful in holding the rebels on the left bank.<sup>4</sup>

But the general commanding was simply incapable of the effort of will necessary to carry

strike at Richmond and the portion of the enemy on the right bank, or move at once for the James, we would have had a concentrated army, and a fair chance of a brilliant result in the first place; and in the second, if we accomplished nothing, we would have been in the same case on the morning of the 27th as we were on that of the 28th—minus a lost battle and a compulsory retreat; or, had the fortified lines (thrown up expressly for the object) been held by 20,000 men (as they could have been), we could have fought on the other side with 80,000 men instead of 27,000; or, finally, had the lines been abandoned, with our hold on the right bank of the Chickahominy, we might have fought and crushed the enemy on the left bank, reopened our communications, and then returned and taken Richmond." [From Report of General Barnard, Chief of Engineers, Army of the Potomac. War Records.]

<sup>4</sup> Webb, "The Peninsula," p. 187.

<sup>1</sup> "Porter's force consisted of Morell's, McCall's, and Sykes's divisions; in all, 17,330 infantry for duty. There were present with him 2534 artillery, of which, from the nature of the ground, but a small portion could be used; and 671 of the regular cavalry guarded the bridges." [Webb, "The Peninsula," p. 129.]

<sup>2</sup> Porter says: "The forces in this battle were: Union, 50 regiments, 20 batteries; in all, about 27,000 men [including the reinforcements received during the day]. Confederate, 129 regiments, 19 batteries; in all, about 65,000."

<sup>3</sup> "At last a moment came when action was imperative. The enemy assumed the initiative, and we had warning of when and where he was to strike. Had Porter been withdrawn the night of the 26th, our army would have been concentrated on the right bank, while two corps at least of the enemy's force were on the left bank. Whatever course we then took, whether to



out his share of the plan. He gives us to understand, in his report, and in subsequent articles, that he resolved upon his retreat to the James on the 25th of June. General Webb adopts this theory, and adds that McClellan thought that the capture of Richmond, with Lee beyond the Chickahominy, was not a proper military movement. It is not in the competence of any one to judge what were General McClellan's thoughts and intentions from the 23d to the 27th of June. So late as 8 o'clock on the night of the 27th, a dispatch from him to the War Department indicates that he thought the attack of Magruder on the right bank was more serious than that upon Porter on the left. "I may be forced," he says, "to give up my position during the night, but will not if it is possible to avoid it"; and as a matter of course the usual refrain follows: "Had I twenty thousand fresh and good troops, we would be sure of a splendid victory to-morrow."<sup>1</sup> Magruder, who had been left to guard Richmond with a thin curtain of troops, had been all day repeating the devices which were so successful at Yorktown. He had rattled about McClellan's entire front with so much noise and smoke as to create the impression of overwhelming numbers. Even the seasoned corps commanders were not unaffected by it. Franklin thought it not prudent to send any reinforcements from his line to Porter. Sumner offered to send two brigades, but thought it would be hazardous. The real state of the case can best be seen from Magruder's own report. He says:

From Friday night until Sunday morning I considered the situation of our army as extremely critical and perilous. The larger portion of it was on the opposite side of the Chickahominy. The bridges had been all destroyed; but one was rebuilt (the New Bridge), which was commanded fully by the enemy's guns from Golding's; and there were but 25,000 men between his army of 100,000 and Richmond. . . . Had McClellan massed his whole force in column, and advanced it against any point of our line of battle,—as was done at Austerlitz, under similar circumstances, by the greatest captain of any age,—though the head of his column would have suffered greatly, its momentum

would have insured him success; and the occupation of our works about Richmond, and consequently the city, might have been his reward. His failure to do so is the best evidence that our wise commander fully understood the character of his opponent.<sup>1</sup>

D. H. Hill says the same thing:<sup>2</sup>

During Lee's absence Richmond was at the mercy of McClellan. . . . The fortifications around Richmond at that time were very slight. McClellan could have captured the city with very little loss of life. The want of supplies would have forced Lee to attack him as soon as possible, with all the disadvantages of a precipitated movement.<sup>3</sup>

General McClellan did not visit the field of battle during the day.<sup>4</sup> At night he summoned Porter across the river, and there made known to him and the other corps commanders, for the first time, his intention to change his base to the James. Porter was ordered to retire to the south bank, and destroy the bridges after him. This was accomplished safely and in good order, and the bridges were destroyed soon after sunrise on the 28th. The movement to the James once resolved upon, it was executed with great energy and ability. General Keyes moved his corps, with artillery and baggage, across the White Oak Swamp, and possessed himself of the ground on the other side, for the covering of the passage of the other troops and the trains, by noon of the 28th. General Porter's corps, during the same day and night, crossed the White Oak Swamp, and established itself in positions that covered the roads from Richmond. Franklin withdrew from the extreme right after a skirmish at Golding's Farm. Keyes and Porter continued in the advance, and established their two corps safely at Malvern Hill, thus securing the extreme left flank of the army in a commanding and important situation.

This movement took General Lee completely by surprise. Anticipating nothing but a retreat down the Chickahominy,<sup>5</sup> he had thrown his left wing and his entire cavalry force in that direction; and when he became aware of his mistake, a good deal of precious time was already lost, and he was deprived,

the city, with only one-fourth of our force in his way. This fraction he could have beaten in four hours, and marched to Richmond in two hours more." [Published in the "New York Times," June 17, 1883.]

<sup>4</sup> "Question. Were you with the right or left wing of the army during the battle of Gaines's Mill?"

"Answer. [General McClellan.] I was on the right bank of the river, at Dr. Trent's house, as the most central position." [Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.]

<sup>5</sup> "General Lee, presuming that the Federals would continue to withdraw, if overpowered, towards the York River Railroad and the White House, directed General Jackson to proceed with General D. H. Hill to a point a few miles north of Cold Harbor, and thence to march to that place and strike their line of retreat." [Dabney, p. 443.]

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

<sup>2</sup> "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 361.

<sup>3</sup> The following shows the opinion of two of the most prominent Confederate officers upon this matter. It is an extract from a letter of General J. E. Johnston to General Beauregard, dated Amelia Springs, August 4, 1862, immediately after the Seven Days' Battles:

"But for my confidence in McClellan's want of enterprise, I should on Thursday night, after three-fourths of the troops had crossed the Chickahominy, have apprehended that he would adopt the course you suggest for him. Had he done so, he might have been in Richmond on Friday before midday. By concentrating his troops on the south side of the river before daybreak on Friday he would have been between our main body and

during the three days that followed, of Stuart's invaluable services. But having ascertained on the 29th that McClellan was marching to the James, he immediately started in pursuit, sending his whole force by parallel roads to intercept the Army of the Potomac near Charles City Cross-roads, midway between the White Oak Swamp and the James. Longstreet was to march with A. P. Hill by the Long Bridge road; while Huger was to come up at the same time by the Charles City road, and General Holmes was to take up position below him on the river road. Jackson, crossing the Grapevine Bridge, was to come in from the north on the rear of the Federal army.

Even the terrible lessons of Beaver Dam and Gaines's Mill had not convinced General Lee of the danger of attacking the Army of the Potomac in position. These lessons were repeated all along the line of march. Sumner repulsed Magruder at Allen's Farm, and then, retiring to Savage's Station, he and Franklin met another fierce onslaught from the same force, and completely defeated them. It was with the greatest difficulty that Franklin could induce the gallant old general to leave the field. McClellan's orders were positive that the White Oak Swamp must be crossed that night; but to all Franklin's representations Sumner answered: "No, General, you shall not go, nor will I." When shown McClellan's positive orders, he cried out, "McClellan did not know the circumstances when he wrote that note. He did not know that we would fight a battle and gain a victory."<sup>1</sup> He only gave way and reluctantly took up his line of march for the southward on the positive orders of an aide-de-camp, who had just left McClellan.<sup>2</sup>

The next day occurred the battle of Glendale, or Frayser's Farm, as it is sometimes called. Jackson, with unusual slowness, had arrived at Savage's Station the day before, too late to take part in the battle there; and when he came to White Oak Swamp the bridge was gone and Franklin occupied the heights beyond. His force was therefore paralyzed during the day. He made once or twice a feeble attempt to cross the swamp, but was promptly met and driven back by Franklin. Huger, on the Charles City road, failed to break through some slight obstruction there. Holmes was in terror of the gunboats near Malvern Hill and could give no assistance; so that Longstreet and A. P. Hill were forced to attack

the Union center, at Glendale, on pretty nearly even terms. Here a savage and obstinate conflict took place, which was felt on both sides to be the crisis of the campaign. If the Union center had been pierced, the disaster would have been beyond calculation. On the other hand, if our army had been concentrated at that point, and had defeated the army of Lee, the city of Richmond would have been the prize of victory. General Franklin says that the Prince de Joinville, who was at that moment taking leave of the army to return to Europe, said to him with great earnestness, "Advise General McClellan to center his army at this point and fight the battle to-day. If he does, he will be in Richmond to-morrow." Neither side won the victory that day, though each deserved it by brave and persistent fighting. General McClellan, intent upon securing a defensive position for his army upon the James, left the field before the fighting began; while Longstreet, Lee, and Jefferson Davis himself were under the fire of the Union guns during the afternoon. When darkness put an end to the fighting the Federal generals, left to their discretion, had accomplished their purpose. The enemy had been held in check, the trains and artillery had gone safely forward by the road which the battle had protected, and on the next morning, July 1, the Army of the Potomac was awaiting its enemy in the natural fortress of Malvern Hill. It was at this place that General Lee's contempt for his enemy was to meet its last and severest chastisement.

The position strikingly resembled the battlefield of Gaines's Mill. The Union army was posted on a high position, covered on the right and on the left by swampy streams and winding ravines. Woods in front furnished a cover for the formation of the Confederate columns, but an open space intervening afforded full play for the terrible Federal artillery. It was not the place for a prudent general to attack, and Lee was usually one of the most prudent of generals. But he had his whole army well in hand, Jackson having come up in the night, and he decided to risk the venture. D. H. Hill took the liberty of representing the great strength of McClellan's position, and to give his opinion against an assault. Longstreet, who was present, laughed and said, "Don't get scared, now that we have got him whipped." "It was this belief in the demoralization of the Federal army," Hill says, "that made our

<sup>1</sup> "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 375.

<sup>2</sup> The corps commanders were left almost entirely without directions, as the following, from the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, shows: "Question. By whom was the battle of Savage's Station fought? Did you yourself direct the move-

ments of the troops, or were they directed by the corps commanders?"

"Answer. [General McClellan.] I had given general orders for the movements of the troops; but the fighting was done under the direct orders of the corps commanders."

leader risk the attack." Lee evidently thought the position could be carried by a *coup de main*. The order to his generals of division is a curiosity of military literature:

Batteries have been established to rake the enemy's line. If it is broken, as is probable, Armistead, who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same.

On the part of the Confederates the battle was as ill executed as it was ill conceived. There was a vast amount of blood and valor wasted by them; while on the Union side, under the admirable leadership of Porter, Morell, and Couch, not a drop of blood nor an ounce of powder was thrown away. Successive attacks made by the Confederates from 1 o'clock until 9 were promptly and bravely repulsed by the Union soldiers. Jackson's forces suffered severely in getting into position early in the afternoon. One of Huger's brigades charged upon Couch about 3 o'clock, and was driven back, roughly handled. D. H. Hill waited a long time for the "yell" from Armistead, which was to be his signal for onset. But Armistead's yell in that roar of artillery was but a feeble pipe, and was soon silenced; and when Hill at last heard some shouting on his right and concluded to advance, he was repulsed and fearfully punished by the immovable brigades of Couch and Heintzelman. The most picturesque, perhaps we may say the most sensational, charge of the day was that made by Magruder late in the afternoon. His nine brigades melted away like men of snow under the frightful fire of Sykes's batteries and the muskets of Morell's steadfast infantry. This charge closed the fighting for the day. The Union line had not been broken.

One remarkable feature of the battle of Malvern Hill was that neither of the commanders-in-chief exercised any definite control over the progress of the fight. General Lee, it is true, was on the field, accompanied by Jefferson Davis; but with the exception of that preposterous order about Armistead's yell, he seems to have allowed his corps commanders to fight the battle in their own way. Their reports are filled with angry recriminations, and show a gross lack of discipline and organization. Early in the afternoon Lee ordered Longstreet and Hill to move their forces by the left flank, intending to cut off the expected retreat of McClellan. Longstreet says:

I issued my orders accordingly for the two division commanders to go around and turn the Federal right, when, in some way unknown to me, the battle was drawn on. We were repulsed at all points with fearful slaughter, losing six thousand men and accomplishing nothing.

General McClellan was seldom on the field. He left it in the morning before the

fighting began and went to his camp at Haxall's, which was under the protection of the gunboats. He came back for a little while in the afternoon, but remained with the right wing, where there was no fighting; he said his anxiety was for the right wing, as he was perfectly sure of the left and the center. In this way he deprived himself of the pleasure of witnessing a great victory won by the troops under the command of his subordinate generals. It is not impossible that if he had seen with his own eyes the magnificent success of the Union arms during the day he would have held the ground which had been so gallantly defended. To judge from the accounts of the officers on both sides, nothing would have been easier. The defeat and consequent demoralization of the Confederate forces surpassed anything seen in the war, and it might have been completed by a vigorous offensive on the morning of the 2d. Even Major Dabney, of Jackson's staff, whose sturdy partisanship usually refuses to recognize the plainest facts unfavorable to his side, gives this picture of the feeling of the division commanders of Jackson's corps the night of the battle:

After many details of loss and disaster, they all concurred in declaring that McClellan would probably take the aggressive in the morning, and that the Confederate army was in no condition to resist him.<sup>1</sup>

But impressed by the phantasm of 200,000 men before him, McClellan had already resolved to retire still farther down the James to Harrison's Landing, in order, as he says, to reach a point where his supplies could be brought to him with certainty. Commodore Rodgers, with whom he was in constant consultation, thought this could best be done below City Point. The victorious army, therefore, following the habit of the disastrous week, turned its back once more upon its beaten enemy, and established itself that day at Harrison's Bar, in a situation which Lee, having at last gained some information as to the fighting qualities of the Army of the Potomac, declined to attack, a decision in which Jackson agreed with him. After several days of reconnaissances he withdrew his army, on the 8th of July, to Richmond, and the Peninsular Campaign was at an end.

#### HARRISON'S LANDING.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN was greatly agitated by the battle of Gaines's Mill,<sup>2</sup> and by the emo-

<sup>1</sup> Dabney, p. 473.

<sup>2</sup> Lieutenant-Colonel B. S. Alexander, of the Corps of Engineers, gave the following sworn evidence before the Committee on the Conduct of the War [p. 592]. He said he saw, on the evening of the 28th, at General McClellan's headquarters at Savage's Station, an order

tions incident to his forced departure for the James. Under the influence of this feeling he sent to the Secretary of War from Savage's Station, on the 28th of June, an extraordinary dispatch, which we here insert in full, as it seems necessary to the comprehension of his attitude towards, and his relations with, the Government:

I now know the full history of the day. On this side of the river (the right bank) we repulsed several strong attacks. On the left bank our men did all that men could do, all that soldiers could accomplish; but they were overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, even after I brought my last reserves into action. The loss on both sides is terrible. I believe it will prove to be the most desperate battle of the war. The sad remnants of my men behave as men. Those battalions who fought most bravely, and suffered most, are still in the best order. My regulars were superb, and I count upon what are left to turn another battle, in company with their gallant comrades of the volunteers. Had I 20,000 or even 10,000 fresh troops to use to-morrow, I could take Richmond; but I have not a man in reserve, and shall be glad to cover my retreat, and save the material and personnel of the army. If we have lost the day we have yet preserved our honor, and no one need blush for the Army of the Potomac. I have lost the battle because my force was too small. I again repeat that I am not responsible for this, and I say it with the earnestness of a general who feels in his heart the loss of every brave man who has been needlessly sacrificed to-day. I still hope to retrieve our fortunes; but to do this the Government must view the matter in the same earnest light that I do. You must send me very large reinforcements, and send them at once. I shall draw back to this side of Chickahominy, and think I can withdraw all our material. Please understand that in this battle we have lost nothing but men, and those the best we have. In addition to what I have already said, I only wish to say to the President that I think he is wrong in regarding me as ungenerous when I said that my force was too weak. I merely intimated a truth which to-day has been too plainly proved. If at this instant I could dispose of 10,000 fresh men, I could gain a victory to-morrow. I know that a few thousand more men would have changed this battle from a defeat to a victory. As it is, the Government must not and can not hold me responsible for the result. I feel too earnestly to-night; I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel otherwise than that the Government has not sustained this army. If you do not do so now, the game is lost. If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.<sup>1</sup>

It is probable that no other general ever retained his commission for twenty-four hours

directing the destruction of the baggage of the officers and men, and he thought also the camp equipage; appealing to the officers and men to submit to this privation because it would be only for a few days, he thought the order stated. He went to the general at once, and remonstrated with him against allowing any such order to be issued, telling him he thought it would have a bad effect upon the army—would demoralize the officers and men; that it would tell them more plainly than in any other way that they were a defeated army, running for their lives. This led to some discussion among the officers at headquarters, and Colonel Alexander heard afterward that the order was never promulgated, but suppressed.

after the receipt of such a communication by his superiors; but it is easy to see the reason why he was never called to account for it. The evident panic and mental perturbation which pierces through its incoherence filled the President with such dismay that its mutinous insolence was entirely overlooked. He could only wonder what terrible catastrophe already accomplished, or to come, could have wrung such an outcry as this from the general commanding. Even the surrender of the army was not an impossible disaster to expect from a general capable of writing such a dispatch. Secretary Chase has left a memorandum showing that some such action was regarded as indicated by General McClellan's dispatches, and that even after his arrival at Harrison's Landing, General Marcy, his father-in-law and chief of staff, in a visit to Washington spoke of it as a possibility.<sup>2</sup> Not knowing the extent of the mischance which had fallen upon the army, the President hastened at once to send a kind and encouraging answer to McClellan's dispatches:

Save your army, at all events. Will send reinforcements as fast as we can. Of course they cannot reach you to-day, to-morrow, or next day. I have not said you were ungenerous for saying you needed reinforcements. I thought you were ungenerous in assuming that I did not send them as fast as I could. I feel any misfortune to you and your army quite as keenly as you feel it yourself. If you have had a drawn battle, or a repulse, it is the price we pay for the enemy not being in Washington. We protected Washington and the enemy concentrated on you. Had we stripped Washington, he would have been upon us before the troops could have gotten to you. Less than a week ago you notified us that reinforcements were leaving Richmond to come in front of us. It is the nature of the case, and neither you nor the Government are to blame. Please tell at once the present condition and aspect of things.<sup>3</sup>

The President also, with the greatest diligence, sent dispatches on the same day to General Dix, at Fort Monroe, to Admiral Goldsborough, commanding the naval forces in the James, and to General Burnside, in North Carolina, directing all three of them to strain every nerve in order to go to McClellan's assistance. At the same time he ordered<sup>3</sup> Halleck to send a large portion of his forces to the rescue.

As the 29th and 30th of June passed with-

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

<sup>2</sup> This is the language of Mr. Chase's memorandum: "General McClellan himself, in his dispatches before reaching Harrison's Landing, referred to the possibility of being obliged to capitulate with his entire army; and after reaching that place, General Marcy, . . . who had been sent up to explain personally the situation to the President, spoke of the possibility of his capitulation at once, or within two or three days." [Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 447.]

<sup>3</sup> This order was afterwards revoked on Halleck's representation that the detachment of so large a force would be equivalent to the abandonment of Tennessee. [War Records.]



out news of any further catastrophe, the President and the Secretary of War began to think better of the situation, and concluded that it might possibly be improved by change of base to the James. Mr. Stanton telegraphed to General Wool that it looked "more like taking Richmond than at any time before." But on the 1st of July a dispatch, dated at Turkey Bridge, arrived from General McClellan, who was still under the influence of great agitation, announcing that he is "hard pressed by superior numbers," and fearing that he shall be forced to abandon his material and save his men under cover of the gunboats. "If none of us escape, we shall at least have done honor to the country. I shall do my best to save the army. Send more gunboats."<sup>1</sup> While waiting for his troops to come to the new position he had chosen for them, he continued asking for reinforcements. "I need," he says, "50,000 more men, and with them I will retrieve our fortunes." The Secretary of War at once answered that reinforcements were on the way, 5000 from McDowell and 25,000 from Halleck. "Hold your ground," he says encouragingly, "and you will be in Richmond before the month is over."<sup>2</sup> On the morning of the battle of Malvern, McClellan writes again, "I dread the result if we are attacked to-day by fresh troops. . . . I now pray for time." It has been seen that his dread was uncalled for. Meanwhile, before hearing of the battle, the President had telegraphed:

It is impossible to reinforce you for your present emergency. If we had a million of men we could not get them to you in time. We have not the men to send. If you are not strong enough to face the enemy you must find a place of security, and wait, rest, and repair. Maintain your ground if you can, but save the army at all events, even if you fall back to Fort Monroe. We still have strength enough in the country and will bring it out.

On the 2d, the flurry of the week having somewhat subsided, the President sent him the following:

Your dispatch of Tuesday morning induced me to hope your army is having some rest. In this hope allow me to reason with you a moment. When you ask for 50,000 men to be promptly sent you, you surely labor under some gross mistake of fact. Recently you sent papers showing your disposal of forces made last spring for the defense of Washington, and advising a return to that plan. I find it included in and about Washington 75,000 men. Now please be assured I have not men enough to fill that very plan by 15,000. All of Fremont's in the valley, all of Banks's, all of McDowell's not with you, and all in Washington taken together do not exceed, if they reach, 60,000. With Wool and Dix added to those mentioned I have not, outside of your army, 75,000 men east of the moun-

ains. Thus the idea of sending you 50,000, or any other considerable force, promptly is simply absurd. If in your frequent mention of responsibility you have the impression that I blame you for not doing more than you can, please be relieved of such impression. I only beg that, in like manner, you will not ask impossibilities of me. If you think you are not strong enough to take Richmond just now, I do not ask you to try just now. Save the army, material, and personnel, and I will strengthen it for the offensive again as fast as I can. The governors of eighteen States offer me a new levy of 300,000, which I accept.

This quiet and reasonable statement produced no effect upon the general. On the 3d he wrote again in a strain of wilder exaggeration than ever. He says:

It is of course impossible to estimate, as yet, our losses; but I doubt whether there are to-day more than 50,000 men with their colors. To accomplish the great task of capturing Richmond and putting an end to this rebellion, reinforcements should be sent to me, rather much over than much less than 100,000 men. I beg that you will be fully impressed by the magnitude of the crisis in which we are placed.<sup>1</sup>

The didactic, not to say magisterial, tone of this dispatch formed a not unnatural introduction to the general's next important communication to the President, laying before him an entire body of administrative and political doctrine, in which alone, he intimates, the salvation of the country can be found:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, VIRGINIA,  
July 7, 1862.

MR. PRESIDENT: You have been fully informed that the rebel army is in our front with the purpose of overwhelming us<sup>2</sup> by attacking our positions or reducing us by blocking our river communications. I cannot but regard our condition as critical, and I earnestly desire, in view of possible contingencies, to lay before your Excellency, for your private consideration, my general views concerning the existing state of the rebellion, although they do not strictly relate to the situation of this army or strictly come within the scope of my official duties. These views amount to convictions, and are deeply impressed upon my mind and heart. Our cause must never be abandoned; it is the cause of free institutions and self-government. The Constitution and the Union must be preserved, whatever may be the cost in time, treasure, and blood. If secession is successful, other dissolutions are clearly to be seen in the future. Let neither military disaster, political faction, nor foreign war shake your settled purpose to enforce the equal operation of the laws of the United States upon the people of every State. The time has come when the Government must determine upon a civil and military policy covering the whole ground of our national trouble. The responsibility of determining, declaring, and supporting such civil and military policy, and of directing the whole course of national affairs in regard to the rebellion, must now be assumed and exercised by you, or our cause will be lost. The Constitution gives you power sufficient even for the present terrible exigency.

This rebellion has assumed the character of a war. As such it should be regarded, and it should be conducted upon the highest principles known to Christian civilization. It should not be a war looking to the subjugation of the people of any State in any event. It should not be at all a war upon population, but against armed forces and political organizations. Neither com-

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

<sup>2</sup> This was at a time when Lee had given up all thought of attacking the Union army at Harrison's Landing.

fiscation of property, political executions of persons, territorial organization of States, or forcible abolition of slavery should be contemplated for a moment.

In prosecuting the war all private property and unarmed persons should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessities of military operations; all private property taken for military use should be paid or receipted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes, all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited, and offensive demeanor by the military toward citizens promptly rebuked. Military arrests should not be tolerated, except in places where active hostilities exist; and oaths not required by enactments—constitutionally made—should be neither demanded nor received. Military government should be confined to the preservation of public order and the protection of political rights. Military power should not be allowed to interfere with the relations of servitude, either by supporting or impairing the authority of the master, except for repressing disorder, as in other cases. Slaves, contraband under the act of Congress, seeking military protection, should receive it. The right of the Government to appropriate permanently to its own service claims to slave labor should be asserted, and the right of the owner to compensation therefor should be recognized. This principle might be extended upon grounds of military necessity and security to all the slaves within a particular State, thus working manumission in such State; and in Missouri, perhaps in western Virginia also, and possibly even in Maryland, the expediency of such a military measure is only a question of time. A system of policy thus constitutional and conservative, and pervaded by the influences of Christianity and freedom, would receive the support of almost all truly loyal men, would deeply impress the rebel masses and all foreign nations, and it might be humbly hoped that it would commend itself to the favor of the Almighty.

Unless the principles governing the further conduct of our struggle shall be made known and approved, the effort to obtain requisite forces will be almost hopeless. A declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies. The policy of the Government must be supported by concentrations of military power. The national forces should not be dispersed in expeditions, posts of occupation, and numerous armies; but should be mainly collected into masses and brought to bear upon the armies of the Confederate States. Those armies thoroughly defeated, the political structure which they support would soon cease to exist.

In carrying out any system of policy which you may form, you will require a commander-in-chief of the army; one who possesses your confidence, understands your views, and who is competent to execute your orders by directing the military forces of the nation to the accomplishment of the objects by you proposed. I do not ask that place for myself. I am willing to serve you in such position as you may assign me, and I will do so as faithfully as ever subordinate served superior.

I may be on the brink of eternity, and as I hope forgiveness from my Maker, I have written this letter with sincerity towards you and from love of my country. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. B. McCLELLAN,

*Major-General Commanding.*

*His Excellency ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President.*<sup>1</sup>

This letter marks the beginning of General McClellan's distinctively political career. He had always been more or less in sympathy with the Democratic party, and consequently in an attitude of dormant opposition to the Administration; although, after the manner of officers

of the regular service, he had taken no pronounced political attitude. In fact, on his first assuming command of the Army of the Potomac, he had seemed to be in full sympathy with the President and Cabinet in the proceedings they thought proper to adopt for the suppression of the rebellion. He had even entered heartily into some of the more extreme measures of the Government. His orders to General Banks directing the arrest of the secessionist members of the Maryland legislature might have been written by a zealous Republican. "When they meet on the 17th," he says, "you will please have everything prepared to arrest the whole party, and be sure that none escape." He urges upon him the "absolute necessity of secrecy and success"; speaks of the exceeding importance of the affair—"If it is successfully carried out it will go far towards breaking the backbone of the rebellion." This was in September, 1861.<sup>2</sup> Later in that year he was repeatedly urged by prominent Democratic politicians to declare himself openly as a member of their party. They thought it would be to his advantage and to theirs to have the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac decidedly with them. At this time he declined their overtures, but they were pressing repeatedly at Yorktown and afterwards; and he appears finally to have yielded to their solicitations, and the foregoing letter was the result. It is not at all probable that this document was prepared during the flight from the Chickahominy, or during the first days of doubt and anxiety at Harrison's Landing. It had probably been prepared long before, and is doubtless referred to in the general's dispatch of the 20th of June, in which he says, "I would be glad to have permission to lay before your Excellency my views as to the present state of military affairs throughout the whole country." He had at that time some vague and indefinite hope of taking Richmond; and such a manifesto as this, coming from a general crowned with a great victory, would have had a far different importance and influence from that which it enjoyed issuing from his refuge at Harrison's Bar, after a discrediting retreat. But the choice of occasion was not left to him. The letter could not be delayed forever; and such as it was, it went forth to the country as the political platform of General McClellan, and to the President as a note of defiance and opposition from the general in command of the principal army of the United States. Though more moderate in form, this letter was as mutinous in substance as the dispatch from Savage's Station.

<sup>1</sup> Slight errors having crept into this letter in its manifold publications, we print it here from the original manuscript received by the President.

<sup>2</sup> McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 153.

He assumes to instruct the President as to his duties and the limits of his constitutional power. He takes it for granted that the President has no definite policy, and proceeds to give him one. Unless his advice is followed, "our cause will be lost." He postures as the protector of the people against threatened arbitrary outrage. He warns the President against any forcible interference with slavery. He lets him know he can have no more troops, except on conditions known and approved. He tells him plainly that "a declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies." Finally, he directs him to appoint a commander-in-chief of the army, and thinks it necessary to inform him that he does not ask the place for himself.

The President, engrossed with more important affairs, paid no attention, then or afterwards, to this letter. He simply passed it by in good-natured silence. General McClellan continued his dispatches, constantly announcing an impending attack upon his position, and constantly asking for reinforcements. He continued this until General Lee withdrew his army to Richmond, a movement which General McClellan at once characterized as "a retreat."

During all the time that McClellan remained at Harrison's Landing his correspondence with the Government was full of recrimination and querulousness; and his private letters, which have been published since his death, show an almost indecent hostility to his superiors. He writes:

Marcy and I have just been discussing people in Washington, and conclude they are a "mighty trifling set." . . . I begin to believe they wish this army to be destroyed.<sup>1</sup>

When you contrast the policy I urge in my letter to the President with that of Congress and of Mr. Pope, you can readily agree with me that there can be little natural confidence between the Government and myself. We are the antipodes of each other.<sup>2</sup>

I am satisfied that the dolts in Washington are bent on my destruction. . . . Halleck is not a gentleman.<sup>3</sup>

We need not multiply these utterances of a weak and petulant mind. They have already been judged by the highest authority. General Sherman says, referring to this period, "The temper of his correspondence, official and private, was indicative of a spirit not consistent with the duty of the commanding general of a great army."<sup>4</sup>

The President had been much disturbed by the conflicting reports that reached him as to the condition of the Army of the Potomac, and he therefore resolved by a personal visit to satisfy himself of the state of affairs. He

reached Harrison's Landing on the 8th of July, and while there conferred freely, not only with General McClellan himself, but with many of the more prominent officers in command. With the exception of General McClellan, not one believed the enemy was then threatening his position. Sumner thought they had retired, much damaged; Keyes, that they had withdrawn to go towards Washington; Porter, that they dared not attack; Heintzelman and Franklin thought they had retired. Franklin and Keyes favored the withdrawal of the army from the James; the rest opposed it. Mr. Lincoln came back bearing a still heavier weight of care. One thing that gave him great trouble was the enormous amount of absenteeism in the army. On returning to Washington he wrote this note to General McClellan, which, like most of his notes, it is impossible to abridge:

I am told that over 160,000 men have gone into your army on the Peninsula. When I was with you the other day we made out 86,500 remaining, leaving 73,500 to be accounted for. I believe 23,500 will cover all the killed, wounded, and missing in all your battles and skirmishes, leaving 50,000 who have left otherwise. Not more than 5000 of these have died, leaving 45,000 of your army still alive and not with it. I believe half or two-thirds of them are fit for duty to-day. Have you any more perfect knowledge of this than I have? If I am right, and you had these men with you, you could go into Richmond in the next three days. How can they be got to you, and how can they be prevented from getting away in such numbers for the future?

To this note the general replied in a letter which can hardly be regarded as a satisfactory answer to the President's searching questions. He says, in general terms, that there is always a difference between the returns and the effective force of armies. He thinks, but is not certain, that the force given to him is not so much as 160,000, but admits that he has at that moment, present for duty, 88,665; absent by authority, 34,472; without authority, nearly 4000. This is very far from the "50,000 with their colors" which he reported a few days before; and he gives no adequate reason for the vast aggregate of those absent by authority.<sup>5</sup>

But another question, far more important and more grievous, was, what was to be done with the Army of the Potomac? General McClellan would listen to nothing but an enormous reinforcement of his army and another chance to take Richmond. Many of his prominent officers, on the contrary, thought that an advance on Richmond under existing conditions would be ill-advised, and that for the army to remain in its present position during the months of August and September would be more disastrous than an unsuccessful battle. The President had already placed General John Pope at the head of the Army of

<sup>1</sup> July 31.

<sup>2</sup> August 2.

<sup>3</sup> August 10.

<sup>4</sup> In his paper on "The Grand Strategy of the War of the Rebellion," *THE CENTURY* for February, 1888.

<sup>5</sup> War Records.

Virginia, in front of Washington, and he now resolved to send to Corinth for General Halleck, whom he placed in chief command of the armies of the United States. This was done by an order of the 11th of July, and General Halleck was requested to start at once for Washington. As soon as he could place his command in the hands of General Grant, the next officer in rank in his department, he came on to Washington, assumed command of the army on the 23d, and the very next day was sent to the camp of General McClellan, where he arrived on the 25th. He asked the general his wishes and views in regard to future operations. McClellan answered that he purposed to cross the James River and take Petersburg. Halleck stated his impression of the danger and impracticability of the plan, to which McClellan finally agreed. The General-in-Chief then told him that he regarded it as a military necessity to concentrate Pope's army and his on some point where they could at the same time cover Washington and operate against Richmond; unless it should be that McClellan felt strong enough to take the latter place himself with such reinforcements as would be given him. McClellan thought he would require 30,000 more than he had. Halleck told him that the President could only promise 20,000; and that, if McClellan could not take Richmond with that number, some plan must be devised for withdrawing his troops from their present position to some point where they could unite with General Pope without exposing Washington. McClellan thought that there would be no serious difficulty in withdrawing his forces for that purpose; but he feared the demoralizing influence of such a movement on his troops, and preferred that they should stay where they were until sufficient reinforcements could be sent him. Halleck had no authority to consider that proposition, and told him that he must decide between advising the withdrawal of his forces to meet those of Pope, or an advance upon Richmond with such forces as the President could give him. Halleck gained the impression that McClellan's preference would be to withdraw and unite with General Pope; but after consultation with his officers, he informed Halleck the next morning that he would prefer to take Richmond. He would not say that he thought the proba-

bilities of success were in his favor, but that there was "a chance," and that he was "willing to try it." His officers were divided on the subject of withdrawing or of making an attack upon Richmond. McClellan's delusion as to the number of the enemy had infected many of the most intelligent generals in his command. General Keyes, in a letter to Quartermaster-General Meigs, assured him that the enemy "have 200,000—more than double our number." At the same time General Meigs himself, simply from reading the Richmond newspapers and using his common sense in connection with their accounts, had formed an estimate of the rebel force very much nearer the truth than that made by the generals in front.<sup>1</sup> He found it to consist of 152 regiments, which, at an average of 700 men,—too high an average,—would give a total force of 105,000. By General McClellan's returns for the 10th of August he himself had an aggregate present of 113,000 men.<sup>1</sup>

Halleck's return to Washington was followed by a shower of telegrams from McClellan urging the reinforcement of his army. "Should it be determined to withdraw it," he says on the 30th of July, "I shall look upon our cause as lost, and the demoralization of the army certain"—a statement which certainly was lacking in reserve. The weight of opinion, however, among the generals of highest rank was on the other side. General Keyes wrote in the strongest terms urging the withdrawal of the army.<sup>1</sup> General Barnard, McClellan's chief of engineers, and General Franklin counseled the immediate withdrawal from the James to reunite with the forces covering the Capital.<sup>1</sup> Upon General Halleck's return to Washington this course was resolved upon. General Halleck's first order in that direction was dated the 30th of July, and requested McClellan to send away his sick as quickly as possible. Four days afterwards, without having taken in the mean while any steps to obey the order, he sent General Hooker to Malvern Hill. He drove the Confederates from there after a sharp cavalry skirmish. This so brightened McClellan's spirits that he telegraphed to Halleck on the 5th that "with reinforcements he could march his army to Richmond in five days"—a suggestion to which Halleck made the curt rejoinder, "I have no reinforcements to send you."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

<sup>2</sup> General Hooker told the Committee on the Conduct of the War a curious story about this affair. He said that after General McClellan received his orders to abandon Harrison's Landing he went to him voluntarily and suggested that, with the forces they had there, they could take Richmond, and urged him to do it. So confident was Hooker, that he was willing to take the advance, and so assured McClellan. On reaching his camp, about two hours after that interview, he says he

found on his table an order from General McClellan to prepare himself with three days' rations and a supply of ammunition, and be ready to march at 2 o'clock the next day. "I firmly believe," said Hooker, "that order meant Richmond. I had said to McClellan that if we were unsuccessful it would probably cost him his head, but that he might as well die for an old sheep as for a lamb. But before the time arrived for executing that order it was countermanded." [Hooker, Testimony, Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.]



The order to dispose of the sick was not promptly obeyed, because General McClellan insisted upon knowing the intentions of the Government in regard to his army; and after being informed that it was to be withdrawn from the James, several days more were wasted in wearisome interchange of dispatches between himself and Halleck, McClellan protesting with the greatest energy and feeling against this movement, and Halleck replying with perfect logic and temper in defense of it. In a long and elaborate dispatch, in which Halleck considered the whole subject, he referred to the representation made to him by McClellan and some of his officers that the enemy's forces around Richmond amounted to 200,000, and that McClellan had reported that they had since received large reinforcements. He adds:

General Pope's army is only about 40,000; your effective force, about 90,000. You are 30 miles from Richmond and General Pope 80 or 90, with the enemy directly between you, ready to fall with his superior numbers on one or the other as he may elect. Pope's army could not be diminished to reinforce you; if your force is reduced to strengthen Pope, you would be too weak to hold your present position against the enemy. You say your withdrawal from your present position will cause the certain demoralization of the army. I cannot understand why this should be, unless the officers themselves assist in that demoralization, which I am satisfied they will not. You may reply, "Why not reinforce me here so that I can strike Richmond from my present position?" You told me that you would require 30,000 additional troops; you finally said that you would have "some chance of success" with 20,000; but you afterwards telegraphed me you would require 35,000. To keep your army in its present position until it could be so reinforced would almost destroy it in that climate. In the mean time Pope's forces would be exposed to the heavy blows of the enemy without the slightest hope of assistance from you.

He tells McClellan, in conclusion, that a large

number of his highest officers are decidedly in favor of the movement.

Weary at last of arguments, Halleck became more and more peremptory in his orders; and this failing to infuse any activity into the movements of McClellan, he had recourse to sharp dispatches of censure which provoked only excuses and recriminations. In some of his replies to Halleck's urgent dispatches, enjoining the greatest haste and representing the grave aspect of affairs in northern Virginia, McClellan replied in terms that indicated as little respect for Halleck as he had shown for the President and the Secretary of War. On the 6th of August, in answer to an order insisting on the immediate dispatch of a battery of artillery to Burnside, he calmly replies, "I will obey the order as soon as circumstances permit. My artillery is none too numerous now." On the 12th, little or no progress having yet been made, he says:

There shall be no unnecessary delay, but I cannot manufacture vessels. It is not possible for any one to place this army where you wish it, ready to move, in less than a month. If Washington is in danger now, this army could scarcely arrive in time to save it. It is in much better position to do so from here than from Aquia.

At the same time the Quartermaster-General reported that "nearly every available steam vessel in the country was then under the control of General McClellan." Only on the 17th of August was McClellan able to telegraph that he had left his camp at Harrison's Bar, and only on the 27th of the month, when Pope's campaign had reached a critical and perilous stage, did he report himself for orders at Alexandria, near Washington.



### "O YE SWEET HEAVENS!"

O YE sweet heavens! your silence is to me  
More than all music. With what full delight  
I come down to my dwelling by the sea  
And look out from the lattice on the night!  
There the same glories burn serene and bright  
As in my boyhood; and if I am old  
Are they not also? Thus my spirit is bold  
To think perhaps we are coeval. Who  
Can tell when first my faculty began  
Of thought? Who knows but I was there with you  
When first your Maker's mind, celestial spheres,  
Contrived your motion ere I was a man?  
Else, wherefore do mine eyes thus fill with tears  
As I, O Pleiades! your beauty scan?

T. W. Parsons.

## MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### General Buell's Criticism on General Mitchel.

**I**N an article called "Operations in North Alabama," General D. C. Buell, in the second volume of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,"<sup>1</sup> has summed up the characteristics and qualifications of General O. M. Mitchel, by whom the operations in 1862 were personally conducted, as follows:

Upon the whole, it is difficult to find satisfaction in an attentive study of General Mitchel's proceedings during the period referred to. The first occupation of the Memphis and Charleston railroad in April was well executed; but everywhere the pleasing impression of an apparently vigorous action is marred by exaggeration . . . and self-seeking. The most trivial occurrence is reported with the flourish of a great battle. . . .

But in spite of his peculiarities, General Mitchel was a valuable officer; . . . a man of good bearing and pure morals, of considerable culture, and some reputation in science. . . . having lectured and published entertainingly on astronomy. He was energetic in a certain way, and had some qualification from practical experience, as well as by education, in railroad construction and management, which was often useful in the war. He was not insubordinate, but was restless in ordinary service, ambitious in an ostentatious way, and by temperament unsuited to an important independent command.

With General Buell's opinion of General Mitchel's qualifications I have nothing to do; but as to the data adduced in the paper referred to I beg leave to submit a few remarks.

General Buell attempts to show a "sudden change" on the part of General Mitchel "from easy assurance to anxious uncertainty." In speaking of Mitchel's report to the Secretary of War of the capture of Bridgeport, Buell quotes:

"This campaign is ended, and I can now occupy Huntsville in perfect security, while all of Alabama north of the Tennessee floats no flag but that of the Union." Stanton [continues Buell] answered his glowing dispatches naturally, "Your spirited operations afford great satisfaction to the President." Three days after Mitchel's dispatch as quoted, he telegraphed Stanton, May 4, in explanation of some unexpected developments of the enemy, and says: "I shall soon have watchful guards among the slaves on the plantations from Bridgeport to Florence, and all who communicate to me valuable information I have promised the protection of my Government. Should my course in this particular be disapproved, it would be impossible for me to hold my position. I must abandon the line of railway, and northern Alabama falls back into the hands of the enemy. No reinforcements have been sent to me, and I am promised none except a regiment of cavalry and a company of scouts, neither of which have reached me. I should esteem it a great military and political misfortune to be compelled to yield up one inch of the territory we have conquered." And again the same day: "I have promised protection to the slaves who have given me valuable assistance and information. If the Government disapproves of what I have done, I must receive heavy reinforcements or abandon my position."

General Buell stops, in quoting, at the pith of Mitchel's dispatch. After the word "position" the dispatch ends: "*With the aid of the negroes in watching the river, I feel myself sufficiently strong to defy the enemy.*"

<sup>1</sup> New York: The Century Co.

Upon these three quotations General Buell bases his assertion of "sudden change from easy assurance to anxious uncertainty." In order to give a clear explanation it will be necessary to quote from another document, not mentioned by General Buell. At Nashville, on March 11, 1862, Buell, in writing on the subject of fugitive slaves in Mitchel's camp, gave Mitchel the following orders ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 31):

If nothing more, it is necessary that the discipline of your command shall be vindicated. You will therefore cause the negroes, if still in your camp, to be arrested and held until 12 o'clock to-morrow. If in that time the owners or their agents shall call for them, they will be allowed to take them away, and, if necessary, will be protected from harm or molestation. If they do not call for them, you will release and expel the negroes from your camp, and in future no fugitive slaves will be allowed to enter or remain in your lines.

When Mitchel occupied north Alabama a month later he found that this order worked practically against a plan he had devised for insuring the safety of his position. He occupied an immense territory with a very small force. In order to keep open his communications, he operated a railroad, which he had captured with ample rolling stock; but the citizens fired on his trains, cut his telegraph lines, and in one instance sawed the stringers of a bridge in order to wreck a train. He had but five hundred cavalry, which were soon completely run down. If he had spread out his force for outpost duty along his whole front, it would have formed a picket line with no army behind it. He could not hold the country with a picket line alone. He was obliged either to have both a picket line and an army or to abandon the territory. It was not a question with him whether the enemy could spare a force to cut him off, for this he could not certainly know. There would be need of quick information in case the enemy should attempt to do so. Even General Buell, in referring to the work performed by Mitchel's force at this time ("Official Records," Vol. XVI., Part I., p. 32), says:

It was not the number of the enemy that made its service difficult and creditable, but it was the large extent of country it occupied, the length of the lines it had to guard, and the difficulty of supplying it.

The negroes were loyal, the whites disloyal. Mitchel organized a cordon of negroes along the bank of the Tennessee River. With these negroes to bring quick information, he felt a security that he could not feel without them. But the use of negroes was in direct conflict with General Buell's fugitive-slave order, which compelled Mitchel, when a slave had brought him information, to turn him over to the tender mercies of those of whose movements he had informed.

The first quotation ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 156) closed Mitchel's announcement of the capture of Bridgeport, which closed the campaign. The second quotation ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 162) was not telegraphed to Mr. Stan-

ton, but is taken from a letter from Mitchel to Stanton, speaking of a raid of John Morgan in Mitchel's rear, of the bad disposition of troops guarding his rear, of their not being under his command as unusual in war, and asking the views of the Government as to the use of negroes for information. The third quotation ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 163) is from a telegram sent the same day as the letter, and designed to hasten a decision in the matter of the use of slaves. The whole correspondence means that with the negro picket line Mitchel felt safe in his position. Buell's order rendered such picket line impossible. Without the aid of the negroes Mitchel did not feel assured of being able to hold the territory.

Let us next glance at the reports of the "occurrences" which General Buell says were reported with the "flourish of a great battle." The only occurrences which required report while Mitchel was in north Alabama were the captures of Huntsville and of Bridgeport. Here is Mitchel's dispatch to Buell as to the former:

After a forced march of incredible difficulty, leaving Fayetteville yesterday at 12 noon, my advanced guard, consisting of Turchin's brigade, Kennett's cavalry, and Simonson's battery, entered Huntsville this morning at 6 o'clock. The city was taken completely by surprise, no one having considered the march practicable in the time. We have captured about two hundred prisoners, fifteen locomotives, a large amount of passenger and box and platform cars, the telegraph apparatus and office, and two Southern mails. We have at length succeeded in cutting the great artery of railway communication between the Southern States. ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 104.)

If I were to rewrite this announcement to-day for publication, there is but one word I would change. Though there were difficulties encountered, the march was especially notable for its rapidity rather than difficulty. Fifty-seven miles were traversed in forty-eight hours. If there is any record of such rapid marching by a body of four thousand infantry and artillery towards the enemy elsewhere during the war, I am not aware of it. As to the capture of Bridgeport: To Buell, after giving the method of his advance, Mitchel says: "Our first fire emptied the redoubt and breastworks, the enemy fleeing across the bridge, with scarcely a show of resistance." ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part I., p. 655.) To Stanton, Mitchel reported, "At our first fire the guard broke and ran." ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 155.) There is certainly nothing of the "flourish of a great battle" in any of these reports.

General Buell, in referring to the plan of campaign given by Mitchel to Stanton July 7, 1862, and quoted in the biography, says: "No plan of campaign was proposed to me by General Mitchel; and no such controversy, or discussion, or series of consultations as would be inferred from the biography ever occurred between us." When General Buell arrived at Huntsville, Mitchel besought him, as I have stated in his biography ("Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel, Astronomer and General," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), to move forward and occupy Chattanooga and the surrounding territory. I saw General Buell and General Mitchel myself, on the day after Buell's arrival, sitting over their maps from morning till noon at Mitchel's headquarters at Huntsville. I know of one other person who witnessed the scene, and possibly there may be

officers or men now living who remember it also. But it matters nothing whether they discussed the question before General Buell at the headquarters of the one or the other. That they discussed it is evident from the manuscript I have in my possession, addressed to the Secretary of War, July 7, 1862. It is in Captain E. W. Mitchel's handwriting, and is signed by General Mitchel himself. It begins, "*At your request I present herewith a plan of campaign recently presented by me to General Buell after his arrival at Huntsville.*" That the Secretary of War had a right to ask Mitchel's views no one can doubt. Mitchel was then interested in a proposed expedition down the Mississippi River, which it was intended he should command, and had no personal interest in the field he had left. To decline to give his views to the Secretary on account of motives of delicacy towards Buell would have been nothing short of moral cowardice. There is no evidence that General Mitchel ever exerted the slightest influence on General Buell's discredit.

General Grant in his Memoirs has summed up, in these words, the probable advantages which would have accrued on prompt movements after the occupation of Corinth:

Bragg would then not [*i. e.*, if Buell had been sent from Corinth direct to Chattanooga as rapidly as he could march] have had time to raise an army to contest the possession of middle and east Tennessee and Kentucky; the battles of Stone River and Chickamauga would not necessarily have been fought; Burnside would not have been besieged in Knoxville without power of helping himself or escaping; the battle of Chattanooga would not have been fought. These are the negative advantages, if the term negative is applicable, which would probably have resulted from prompt movements after Corinth fell into possession of the National forces. The positive results might have been: a bloodless advance to Atlanta, to Vicksburg, or to any other desired point south of Corinth in the interior of Mississippi.

These remarks are applicable in this case, for Mitchel recommended a forward movement on July 1, and Bragg did not march into Kentucky till about two months later.

F. A. Mitchel.

#### General Robertson in the Gettysburg Campaign.

A RE-REJOINDER TO COLONEL MOSBY.

In his rejoinder in THE CENTURY for December, 1887,<sup>1</sup> in regard to the operations of my cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign, Colonel Mosby brings into prominence the fact that within twenty-four hours after General Stuart started, General Hooker changed from "defensive waiting" to aggressive movement, causing two days to be lost to General Stuart and fatally disrupting "all communication with Generals Lee and Ewell."

No matter how I performed the duty assigned to me, I could not have cured the fatal defect which Hooker's movement to the Potomac, so unexpected by General Stuart, had produced. The apparent discrepancy between statements made by me as to the place where I received the order from General Lee to hasten forward with my command is due to my reliance on the memory of my aids when writing in 1887 and to my own recollection in 1887. At neither time was I writing from the records, nor did I deem important the place where the

<sup>1</sup> See also THE CENTURY for May, 1887, and also for August, 1887, for the other articles in this discussion.

courier met me. And some apparent inconsistency is made to appear by Colonel Mosby's quotation from my letter in 1877 of the words, "to await further orders," and following them immediately with a quotation from my orders that I was to hold the mountain gaps "as long as the enemy remain in your [my] front in force." This attempt to convict me of contradictory statements fails when the orders are examined which direct me to hold the gaps — "unless otherwise ordered by General R. E. Lee, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, or myself [General Stuart]." The orders are set forth in my first communication,<sup>1</sup> and speak for themselves.

Colonel Mosby remarks that I have made "no explanation of *the delay*." There was no delay to explain. Had there been at that critical moment, General Lee would not have passed over so great a delinquency. The time occupied was no more than was required for the performance of the duty imposed by my orders.

The effort of Colonel Mosby to make it appear that I did not obey my orders as to the route I was to take fails when the orders are examined.

While it is true that they directed me to "cross the Potomac and follow the army, keeping on its right and rear," they also directed me to "cross the Potomac at the different points crossed by it [the army of General Lee]." It was left therefore to my discretion where I was to cross, according to the circumstances that might arise in the future. I exercised my discretion, and satisfied General Lee.

In paraphrasing General Jones's report, Colonel Mosby has suppressed a part of a short paragraph which I quote from the unpublished records. General Jones says :

WASHINGTON, May 27, 1862.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Value of a Presidential Election.

THE month upon which we are entering will bring to a decision the twenty-sixth of our quadrennial Presidential elections ; for, although the election is not technically complete until the electors have voted and their votes have been counted, yet public opinion has practically subordinated everything else to this single occasion of the choice of electors by the people. The "campaign" which began in June comes to an end in November: the blare of the brass bands dies away; the unsavory coal-oil torch, the oil-cloth uniforms, the transparencies, and the campaign banners unite in a general procession into another four-years' obscurity; and as we draw breath again we are pressed hard by the recurring question, Is the game worth the candle?

The source of the question is not necessarily in that political pessimism which is affected by so many who think that they thus secure for themselves a place a little higher than the common run of their fellow-citizens;

<sup>1</sup> See THE CENTURY for August, 1867.

The three remaining regiments of the brigade accompanied General Robertson by way of Williamsport and Chambersburg, arriving at Cashtown July 3. Near this point an order from General Lee required a force of cavalry to be sent at once to the vicinity of Fairfield to form a line to the right and rear of our line of battle. In the absence of General Robertson I determined to move my command at once into position, which met with the approbation of the general, *who returned to camp before I was in motion.*

The important words which I have italicized are omitted in the paraphrase, in which Colonel Mosby lays particular stress on my "absence." I have only to notice another innuendo of Colonel Mosby by which he creates a wrong impression. He says: "As soon as the army returned to Virginia, General Robertson, at his own request, was relieved of command." There is enough truth in this statement to make a good false impression. It was in August that I applied for relief from command. Prostrated by illness and advised by my surgeon, Dr. Randolph, that my recovery depended on my getting better quarters and nursing than was possible in the open field near Culpeper Court House, I applied for leave. Accompanying the order detaching me from the Army of Northern Virginia, Major McClellan wrote: "The general [Lee] joins with me and with the other members of the staff in the hope that you may soon be restored to health and duty, and that every success may attend you." My purpose in asking a change was to recover my health. Upon recovery I was ordered to South Carolina.

I have dealt more at length upon Mosby's attack than its author merited, and solely because it was in the publications of THE CENTURY that his articles were to appear.

B. H. Robertson.

it is much more commonly to be found in the conditions under which modern business is carried on. The actual volume of business has grown to proportions so enormous that the slightest interference with it now causes very heavy losses; and business methods are now so largely those of credit in its various forms that such losses tend to reduplicate themselves in a far more widely spread injury. A "blizzard" of three days' duration was only an annoying experience to our grandfathers: its effects nowadays may be marked in a strongly perceptible fall in the year's volume of business, perhaps in the failure of a number of railroads to pay dividends, in the consequent inability of many of their stockholders to carry out intentions on which other men had relied, and in the reverberation of loss in the most unexpected directions. If a bull in a china-shop is a proverbially undesirable visitant, the business interests of the United States can hardly be expected to welcome the irruption of the Presidential election, with its intense popular excitement, its general suspension of interest in everything else than the routine of business, and its occasional hints of the possibility,



at least, of further anxiety growing out of the election itself. Under such circumstances, is the Presidential election worth its cost?

Natural as the question is, it ignores the fact that the enormous volume of our modern business has not been self-evolved and is not self-supporting. There are other elements in the national life which are more important than any mere increase of wealth—elements on which the increase of wealth itself depends; and among these the political education of the people holds a very high place. Passing for the moment the question of comparative cost, one can hardly deny the practical efficiency of the Presidential election as a method of political education for the people, and no election in our history has shown this characteristic more clearly than that of this year. The schoolmaster and the college professor are presumed to deal with an audience of a grade rather higher than usual; and yet they are still compelled to resort to examinations and other tests or coercive processes in order to secure interest from unwilling pupils. How much easier their work would become if their pupils should suddenly develop an interest in it so intense as to lead them to hold enthusiastic meetings and processions about it, or to argue, quarrel, and sometimes even fight about it, as the adherents of rival professors are said to have done in some of the universities of the Middle Ages. What other instrumentality could have taken the place of the Presidential election in compelling those most unwilling pupils, the voters of the United States, to study economic questions as they have done this year?

If, then, the superior efficiency of the Presidential election as a means of political education be granted, the vital importance of that result to our system wipes out at once the other question of comparative cost. It is not easy to rate too high the influence which our democratic system, with its high hope of social advancement for the individual or his children, has had upon that working power which has given us so large a part of our overflowing wealth. But an uneducated democracy is the fore-ordained prey of the coming plutocracy; the increase of wealth merely hastens the catastrophe. To reconcile the permanence of democracy with the increase of wealth, the political education of the people is an absolute necessity, and the question of cost disappears in proportion to the increase of the instrument's efficiency. When the instrument is the best of its kind, its cost is no more to be reckoned a dead loss than the individual's expenditure for the clothes, shelter, and food which are essential to his existence and continued activity. If the cost of Presidential elections could be saved for a few decades, the disappearance of democracy, work, and wealth together would show that the "saving" had been altogether illusory.

For such a Presidential election as that of 1888, with its fair and open struggle between two naturally opposed political principles, and its consequent influence as a political educator for the American democracy, there need be nothing but congratulations for the country, let its cost be what it may. There have been elections over which no such congratulations could be uttered—elections in which the cost was as great and the educational results nothing or next to nothing; but no such criticism can be aimed at the election of this year. There are very few voters in this

country who have not in November a far larger and more distinct knowledge of the economic principles which underlie their political beliefs than they had six months ago; and, whatever may be the party result of the election, this educational result is, after all, the fundamental reason for the existence of the Presidential election itself. And as we see this result continually coming into greater prominence, we may congratulate ourselves more heartily on the wisdom which gave us such an educational force, and on its new proof that democracy is not the rule of ignorance, but a system of self-education.

#### The Punishment of Crime.

ENGLISH and American criminal law, in spite of its generally consistent determination to secure the safety of the innocent, exhibits at least one marked eccentricity which is the seed of continual injustice, to say nothing of the warping effect which such an irregularity must inevitably exert upon any system, and upon the popular respect for it. Like every other science, law aims to have a homogeneous and well-rounded development of its own, and to give its general principles the same action and force in one part of the system as in another. The anomaly of our system is that its criminal branch is permitted to ignore altogether certain principles of nature and method which are considered vital to other branches, such as civil law.

The first object of the civil law is the maintenance of the rights of individuals. The fact that the smallest personal right is attacked, or even threatened, is enough to give jurisdiction to some engine of the law; and the law's work is not done effectually until the right, if it proves to be a veritable right, is established and secured. It is not enough that the attempting wrongdoer be stopped at the point which he has reached, be prevented from going further, or even be punished for the past: he and his property are held responsible for the undoing of any wrong that has been done, and for the reestablishment of the violated right in all its original vigor and security. All this is summed up in the convenient word "damages." Human imperfections very often prevent law from reaching the full consummation of its object; but any such result is always felt to be reason for the law itself to be discontented with its failure.

When we turn to criminal law, we seem to have fallen upon an entirely different atmosphere. Criminal offenses are primarily against the state; and yet, with the exception of such few general crimes as treason and rebellion, each of them involves some violation of an individual's rights. The murderer is hanged because he has violated the command of the state to refrain from committing murder; but the crime has wrongfully extinguished some individual's right to life, as well as the right of his wife, children, or other dependents to support. Yet our criminal law, except in a few minor offenses, makes no effort whatever to vindicate the violated personal rights, or to make "damages" to the victim a component part of the offender's sentence. It may happen that, during the trial or punishment of the thief, the forger, or the counterfeiter, the property obtained by his crime is discovered, and the real owner is permitted to resume the property rights of which he has never been legally

divested; but if no such discovery should be made, the law cares nothing, and is quite content with the punishment of the criminal, without thought or regret for the property rights which have disappeared under its eyes in the process. The boycotter, or the man who does malicious mischief in any form, may be punished; but his violations of personal rights remain undressed, unless a spasmodic public sympathy assumes the burden of righting them by general subscription. The one object of our criminal system seems to be the punishment of the wrong-doer; and it seems to consider the restoration or satisfaction of individual rights as a mere incident, which may or may not occur, without affecting the success of its legitimate work.

Under such a system, it is perhaps fortunate that the conventional and convenient blindness of Justice prevents her from seeing the full measure of the wrongs which her present theory passes complacently by from day to day. She draws her sword against the merchant or banker who, having been plundered by forger or burglar, ventures to compound the felony in order to get back part of his property; but she does not pretend to conceal from the victim her belief that the recovery of the property in any more legitimate fashion is really no particular affair of hers. The barns and out-buildings of an owner are fired again and again by a concealed enemy, until even insurance becomes impossible: the criminal may at last be caught, indicted, and imprisoned, but the injured man's lost property is not brought back to him by such a punishment of crime. The civil law will see to it that the railway company whose servants by carelessness kill or maim a passenger shall satisfy the lost rights of life or locomotion by a money payment to the injured person or his representatives; but, if the criminal law can catch and punish the ruffian who has killed the father of a family, it seems to care nothing for the children of the murdered man, who are starving or impoverished by the loss of their bread-winner. Criminal courts, which are meant to be "places wherein justice is judicially administered," do in such ways become very commonly, as the scoffers insist, "places where injustice is judicially administered."

Why should it be necessary that such an anomalous feature should mar the fair outlines of human law? Why should Justice ignore in criminal law that which is her controlling motive in civil law—the wrongs of the injured party? Is it not possible to make the very punishment of the criminal nearly as close an approximation to a satisfaction for the violated individual rights as is usually obtained by the civil law? It may be that such a change of the point of view would alter some points of the theory of law; but would not the change be for the better? Very many persons believe intensely and honestly that "the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him": would not the friends

and opponents of capital punishment unite much more readily on a life imprisonment at hard labor for murder, with restrictions on the pardoning power, if the proceeds of the hard labor were to go to the murdered person's representatives? For, after all, the essential injustice of capital punishment is not that it takes away the criminal's forfeited right to life, but that it does so in a way which extinguishes forever the source from which the murdered man's dependents had a moral right to look for recompense for the rights which had been taken from them. In such cases the law, blind, furious, and unreasoning, destroys the life of the guilty without stopping to consider that it thereby makes the injury to the innocent a hopeless, irreparable, permanent injury. Electricity may or may not be a good substitute for the rope: perhaps common sense and even-handed justice might find a better substitute for both.

It seems hardly necessary to supplement or reinforce the case of murder: if the point be well taken there, any number of criminal offenses will suggest themselves to the reader in which the proceeds of the criminal's hard labor could be fairly, justly, and well assigned by the sentencing court to the satisfaction of the personal rights which had been injured or destroyed by the crime. Thus the state would still fulfill its function of punishing crime, but would convert that function into a guardianship of the rights of the innocent and the helpless. In very many classes of crimes, the system itself would supply a convenient and accurate measure of punishment. How long shall the criminal serve? Until the gross proceeds of his labor shall make good the original injury to the individual or the state, with interest.

One may fairly believe, moreover, that such a system would strike at the root of many of the more demagogical objections to the principle of state-prison punishment by hard labor. Many of the labor organizations would almost forbid imprisoned criminals to work at all, since the products of their toil must be sold in market in competition with the work of honest men. The public would be much less impressed or assailed by such an argument if it could see that the criminals were in part working for the support of women and children whom they had wronged. And it ought not to be difficult to see reasons why a body of workmen, unwilling to submit to the annoyance of such a competition so long as its results were only to diminish the general mass of taxation, should submit to it without objection if its object were justice and its beneficiaries those who had been wronged. After all, injustice remains injustice, even though it have the hall-mark of law upon it; and so flagrant an injustice as is tolerated by our criminal law opens it to attack from unexpected quarters, which it might make secure by substituting justice for injustice.



## OPEN LETTERS.

An Open Letter by Mr. George Kennan on a  
Question of Judgment.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In a letter printed in a recent number of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," under the heading "A Question of Ethics," Mr. Alexander Hutchins of Brooklyn, N. Y., referring to my article upon Russian political exiles in the August number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, says: "Mr. Kennan's sources of information were not only personal contact with the exiles, but, as he distinctly states, revelations made to him by Russian officers in charge of the exiles. This latter can hardly be overrated for importance, but it is to the reader a very serious ethical question how this revelation of confidence is to react on the personal freedom of the officials whose identity is so thinly veiled. In the August CENTURY is the story of his introduction to them by the Russian officer in charge of the station, and his confidential conversation with the officer himself. Mr. Kennan covers the officer's identity with an assumed name, but any ordinary detective in a police precinct would have no trouble in unearthing him from the tracks given, and the Russian detective office could find him between daylight and dark with the exercise of a little of the powers of arbitrary arrest with which Mr. Kennan himself credits it. Short as is Mr. Kennan's story thus far, several of his entertainers, who have given him their hospitality and confidence, could be in Russian dungeons and on their way to remotest Siberia on Mr. Kennan's own testimony. To the reader this looks like the most grievous violation of hospitality. It looks greatly like the most cruel of treachery."

As Mr. Hutchins may possibly represent a whole class of readers, it is worth while, perhaps, to reply to his open letter. The question involved seems to me to be a question of judgment rather than of ethics. Among the officials who gave me information in Siberia are men whom I respect and esteem as highly as Mr. Hutchins can possibly respect and esteem any friends of his own. That I would intentionally betray such men to the Russian police and requite their hospitality with "cruel treachery," is a supposition that I am sure few readers of THE CENTURY will seriously entertain. The only question, therefore, that I can regard as raised by Mr. Hutchins's letter is a question not of ethics but of prudence and discretion. Have I carelessly, recklessly, or through errors of judgment imperiled the safety of persons in Siberia who gave me information? Mr. Hutchins thinks that I have; but is he a competent judge? Has he any means of knowing whether the identity of the "officer" whose words I quote in the August CENTURY is "thinly veiled" or thickly veiled? Has he any warrant for assuming that a fictitious name is the only screen that I have interposed between the identity of that officer and the eyes of the police? Where does he find in my article the statement that the officer was "in charge of the station"? Does he know how many officers there are in a garrison town like Semipalatinsk, how

many such officers we personally met, and how many of them were upon friendly terms with the political exiles? Has he any means of estimating the chances of identification in a given case, or the probable results of such identification if established? Is his judgment likely to be better in such a matter than mine?

The best and safest method of utilizing information furnished to me by political exiles and by Russian officials was a subject of serious and anxious thought long before I returned from Siberia to the United States. It became evident to me at a very early stage of my investigation that prudential considerations would necessitate the complete sacrifice of a considerable part of my Siberian material, and would force me to use a still greater part in such a way as to deprive it of half its value and significance. I was for a long time in doubt whether I should not give fictitious names to all political exiles and disguise them in such a manner as to render personal identification impossible. To involve my narrative, however, in a maze of mystification and misleading description would greatly impair, I thought, its historical value, and turn it into something little better than a nihilistic novel. I decided, therefore, to use real names in all cases where I could do so without manifestly imperiling the safety of the people named; to adhere as closely as possible to absolute truth and fidelity in questions of time and place; and to be silent where I could not state facts without compromising persons. This was the course recommended by most of the political exiles whom I consulted.

"It is indispensable," said one of them to me, "that you should name us, describe us, and give your impressions of us. You are not likely to hurt us. The Government knows all about us already, and we can trust your discretion in the use of what we tell you."

The articles that have thus far appeared in THE CENTURY have been received, read, and criticised by political exiles in various parts of Siberia, and my attention has been called, as yet, to only one imprudent statement. So far as I am aware, no person has been injured by anything that I have written.

In the cases of officials, I have been obliged to avoid, to a much greater extent, the use of names, and in a few instances I have employed misleading artifices to conceal identity; but such artifices do not in any way concern an American reader. Every official whom I have quoted or shall have occasion to quote in these papers was perfectly well aware, at the time when he talked with me, that I was obtaining information for use in print. Some of them had a clear and definite understanding with me that the facts communicated should be used in a particular way and with certain specified precautions; others were satisfied to trust my discretion without conditions; while a third class gave me information as they would hand me a newspaper containing only a record of facts well known to the whole community. All, without exception, knew what I intended to do with the information that I

sought and obtained. I am now using this information in strict compliance with my agreements, or in accordance with my best judgment. I share, of course, the liability to error that is the heritage of mortals; but I have had an opportunity to become fairly well acquainted with the conditions of Russian life; I have studied the working methods of the Russian Government with careful attention; I have had the benefit of suggestions and advice from the persons in Siberia who are most directly interested in my narrative; and I am not likely, I think, to make grievous mistakes in the use of the material intrusted to me, or in the adoption of means to protect my friends.

George Kennan.

#### Sarcasm of Religion in Fiction.

THAT religion and philosophy are getting to be on good terms, there is no question; one is growing rational and the other is fast becoming religious. Father O'Toole may not be much of a philosopher, and Schopenhauer cannot even by courtesy be regarded as a good Christian; still the two worlds of faith and reason are fast melting into each other, and—contradicting physics—will soon occupy the same space at the same time. Will the same process of mutual approach go on between religion and literature, and the subtle antagonism which has long existed between them fade out into mutual respect? The *religious* suspects the *littérateur*, and the suspicion is more than repaid by contempt. Especially is this so as between religion and fiction. The clergyman and the novelist have much in common, but they do not get on well together: the parson cannot understand the author, and the author makes game of the parson. Will they ever get to be good friends?

The sarcasm of religion in fiction has long been the cause of much complaint and hard feeling. Let us turn the matter over in a few sentences with a view to finding out if it is well or ill.

Often this sarcasm is of a mild character, like that found in the Waverley novels, which bears on the rusticity and extreme simplicity of clergymen and the extravagance of certain sects. It assumes a more serious type in the novels of Charles Kingsley, where sects and theologies are brought into odious contrast. It is severer still in the works of George Eliot, who treats church and dogma with semi-contempt and often puts clergymen at the farthest remove from respect. In Dickens the whole range is covered—from gentlest ridicule, as of the Dean in "Edwin Drood," to stinging contempt, as in Chadband and Stiggins. In MacDonald the same thing is to be found—coupled, however, with such earnestness that it passes beyond sarcasm and becomes protest. The lead of these great authors is followed, and a work of fiction is now the exception in which some question of religious faith or practice is not introduced, and treated, for the most part, with disfavor. If the various churches and creeds were to apportion this criticism they would find but little partiality. The formalism and corruption of the prelatical churches, the dogmatism and austerity of the Puritans, the emotional excesses of the Methodists, the ceremonial emphasis of the Baptists—whatever is most distinctive and conspicuous in all churches has been satirized by fiction. Ridicule and travesty

of some form of religious belief or conduct is a part of its stock in trade. The lovers, the catastrophe, the rescue, are not more surely included than is the caricature of some opinion, custom, or character called religious. The most notable example is seen in Dickens, both in the severity of his sarcasm and in its pervasiveness. He not only scourges hypocrisy,—for the most part connected with dissenters,—but, in a less open way, the faithlessness of the whole Church to its trust in caring for the degraded masses. Nearly every book of Dickens sends a keen shaft into the body of the national church, yet with all his courage he did not dare to set up the vices and foibles of the Establishment as a target for ridicule; he stabs it, but not with satire. It may be unfair to criticise an author for what he does not do, but we cannot avoid thinking that Dickens would have left a true exponent of his feelings if he had given the parallels of Stiggins and Chadband to be found in the Established Church, as Thackeray has done in "The Newcomes." In view of the immense field from which Dickens drew his characters, it is strange that he overlooked the English type of clergyman so faithfully drawn by Mr. Curtis in the Rev. Mr. Creamcheese. The Established Church is an ark upon which even Dickens did not venture roughly to lay his hand. Miss Brontë showed a finer courage in her picture of the three Curates, and her works throughout are tinged with slight satire upon traditional forms of religion. We find the same feature in nearly all English and American fiction. Now a sect is ridiculed *en masse*, now certain dogmas, now strictness of religious observance or hypocrisy or bigotry or weak-minded conformity. Forms, dogmas, missions, and revivals are treated almost generally with contempt. A marked exception is found in Hawthorne. That he entertained opinions which, if he had expressed, would have taken this form, some letters quoted by Mr. Fields indicate; but whether a virtue or not, he withheld his pen from sarcastic treatment of religion. The reason is to be found in the superior range of his themes, which are not those of society but of human nature—the abstract rather than the concrete. He is not a Dickens or a Thackeray, but a Shakspeare; his romances are subtle discussions of moral problems that have always vexed the human mind—sin, conscience, and the ways of the bare spirit in man. As a literary artist he could not descend from these heights in order to satirize any special form of faith. Had it come within his purpose to depict a religious hypocrite he would not have connected him conspicuously with any church or creed, but would have kept him within the region of psychology—not as in a church, but simply in human nature. Hence in Hawthorne we find a certain bareness of setting that renders him uninteresting to the average reader.

This habit of fiction has, within a few years, changed its objects of attack. First it was sects, then dogmas, now it is certain types of character. Another distinction of the later period is that untruth is treated more severely than fanaticism. Weakness, inconsistency, hypocrisy, are scourged while intensity of belief is comparatively respected. The habit cannot be explained as a trick of the profession, caught by the many from the chance example of the masters; the originality of genius forbids such an explanation. Nor can it be accounted for on the ground of its



availability; it probably tells quite as much against an author as for him, especially in England, where anything like irreligion is unpopular. Nor can it be referred to sectarianism. There is a second-rate class of writers who produce novels in the interest of some church or theology which they bring into favorable relief by very dark shadows thrown upon the opposite side, but they are hardly accorded a place in literature. We cannot recall a work of fiction of the first class in which a character is held up as admirable by virtue of his connection with any church or of holding a definite creed. Such characters are presented for the opposite feeling — certainly not for the readers' sympathy. The solution is largely to be found in the fact that religion, when organized under either forms or dogmas, awakens antagonism in the peculiar genius of the novelist. We qualify our phrase because genius of the purest type is to be found in connection with church and creed. No critic would withhold the name from Augustine, Luther, Wesley, John Henry Newman, Robertson, Stanley, and Bushnell. But it is hard to get poets and novelists within church-doors. No reminiscence of Wordsworth more widely separates him from his class than that of his every Sunday walk over Nab Scar to little St. Oswald's in Grasmere. And Miss Brontë spoke both for herself and for all kindred genius in that exquisite chapter in "Shirley" where she makes Caroline Helstone refuse to enter the church, preferring to remain without and watch nature at her evening prayers. The genius of the novelist, like that of the poet, is impatient of form and definition and organization. Being based on the imagination, and therefore ideal in its operations, it does not consort well with what is fixed and formal. It may use facts and forms, but the argument it enforces is ideal and outside of them. Hence the staple of fiction is love before marriage, or lawless love after it, when it has the liberty of perfecting itself in the imagination — not love after marriage or in true marriage, when the dream is over and fancy yields to fact. Hence established institutions, whether social, ethical, or religious, have seldom been directly strengthened by fiction. It may be doubted if any established government was ever positively helped by imaginative writers; the sympathy is made to turn against what is, and in favor of what may be. The drift is in favor of spontaneousness and excess of liberty, against social custom and settled thought. In the end it may not be unfavorable to social and moral order, but this end is reached through loosening and destructive criticism. It ungirds, but does not find it within its function to rebind. Mrs. Stowe depicts the evils of slavery and hastens a political revolution, but as a literary artist she cannot, in fiction, reconstruct the government. Charles Kingsley in "Alton Locke" helps on reform, but only as an antagonist of the existing order. Dickens reveals the horrors of a school system and turns the laughter of the world against the courts of chancery, but he felt no call to picture a well-ordered school or a prompt court of justice. So far as fiction has any vocation besides that of pleasing, it is critical, and it criticizes by depicting that which it deems false and unworthy and by suggesting ideals of perfection, not by portraying excellence already gained. When the latter is attempted, the work is tame and flavorless. Were a literary artist to write a

political novel, he would compose it of two leading elements — criticism of existing institutions and suggestion of a better order; actual evil against ideal good. Fiction, by its nature, has its standpoint in ideality. Its lifelikeness, whether of good or evil, is based on an ideal beyond the fact. Otherwise it would be mere rehearsal of statistics, or philosophy.

And just here we find an explanation of its treatment of religion. It cannot be set down to the irreligion of the authors: whether irreligious or not, the cause lies back of the artist and in the nature and function of the art itself. If religion has seemed to suffer at the hands of fiction, it has suffered in the company of morals, of domestic life, of social order and all other conservative interests, and for the same reason.

The question of the utility of this criticism is another matter. That it causes pain and awakens concern in the minds of many who have a just claim to be regarded because they represent the best interests of society, there is no doubt. When a member of a not obscurely hinted sect is portrayed as a disgusting hypocrite, or when a hero — as in "Felix Holt" — is made to turn his back upon the Church and all religious observance and Christian belief and is offered to the reader's admiration by reason of virtues developed aside from or in opposition to Christianity, it is generally felt to be an affront or an injury. The sect is hurt through its representative; the faith is slighted by the halo thrown around its contemner. Doubtless much sensibility is wounded and direct moral injury is wrought, for no one will soberly maintain that it is well to weaken the hold of religious institutions upon the people unless they become so perverted as to minister to positive immorality.

But just here two things should be remembered: one is, that all criticism is dangerous in its very nature, and most of all ideal criticism, for it means change, and that means risk; the other is, that in high fiction that for the most part is scourged which deserves it, and that notes of warning are sounded where there is most need of care or reform. We do not defend all fiction that treats of religion, nor do we refer to that ephemeral literature, now so abundant, which is dictated by simple hatred and ignorance; but only say that in the masters of fiction the objects of their criticism in religion are generally well chosen. They may be summed up as hypocrisy, weakness, fanaticism, bigotry, and narrow-mindedness. When dogmas are introduced, it is not their bare essence that is held up to scorn, but a perversion of them that renders the character contemptible. It is the frequency with which religion runs into hypocrisy and dogmas lead to bigotry — producing a type of character specially available in fiction — that leads to their general use. If a novelist would draw a hypocrite he must place him upon a background of religion, else his picture lacks shading; as Othello's jealousy requires the purity of Desdemona. So a religious fanatic in fiction must be put into ecclesiastical garb; otherwise he has no form or setting. But it were hasty to conclude that the writer intends to deride the opinions his hypocrite assumes, or that the sect with which he connects his fanatic is contemptible. Nearly the most odious character drawn by Dickens is *Uriah Heep*, but no one suspects that he intends to slur humility. Walter Scott often ridicules preachers, but himself wrote two very good sermons.

Nearly all the misconstruction put upon this literary habit is due to the fact that the rules of the art do not allow of explanation or qualification. The first object of the novelist is to awaken sensation in the reader. Hence he must be concrete, rapid, excessive; he must draw with bold outline and upon dark background; he cannot indulge in parenthetical explanation nor ask his readers to tone down his coloring. But what the novelist cannot do, his readers must do for him; they must translate his semi-drama into an essay if they would come at his exact meaning.

Still the question of utility recurs. To explain the writer is not necessarily to justify the writing. It is difficult to strike the balance between good and evil in any great human influence; we see the beginnings but not the ends. The farther off in time we get from leading causes, the plainer it becomes that they work towards a general harmony; that which promised only evil becomes a check upon the perversions of what is counted good, or a spur to yet higher good. In morals, as in nature, the system is one of action and reaction, check and counter-check. We must not hastily reject the criticism of that genius which partakes rather of inspiration than of learning, of insight than of logic. The teachers of the world are not those who enforce precedents, but those who unfold eternal principles. It must be granted that the best fiction, in the main, turns attention from what is false and formal in religion to what is true and essential: however destructive the process, this is the result. Religion, whether under ecclesiastical or dogmatic forms, requires for its own good the keenest and severest criticism. No tendency runs to speedier ultimation than does that of the Church to formalism, of dogma to bigotry, of pledged morality to hypocrisy. Good in themselves, they only continue to be such through the greatest care within and the most watchful criticism without. Our highest faculties and our best conditions are most liable to perversion. The vice of the world is not irreligion, but the divorce of religion from morality; and the tendency, lying in human nature, shows itself in Christianity with more stubbornness because of its perfect standards. Nor is it free from this tendency because it has shaken off medieval superstition and puritanic narrowness. It still needs the watchful care of its own teachers, and it must still accept the rougher and less discriminating criticism of secular literature. Together they will not be more than able to resist a tendency which history teaches as one of its plainest lessons. And if the criticism of fiction — shaped by the rules of its art — takes on the forms of sarcasm, caricature, exaggeration, and general excess, it is still to be accepted, if not with entire composure, yet with the belief that, in the end, it subserves the interests of the hope of mankind.

T. T. Munger.

**How Cuban Dances become German Students' Songs,  
and American Ditties become Italian  
Mountaineers' Melodies.**

SITTING on the piazza, one hot summer's afternoon, at my seaside resort in New Hampshire, I saw two Italian pipers trudging along the road — veritable *pifferai* they looked like, with legs bandaged up to the knee, cross-gartered, and covered with dust. Halloo! I said to myself, here is a chance to note down some-

thing fresh from the Tyrol; and as they prepared to play right in front of me I took out pencil and paper and noted down the tune.

My disappointment can be imagined when I found with the exception of the opening eight or ten bars the tune was "Climbing up the Golden Stairs." These fellows had evidently picked up this popular air from hearing the bands at summer hotels play it and moonlight banjo parties sing it; and I have no doubt the pipers have by this time returned to their native land and that the tune will soon return to us as a veritable Italian melody. One fellow played the melody on a kind of oboe, and the other accompanied him on a sort of bagpipe.

This incident made quite an impression upon me; for a little while previous, after playing my own arrangement of a Cuban dance, I was asked by a distinguished New York musical critic why I called it "Cuban," when it was a popular German students' song. Not having seen the notes of the German version, I have no means of knowing whether the two melodies are identical, or merely resemble each other, but have no doubt that my Cuban air has been exported or imported in much the same way that the "Golden Stairs" were "climbing."

Richard Hoffman.

**"The University and the Bible."**

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE adopted last year a course of Bible study very similar to that suggested by the Rev. T. T. Munger in his article upon "The University and the Bible" in *THE CENTURY* for September, it being the first American college, I believe, to make such study a part of its curriculum. The system is entirely apart from compulsory attendance at church and chapel services, which is required as before. The course is systematically arranged, and each subject is presented by an instructor competent to treat it in the spirit of advanced scientific thought. In regard to its scope, I quote from the college catalogue for 1887-88:

For the present, the subject in freshman year is the historic origin of the Bible; in sophomore year, New Testament history; in junior year, the development of the Church as exhibited in the Acts; in senior year, Old Testament history, from the creation to the entrance into Palestine, with special reference to the inspiration and historic and scientific relations of the Scriptures.

At present, but one hour in each week is devoted to this course; but it is intended shortly to develop and extend it. Every student is required to attend these exercises, and it is necessary to maintain as high a standard of scholarship as in other studies in order to obtain a degree.

The aim of the trustees in recommending such a course of study, so far as I know it, was precisely the same as Mr. Munger's idea — to meet the student's increase of culture and critical knowledge with a presentation of Bible truths, in their scientific as well as in their religious aspects. In view of the present attitude of the university to the Bible, this was certainly a very advanced position to take, and I am glad to be able to state that the experiment has thus far succeeded admirably. From the first there was no such opposition on the part of alumni and friends of the college as Mr. Munger would seem to apprehend. Upon the students the effect is already manifest in an increased

respect for the Bible and a deeper interest in its study. The development of this system at Dartmouth will certainly be hopefully watched by all who are interested in this important problem.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

Newton M. Hall.

I HAVE had much pleasure in reading Mr. Munger's article on "The University and the Bible," the more, I suppose, as I have found it to express so well my own convictions (1) that a common worship should be part of the common life of a college, and (2) that no college education can be called complete which does not put the student in the way of knowing how thoughtful men are looking at the really great problems of the day, including the consideration of the Bible and of Christianity "as facts and by the scientific method." But I write not to say this alone,—for it might be well reckoned an impertinence,—but to offer from my own experience testimony in support of what Mr. Munger has written.

In our college curriculum one hour in each week's work of each class is devoted to what is called the department of religious instruction, which includes the reading of parts of the Greek Testament, the study of the history and the literature of the Scriptures, and the examination of the Christian evidences. It has fallen to my lot, for not a few years, to study with the sophomores the history of the Old Testament. This has been done, not as a part of theology nor for homiletic purposes, but as the study of a history possessing great interest both intrinsically and relatively. Of course in some twenty recitations or lectures—for the work of each hour unites both methods—the history cannot be studied with minuteness of detail; but I do not think

that any great question in regard to it has been ignored or that any real difficulty has been left unnoticed. The young men have been introduced to the problems which are interesting scholars in regard, *e. g.*, to the composition of the Pentateuch, the interpretation of its earlier parts, the question as to the introduction of allegory and of poetry into the historical narrative, the development and growth of the nation of Israel, and the connection of its history with that of other nations.

I have not thought it necessary—if indeed it were honest—to conceal my own opinion on some of the questions raised, or to confess my ignorance in regard to others. But I have chiefly endeavored to impress upon the young men, in connection with the more purely historical part of the work, (1) something as to the way in which the Old Testament may be studied scientifically with the single desire of learning the truth about it and from it; (2) that fidelity to what we find to be true cannot possibly be irreligious or unchristian, and that they have in no way denied the truth of the Scriptures if they have honestly accepted one rather than another of the interpretations given to many of the passages in it; and (3) that it is not at all strange that there should be many questions raised which cannot be easily answered at once, and some questions the answer to which must be left to future generations.

If I may presume to judge of the effect of this study, I have no hesitation in saying that it is in many ways very wholesome, very useful, and not lacking in interest. And I can well believe that in the hands of a wise and learned instructor such a course of study as that which Mr. Munger suggests would be one of the most valuable parts of a college curriculum.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.

Samuel Hart.



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us.

**T**WOULD be a dangerous gift, O potent fay!  
Whatever feather-headed poets say,  
To stand outside and see our various selves  
As we are seen—by mortals and by elves.

Within a certain woodland's blessed shade  
There dwells a star-eyed, red-lipped little maid,  
Whose glance so arch, so altogether tender,  
Would bring a whole battalion to surrender.

By twice ten thousand promises she's mine;  
But did she know her beauty so divine,  
Could she but see—as I—the grace that's in her,  
There'd be no longer hope for this poor sinner.

And had I seen, ere winning this fair creature,  
My monstrous ugliness, in form and feature,  
As her discarded lovers now do view it,  
I never would have had the face to do it.

Elizabeth P. Allan.

### The Smile of Mephistopheles.

"ALL evil souls to live in hell"; thus ran  
The stern decree. But when Mephisto fell,  
For the arch-fiend, arch-punishment: his ban  
Must be that he shall like to live in hell.

### The Smile of The Vicar.

If you would put it utterly to rout,  
Tell him a grief that your heart has unnerved.  
If you would bring its finest sweetness out,  
Crush him with sorrow he has not deserved.

### The Smile of Olivia.

It makes the world a rare and gracious place  
To dwell in! Yet we need not greatly care  
To keep forever on that laughing face  
The radiance of a joy so debonaire;  
Because this lady in bewildering gowns  
Is every bit as charming when she frowns.

A. W. R.

## O you Fellers in th' City.

TO J. W. R.

O you fellers in th' city,  
Think you got it awful fine,  
An' you grow consummit widdy  
Es you say how you repine  
Fur a trip into th' kentry  
Whur everything is green,  
Especially th' gentry—  
Th' kentry folk, you mean.

I ain't hed much experiment  
With ways o' city folk;  
But atween th' hot brick pavement  
An' th' clouds o' dust an' smoke  
An' the noise o' squawlin' huckster,  
Es shore 'z th' day my birth  
I think it 's jes a picter  
O' th' devil's home on earth.

I like t' take a quiet walk,  
An' watch th' bumble-bee  
Go buzzin' in a hollyhock,  
An' tumble 'roun' tel he  
Gits yaller with th' golden dus',  
An' s' lazy he falls down,  
But gits his wings a-flyin' jes  
Afore he strikes th' groun'.

I like t' set down on th' grass,  
My back agin a tree,  
An' watch th' lazy water pass  
(It seems thet way t' me)—  
Pass down an' through th' medder  
In th' crookedest o' ways,  
Tel it runs into th' river  
An' there I guess it stays.

When work is finished fur th' day,  
An' eatin' 's finished, too,  
I like t' smell th' clover-hay  
'At 's moistened with th' dew,  
An' watch th' leaves a-movin'  
In a sort o' sleepy way  
That 's most confounded soothin';  
An' then I seem t' say:

"I 'm sorry fur you city chaps,  
Like birds kept in a cage  
Thet tries t' fly but only flaps  
The'r wings agin th' edge;  
But so bein' you city gentry  
Likes city things th' best,  
Ef I kin hev th' kentry,  
Why, you kin hev th' rest."

Richard D. Lang.

## The Army Wagon.

THE army wagon, the big blue wagon, the six-mule wagon, the U. S. wagon,  
Was blessed or was cursed, as the best or the worst  
Thing a soldier could welcome—or wait for.  
It brought his "grub," or up to the hub, fast in the mud  
It stuck in the road and blocked the whole train,  
While we camped with no supper, and—blessed (?)  
it in vain.

Hard-tack and bacon, candles and soap,  
Coffee and sugar, beans, and hope  
Of solid comfort, were sheltered over by its canvas cover;  
Or sacks of grain and bales of hay, or whatever may  
Have fed a horse, or stopped the bray of the musical mule;  
Or ammunition, of any description, for our guns  
(Guns big or little); or tent and kettle; all the traps  
For "shoulder-straps" might fill the wagons that  
Got to camp the very night we had not a bite to eat.

It beat the nation,—many a ration; how it pleased the rebels  
To capture a train! We did not complain for a sutler's wagon  
If the "Johnnies" got it,—and him with it,—because  
We did not need it and would not heed it; but the  
"sinews of war"  
We could not spare, and sometimes a fight for the wagon-train  
Won the battle, or a whole campaign.

If ever infantry, all tired out, scoffed at cavalry, on the rout,  
(Who covered their front and flank and rear, and it did not appear  
How troopers rode while they slumbered, and, often outnumbered,  
They fought, far away from support, or even hearing,  
Of the main force); and if, as, of course, they resent-  
ingly  
Would retort unrelentingly, and if the battery folks  
Let off their jokes at both—all welcomed each other  
On the line of battle; and all hailed the rattle of the wheels  
Of the six-mule wagon, the big blue wagon, the Gov-  
ernment wagon!

Why? It meant ammunition, forage, and rations;  
Supplies of all sorts—boots and trousers, shirts and blouses.  
New tents and blankets, hats and shoes;  
And the longed-for news from home came in the mail  
That reached the front with the wagon-train.

Oh, yes! we all hailed the wagons' coming, filled,  
Unless we had to stop to build a bridge; or chop  
And carry poles to fill mud-holes; or pry out wheels;  
Or wade the slush to pile in brush; or, in the rush,  
Shoulder fence-rails and logs to make "corduroy."

Were this an ode (by poets' rules), it were not for mules,  
but  
For wagons; yet mules had to be there, "wheelers,"  
"swing team,"  
And "leaders"; and if any of the six should get out  
of fix  
You would hear from the army teamster,—hear from him, anyhow!  
Ah! you called him "mule-whacker"; begged his to-  
bacco (or stole it);  
Sometimes you poked fun at the man with no gun;  
but, then,  
You cannot forget that, though sorely beset, he seldom  
yet  
Failed to reach camp, some time before morning,  
With the big blue wagon, the white-covered wagon,  
the  
United States Government army wagon!

C. S. Irwin.



## A Supposition.

"Suthin' in the pastoral line."

Lowell.

He had been trying all the winter through  
To speak the fateful words; and well she knew  
He had been trying—but what could she do?

Most maidenly of little maids was she,  
With childlike horror that such thing could be  
As that a woman could be "fast" or "free."

And just because he did adore her so,  
His tongue would stammer, and his voice would go,  
At bare idea of a possible "No."

He had a friend, a learned young professor,  
Him he had constituted his confessor,  
And general moral gauger and assessor.

To him were told the maiden's simple wiles,  
Her pretty blushes and beguiling smiles,  
In many words, and various moods and styles.

The swain would boast him to the little maid,  
When he of other subjects was afraid,  
Of all the learning that his friend displayed.

And so, one evening, when it chanced that she  
Was bidden to an "evening company,"  
She went, with hope this paragon to see.

And he was there; so, too, her bashful swain,  
Who, strangely, did not help her to attain  
The introduction which she hoped to gain.

For he had suddenly grown sore afraid  
That a professor of so high a grade  
Would straight supplant him with his little maid.

She waited long, and then,—most hardily  
For one who thought that maids should not be  
"free,"—

"Will you present me to your friend?" said she.

Now was his chance! Fiercely his pulses ham-  
pered,  
She'd surely hear his heart, so loud it clamored;  
"I—can't present you—you're not mine!" he  
stammered.

"And if you were"—now, that he had begun,  
His courage rose—"I'd keep you, dearest one!"  
"Always?" she murmured. "Always!" It was  
done!

Margaret Vandegrift.

## Squire Hobbs's Precepts.

We never thoroughly know a man until we hear  
him laugh.

Despair is the gateway to insanity.

Argument will pull a wise man down to the level of  
a fool, but it never raises a fool up to the plane of a  
wise man.

Fame, like lightning, generally strikes the man  
who is not expecting it.

Originality is the faculty of adapting an old idea to a  
new occasion.

When a man ventures an opinion he will find some  
one who opposes it. Hence a man without opposi-  
tion is a man without opinions.

## While the Clock Strikes.

AT A CARD-PARTY.

Hostess.—Do stop playing a moment! I want you  
to hear what a beautiful tone my new clock has.

Players.—Yes, do let's stop to hear the clock  
strike! We can whisper.

*The clock strikes one.*

Young Blunt to Miss D.—If I may begin the whis-  
pering, Miss D., you are looking unusually handsome  
to-night.

Miss D.—Yes, but that does not entitle you to hold  
my hand, Mr. Blunt.

*The clock strikes two.*

Old Mrs. A.—How strangely young Mr. Blunt is  
blushing. What can be the cause?

Old Mr. A.—Don't you see? The proximity of a  
flirt.

*The clock strikes three.*

Mr. Z. to young Mrs. Z.—Dear! your hand is so  
soft to-night. You don't mind my holding it under  
the table, do you?

Young Mrs. Z.—Holding it under the table? I  
don't understand you.

*The clock strikes four.*

Miss D. to young Blunt.—Dear Mr. Blunt, really  
you must release me now. Some one will see us.

Young Blunt.—There is some mistake. I never  
held a hand in my life—except at whist.

*The clock strikes five.*

Old Mrs. A.—Mr. Blunt is blushing more than  
ever. Do offer an explanation.

Old Mr. A.—Well—Miss D. has asked him to  
marry her.

*The clock strikes six.*

Young Blunt to Mrs. Z.—I have such a joke!  
Somebody is holding Miss D.'s hand, and she thinks  
it's I.

Young Mrs. Z.—Oh, dear, who can it be?

*The clock strikes seven.*

Hostess to Daughter.—Why is Mrs. Z. making such  
uncertainly faces at her husband?

The Daughter.—Is n't his cravat coming off?

*The clock strikes eight.*

Mrs. Z. to Mr. Z.—For Heaven's sake, Henry, drop  
my hand! It is n't mine, it's Miss D.'s.

Mr. Z.—Saints and martyrs!

*The clock strikes nine.*

Mrs. Z. urbanely to Miss D.—How nice and warm  
your hand was, my dear.

Miss D.—Nice and warm?—Why, it was you, then!

*The clock strikes ten.*

Old Mrs. A.—Now Miss D. is blushing too. What  
can it all be about?

Old Mr. A.—Young Blunt has told her he's sorry,  
but his heart is another's.

*The clock strikes eleven.*

Miss D. to young Blunt.—I take it all back, Mr.  
Blunt. I forgot that you dislike jokes.

Young Blunt.—Ha! ha! I like them first rate. Only  
I thought you were in earnest, you know.

Miss D.—Oh, how stupid!

*The clock strikes twelve.*

Hostess (aloud).—There! Confess that you never  
heard quite such a clock.

All (aloud).—Oh, we never did! So silvery! And  
so slow!

(*The playing goes on again.*)

Xenos Clark.





THE COMING OF WINTER.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.